

THE AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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BRISBANE



WINGS

You have known the rapture of flight
And left the dust of earthly things,
And dazzlingly across the light
Have known the ecstasy of wings.

Girl of the air, you've cleft the days,
From the dark to the light once more...
Followed along your free-flung ways
Where the birds have flown before.

By P. Duncan-Brown

EARL AIRLIE Rode to His Wedding on HORSEBACK

Famous Peer Questioned About That Governor-General Rumor!

Because of the very strong probability that Lord Airlie may be our next Governor-General, intense interest is now focused on this eminent Perthshire peer and Lady Airlie.

In view of the importance of the appointment to Australia, this paper arranged for Mary St. Claire, our London representative, to interview Lord and Lady Airlie at their London home.

Of course, Lord Airlie could say nothing about the suggested appointment at this stage. In fact, Australia was taboo as a topic of conversation; but our representative was received very graciously.

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London.

COURT etiquette regarding the appointment of Governor-Generals is extremely strict.

Until the King hands the commission to the appointee and it is officially announced, the potential occupant of the office is prohibited from speaking to the Press.

Consequently when I saw Lord and Lady Airlie in their charming town house at Great Cumberland Place, in the West End of London, to-day, all talk of Australia was immediately banned.

They received me just after lunch, at which they had been entertaining Princess Victoria and Lady Dalhousie.

Lord Airlie is tall and broad-shouldered, with black hair. His blue eyes are accentuated by a very bronzed complexion from the recent days spent on his Perthshire moors at Gateway in the Scottish Highlands.

He is genial and easy-mannered, and

possesses a humorous twinkle in his eyes.

Lady Airlie is petite and blonde. She has the most beautiful hands. Her charming smile reveals perfect teeth.

Moreover, she is gifted with a pleasant speaking voice, and her musical laugh is well known.

She was dressed, when I called on her, in a beige supple satin afternoon frock, severely cut in the new between-knee-and-ankle length manner. She looked remarkably smart, and extraordinarily young to be the mother of six strapping children, the eldest of whom is a nearly grown-up daughter, while the youngest is a baby.

What They Said

Lord Airlie said: "We are, of course, pleased to talk to you, but cannot quite see why you wish it, as we are quite unimportant people, really."

"I cannot understand this rumor or how it got about. However, we will talk no more about that."

Here Lady Airlie smiled and said, "It's all very embarrassing, I'm sure."

Asked about herself and her particular interests, she said: "Well, I have a family of six, and naturally, like all

mothers, am most interested in children, and child welfare. I am on several committees connected with this work, and am interested in modern attempts to build up happy, healthy, and intelligent future generations."

"As a mother of a more or less large family, I naturally understand and sympathise with children, and think that some of their problems are quite as real as our grown-up worries."

Lord Airlie is pre-eminently a sportsman; a man of the open air, he dismissed his interests with a smile, saying that the management of his estates in Scotland took up most of his time.

He hunts, shoots, fishes and takes an interest in racing. His heir is Lord Ogle, still a little boy of nine.

Lady Airlie was formerly Lady Alex-

andra Coke, daughter of the Earl of Leicester. She was married in 1917 when Lord Airlie was the last man in London to ride to his wedding on horseback. He was then on war leave.

He won the Military Cross during the war.

His mother, the Dowager Countess of Airlie, is a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, and one of her oldest friends. She always wears hats which show off

her beautiful white hair, and generally wears a brooch-watch at the breast. The traditional home of the Airlies is Cortachy Castle, Perthshire, which is built in the chateau style and is alleged to be haunted.

There is an old Scottish ballad, "Bonnie House of Airlie," written round a legend when the family played an active part in the 1715 rebellion at the time when the Old Pretender made a bid for the British Throne.

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PRINCESS MARINA is Shopping for a LAYETTE

Greek Refugees Fashioning Exquisite Garments for Expected Royal Baby

From MARY ST. CLAIRE — by Air Mail.

Now that it is generally known that the stork is hovering over the home of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, keen interest is being evinced in the preparations for the expected Royal infant.

Wherever I see two or three women deeply absorbed in a conversation, I feel sure they are talking layettes, and how greatly is she envied who is able to impart any exclusive scrap of information about the latest wee garment to be ordered by Princess Marina for the happy event.

GREEK refugees in London and returned soldiers in Lord Roberts' workshops are among the many who will benefit from the work entailed in fashioning the garments and furnishing the nursery.

Greek women are adept at hand-embroidery, and many refugees have had reason to bleed their mastery of needle-craft, for there is always a steady demand in England for exquisite needle-work.

Princess Marina, always deeply compassionate of the plight of many of her unhappy compatriots, is distributing much of the work of the layette among refugees. She has picked out individual cases of hardship and given work to each.

All the tiny garments she has ordered are in the very palest pastel shades of pink, blue, green, primrose, and cream. They are being beautifully adorned with smocking, hemstitching, and embroidery.

THE Princess has visited Lord Roberts' workshop for returned soldiers to look at nursery furniture, but, as yet, has not chosen anything. She was especially delighted with the primrose-tinted pieces, however. Primrose is the latest color for the nursery, and is particularly delightful for the sunrooms of winter babies, as its color approximates that of mild sunshine.

Princess Marina is quite skilled in layette shopping, as she recently bought in London the layette for her sister,

baby. So far, however, she has placed no orders on her own account with the firms who supplied the clothes for her sister's baby.

With his little three-year-old motherless son, a retired London chemist is within measurable distance of seeing his lifelong dream come true. He is on his way north from Brisbane to a lonely isle off the north-east coast of Queensland to spend the declining years of his life.

M. HARRIS and little David arrived in Brisbane by the Orsova from London's bustle and togs into Queensland's glorious winter sunshine, and slipped unobtrusively away towards his newly-acquired home, Richard Island, which he purchased from the Gilbert and Sullivan comedian, Ivan Meers.

Shortly after Mr. Harris's arrival in Brisbane scores of men and women, too, were inquiring for his whereabouts, anxious to join him and to assist him in the rounding of his colony, but apparently Mr. Harris had other plans; he was not at home to anyone, not even to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, which was anxious to be assured that little David Harris would be properly looked after in his far-off island home.

SANITY TESTS

From Our London Office, by Air Mail.

DR. PAUL SCHILDER, an American specialist in psychology, has evolved seven test "ifs" on the subject of sanity.

If you are more or less satisfied with your looks in spite of public opinion;

If you do not worry about the possibility of illness;

If you are manly (or womanly);

If you can charm the opposite sex as much as you care to;

If you can take charge of situations, or, if you must, follow a leader;

If you don't ask more of the future than you can reasonably expect;

If you have your own private theories about death and the hereafter—then you can rest assured that you are perfectly sane, and, what is more, likely to remain so.

Bought Island to Retire On!

With his little three-year-old motherless son, a retired London chemist is within measurable distance of seeing his lifelong dream come true. He is on his way north from Brisbane to a lonely isle off the north-east coast of Queensland to spend the declining years of his life.

Despite his 60 years, he is convinced that he will find the life to his liking, and that eventually, when other friends from England join him, he will be able to turn Richard Island into a pleasure resort and a fisherman's paradise.

At an early date Mr. Harris expects to be joined by two English public school boys, Harry Bruce (19), a painter and gold medallist of the Royal Academy, and his brother Simon, who is a year older. Mrs. C. Davies, a former resident of Brisbane, who is living in London, and Mrs. Bruce, the mother of the two boys, are also expected to join the island party.

Asked what his immediate plans in connection with the island were, Mr. Harris, who has about two tons of luggage on the wharf, said he and David would live under canvas until they were able to build a bungalow.

Let's Talk Of
Interesting
People



HEALTH AND BEAUTY

MISS THEA STANLEY HUGHES, B.A., is at present in Australia organising and teaching for the Women's League of Health and Beauty. She hopes that within one year she will have a number of pupils sufficiently trained in the League's special methods to take some back with her to England to represent Australia at the annual demonstrations at the Albert Hall and Hyde Park, and to leave others in Australia to carry on her work.

Miss Hughes left our shores five years ago to study different systems of physical culture, dancing, and deportment in England, Germany, and France. Graduating in all branches of her art, she returned to London and taught at the headquarters of the league.



MAKER OF JEWELLERY

MRS. MARGERY PULSFORD, of Sydney, left last week for the East in search of fellow craftsmen. She is a silversmith and has many beautiful pieces of jewellery to her credit. She will be away for six months, and intends to spend a great deal of that time in Java, Malay, Hongkong, Shanghai, and Peking. With her is a supply of Australian posters which she will distribute in the more remote places she visits. Mrs. Pulsford has done special jewellery work for the stage in Melbourne and London and, incidentally, recently made some attractive jewels for Dame Sybil Thorndike.

Her jewellery is all hand-wrought, and she always endeavors to use Australian stones.

Mrs. Pulsford is interested in the education of young children, and some time ago gave a series of talks on "The Child" over the air. She has also lectured for the Health Society in Queensland on food for hot climates.



WOMAN NOVELIST

MRS. STELLA BENSON, a Shropshire novelist, has been destined to spend most of her life abroad. She has lived in Switzerland, France, Germany, America, and Manchuria. Her husband is attached to the Chinese Customs Service.

Mrs. Benson wrote her first book 20 years ago. It was a forerunner of many novels, of which "Pipers and a Dancer" was the most famous.

IS SHE A NEW PAVLOVA?

New Dancing Star Shines in Europe!

Since the passing of Pavlova, the greatest dancer of her age, her successor has been hard to find.

But here is a dancer at last who is receiving universal approbation for her grace and technique as a prima ballerina.

Is she a new Pavlova? Is she, perhaps, greater than Pavlova? For if dancing is to progress its artists must improve on each other's performances as time goes on!

THE half-Jewish, half-Irish ballerina, Markova, by her very name, suggests her mighty predecessor. The cities of Europe acclaim her enthusiastically.

Like Pavlova, she is small, petite, and dainty, with dark eyes, and hair drawn smooth as a bird's wing to show her lovely, intelligent brow. That same keen expression and vivid play of expression is hers.

Her career—as that of Pavlova—has not been meteoric. Here is a story of sheer hard graft over a long period of years, a story of latent brilliance brought out by keen ambition, and solid work.

At an age when other youngsters are at play, she was practising assiduously. She began her career in a repertory ballet at the tender age of ten.

From this age she worked steadily as a ballerina, beginning as a follower of the Russian school, and later passing into the hands of the Italian, Enrico Cecchetti, so that her technique that developed may be labelled Russo-Italian.

At twelve years of age this already experienced young ballerina joined the company of Serge Diaghileff, famous impresario.

Vital Fire

NOW she was earning a full-size salary as baby member of this most famous company, and Diaghileff was taking a lively interest in her. By the time she was seventeen she had worked under many famous masters, had travelled over Europe extensively, and was already being acclaimed everywhere for her brilliant dancing.

She has all the fire, the nervous energy and fortitude, the will to work and to get to the top of a Pavlova. Her dancing is glorious—grace, and surety, combined with ease of execution. Dramatic and mimetic power are there.

Her career has been built up in repertory ballet companies, and she has proved herself in her performance of certain famous roles, by which a ballerina stands or falls.

As The Blue Bird in "The Sleeping Princess," as Odile and as Odette in "Le Lac des Cygnes," in "Les Sylphides," roles for which Pavlova is famous, she has been enthusiastically acclaimed. She has given a brilliant account of herself in the severe Adagio that forms the

climax to the second act of "Casse Noisette."

Other famous parts she has taken have been in "Lord of Burleigh," "Les Rendezvous," "The Haunted Ballroom," scenes from some of which are shown on this page of beautiful pictures taken from a selection of photos by Gordon Anthony, published by Chatto and Windus.



MARKOVA as Giselle, one of Gordon Anthony's most beautiful studies.



MARKOVA as Odette in "Le Lac des Cygnes."



MARKOVA—herself; a charming portrait!



MARKOVA in a scene from the ballet, "Lord of Burleigh." These beautiful photos are from Gordon Anthony's artistic book of studies of the dancer.

Reduce Ugly BUST—Quickly!

Take 3 Inches Off Your Chest-line This New Easy Way!

ARE you embarrassed by a large over-size bust that hangs in shapeless, unsightly fat? Do you want to reduce your bust and restore the firm shapely contour of youth? Now you can reduce that chest-line by 3 to 5 inches. Let me tell you how FREE.

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Don't let a large, ugly bust spoil your figure, make you old, and give you that settled effect. It is now so easy to regain that slim, trim figure of youth.

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If you send me the coupon below, now, I will send you something that will amaze you—at no cost or obligation to you! But hurry!

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"I have been using it for little over a week now, and can feel and see the difference in the bust already. They are getting firmer and rounder." Mrs. C. Clark, U.

"I am very pleased with the results. My bust is quite small now." Mrs. D. Clark, U.

"I am very delighted with the results." Mrs. D. Koch, W.

"There is a great improvement." Miss R. Heath, B.

"I am thrilled with the results and have already lost over a stone in weight since starting." Miss M. Cassie, P.

"My busts have become a better and firmer shape." Mrs. Rossing, A.

NOTE:

These letters and many more are open for inspection at my offices any time.

"LOVE ME... Join My Prosperity CHAIN"

Amazing Claim that the Saviour Wrote First Chain Letter!

The Prosperity chain craze, which has swept Australia like a cyclone, has materialised from a golden dream into an amusing and harmless farce.

It is now fairly safe to predict that Australia will not go chain-mad like America did. The craze is choking itself to death.

Lack of organisation has got it into so many tangles that it is defeating itself at every move.

Many interesting aspects of human nature have come to light as a result of the craze; particularly the lack of faith the average person has in the average person.

The most amazing claim about chain letters is based on an old document, which impudently suggested that the Saviour was the first chain-letter writer.

FROM England comes the extraordinary story that the first person to start a chain-letter claimed that the original was in the writing of Jesus Christ.

An old document has been found in London. It is 200 years old, and bears a strong similarity to the "Send a shilling" letters which have swept Australia.

There is no suggestion that recipients of this document should send money to each other, but they are told very definitely to send copies of the letter to all their friends, under pain of sickness, ill-fortune, and Hell fire.

The printers who were responsible for this 200-year-old stunt took good care to let the public know where they could buy extra copies. Doubtless they made a handsome profit by thus exploiting the piety of the people.

The letter itself is in Biblical style, and relates to certain commandments regarding the observance of the Sabbath. There is absolutely no foundation for claim that it was written by the Saviour.

In Australia

HALF of the population of Australia is now looking at the other half in pained surprise. One half because the others were foolish enough to join chains; the other half because the rest were not "sports" enough to come in.

Hundreds of people have discovered new angles in old friends. In a few cases they aren't friends any more.

The axiom, "Love me, love my dog," suddenly changed overnight to "Love me, come in on my prosperity chain."

There is at least one case of a broken engagement because two people could not see eye to eye about prosperity chains.

The man wanted his fiancee to come in on his chain. She refused, saying the whole idea was stupid, and that he was stupid for taking part in it.

One thing led to another. Words passed. Things were said... and another chain was broken.

Most people, who have joined chains, have been surprised to find how few friends they had whom they could ask to join.

It is said that if you can count your true friends on the fingers of one hand you are a lucky person.

To-day, not only are you lucky, but you can start a prosperity chain. But then one of your friends is bound to want you to join another one. In which case you have to be able to count your true friends on both hands. And that's almost impossible according to all the deepest thinkers.

Relations don't count. Relations only want to start their own chains.

The most incongruous people have been linked together through these chain-letters.

One woman reports having a clergyman, a ballet dancer, a chemist, and a private detective on her list.

A Melbourne girl, anxious to get only the best and most ethical people, founded a chain for churchmen only.

In different places the idea has taken on in varying degrees.

In a Sydney business office the directors became so interested they had the whole staff working on prosperity chains. All ordinary business was suspended.

As the chains have grown so has it become harder to get people to join by personal contact. It was soon found that everybody either would not come in at all, or was already in two or three chains.

The query "Will you join my Prosperity Chain . . . ?" is now met with loud groans.

Unfortunate people who are still trying to rope-in new members are forced to approach strangers, either by mail, telephone, or in person.

In the suburbs it has been reported that salesmen engaged in door-to-door canvassing for vacuum cleaners, insurance, and other lines are making the best of their jobs, which bring them in contact with dozens of strangers each day, by forming Prosperity chains as sidelines.

A good salesman, with the gift of the gab, is needed to sell the idea. The trouble with most people is they can't sell it.

Chains in London

THE craze seems to be world-wide. It is supposed to have started in America. Now it is reported in various countries. In London the names of famous people have been included in formation groups in order to "inspire" confidence.

Lady Amy Coats, a sister of the Duke of Richmond, was one of several well-known people whose name was included on a list without her knowing anything about it.

The first intimation Lady Coats had of the scheme was when she started receiving sums of money from strangers. In most cases names and addresses were sent as well; so she was able to return the money . . . with a curt note which would have made a Polar bear shiver.

THE worst aspect of the Prosperity chain is the ease with which it can be exploited by unscrupulous persons.

There is nothing to stop the individual who starts the chain using dummy addresses for the first five members so

that he gets the lot. Then if he repeats this idea a few hundred times in different places he is bound to get a big return quickly.

It is because of this kind of exploitation that the authorities in Australia have taken pains to a w a y public opinion against the craze.

Public opinion is a remarkable thing. It can make or break an idea irrespective of the intrinsic value of the idea.

If Prosperity chains had been organised in Australia, and had received the praise of one or two prominent people, and the blessings of the police and the Post Office, everybody would have been participating by now.

But hundreds and thousands of people were put off by warnings from the police in various States that the scheme was illegal. Whether it is illegal or not is yet to be proved; but that doesn't matter. The warning was enough.

The craze was checked at a time when a block was fatal to its progress. With so many different people starting so many different chains, it has been

essential to the success of the scheme that it be approved of by almost everyone.

The police warnings, and the anti-chain policies of Australian newspapers, prevented this, so that now the scheme has choked itself to death, and in a few weeks will probably be non-existent; unless public opinion sways round in favor of it.



HUNDREDS OF EXTRA post-office officials had to be employed in America to deal with the tremendous mails created by the Prosperity chain craze. Here's a photo of them!

ARE YOU Becoming a Black GIRL?

English Paper Says Yes...

Famous Scientist Says No!

From MARY ST. CLAIRE — By Air Mail.

"It is little known that the British race in Australia, where climatic conditions are similar to those of South Africa, is changing type. It has been proved statistically that the Australian is gradually losing the fair characteristics of the Northern peoples and assuming those of the Mediterranean countries." — So says an English paper.

THE glaring inaccuracies in this gem, which would apparently people Australia with a race approximating the Zulus, led me to seek scientific opinion. I went to see Sir Grafton Elliot Smith, the famous Australian anthropologist, who immediately challenged the statistical evidence referred to in the newspaper.

"I should like to see those statistics."

he said. "A lot of things are quoted on statistics that no one has ever seen. Of course, the sun tans everyone, but if you took an average Queenslander away from his sunshine, and put him to live a more or less indoor life, in, say, the lowlands of Scotland, in a couple of years he will have lost all that superficial brown, and be as fair as you or me."

Incidentally, Sir Grafton is very fair

with blue eyes, snow-white hair, and ruddy complexion. "After all, the sun can't change the color of one's eyes," he continued. "There are dark Australians, of course, just as there are dark Norwegians, or fair-haired Spaniards, but I certainly don't think that the average Australian is changing much."

I ASKED Sir Grafton whether he thought Australian women age more quickly than women in England.

"I don't think they get old more quickly!" he said, after a moment's hesitation, "but I do think that their skins wrinkle at an earlier age. Australian women court the sun, and they have to pay the penalty of screwing up their faces when they go without hats. The modern beauty parlor has done much to hide Australian wrinkles, but it cannot eradicate them. Age, however, is not a matter of wrinkles, is it?"

"It is a state of mind rather than a number of years, and I should say that the Australian woman of fifty is probably much younger than the average woman of fifty here—though there is no such thing as the average woman."

Lady Elliot Smith, also an Australian, is certainly not an average woman. She is a charming hostess, medium height, dark, vivacious, with a delightful smile. She is almost as interested in her husband's work as he is himself.

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GAY

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Adventure

A battle for
LOVE and
FORTUNE

MN her admirable house, with its handsome saloons, and furnishings just what she liked, Miss Judith Taverner, young, wealthy, remarkably handsome, felt ready to embark on the social career she had marked out for herself in nineteenth century London.

Her feelings of self-content were aided by the new gowns that had been delivered in neat handboxes, and the new fashionable cut of her hair, which her maid had been taught to dress in several approved styles.

Almost Judith could forget that odious Lord Worth. Fate had indeed played a sly trick there. Neither the nor Sir Peregrine, her brother, desired the guardianship of Lord Worth; he, too, considered the position distasteful, but was no less determined to fulfil the legal responsibilities that devolved on him following the death of both his father and Sir John Taverner, Judith's father.

When Judith and Peregrine, on their way to London, encountered, in odd circumstances, an exceedingly provoking stranger, who kissed Judith, called her his "Cleopatra," and ignored Peregrine's challenge to a duel, they did not know he was Lord Worth. That knowledge shocked them later. Only later, too, did they learn that another stranger who gave up his rooms to them in Grosvenor was a cousin, Bernard Taverner, son of Admiral Taverner. In London, Peregrine renewed his friendship with Henry Fitzjohn, a young Oxonian, while Lord Worth selected Mrs.

Scattergood as a chaperon for Judith. London society gave the young Taverners a mixed reception, until Beau Brummell, leader of fashion and thought, at a big social gathering at Almack's showed that he approved of Judith. Now read on—

CHAPTER 6

ONCE again during the evening at Almack's, Miss Taverner met Beau Brummell. She offered him a frank apology for her unwitting rudeness, but he shook his head at her. "A great many people have heard me say rude things, ma'am, but no one has ever heard me commit the folly of apologizing for them," he told her. "The only apology you should make me is for having mistaken Mr. Frenham for me. A blow, ma'am, I confess, I thought it had not been possible."

"You see, sir, you came in behind him—and he was so very fine," she excused herself.

"His tailor makes him," said Mr. Brummell. "Now I, I make my tailor."

Miss Taverner wished that Peregrine could have been present to hear this pronouncement.

All the favorable impressions she had formed of Mr. Brummell were confirmed. He was a charming companion, his deportment being particularly good, and his manner graceful and without affectation. He had a droll way of producing his sayings which amused her, and either because it entertained him to take an exactly opposite view to Mr. Mills, or because he desired to oblige his friend Worth, he was good enough to take an interest in her debut. He advised her not to abate the least jot of her disastrous frankness. She might be as outspoken as she chose.

Miss Taverner shot a triumphant glance at her chaperon. "And may I drive my own phaeton in the park, sir?"

"By all means," said Mr. Brummell.

By
Georgette
HEYER

Author of "Death in the Stocks," "These Old Shades," etc.

"Nothing could be better. Do everything in your power to be out of the way."

Miss Taverner took his advice, and next day commissioned her brother to procure her a perch-phaeton and a pair of carriage-horses. Nothing in his stables would do for her; she only wished that she might have gone with him to Tattersall's. She did not trust his ability to pick a horse.

Fortunately, the Earl of Worth took a hand in the affair before Peregrine had inspected more than half a dozen of the sweet-going, beautiful-stepping, forward-actioned bargains advertised in the columns of the "Morning Post." He arrived in Brook Street, one fair afternoon, driving his own currie, and found Miss Taverner on the point of setting out for the promenade in Hyde Park. "I shall not detain you long," he said, laying down his hat and gloves on the table. "You have purchased, I believe, a perch-phaeton for your own use?"

"Certainly," said Miss Taverner. He looked her over. "Are you able to drive it?"

"I should not otherwise have purchased it, Lord Worth."

"May I suggest that a plain phaeton would be a safer conveyance for a lady?"

"You may suggest what you please, sir. I am driving a perch-phaeton."

"Be as outspoken as you choose," said Beau Brummell, "do everything in your power to be out of the way."

"I am not so sure," he said. "You have not yet convinced me that you are able to drive it."

She glanced out of the window at his Tiger, standing to the heads of the restless wheelers harnessed to the currie. The Earl was not driving his chestnuts to-day, but a team of greys. "Let me assure you, sir, that I am not only capable of handling a pair, but I could drive your team just as easily!" she declared.

"Very well," said the Earl unexpectedly. "Drive it!"

She was quite taken aback. "Do you mean—now?"

"Why not? Are you afraid?"

"Afraid! I should like nothing better, but I am not dressed for driving."

"You may have twenty minutes," said the Earl, moving over to a chair by the table.

MISS TAVERNER

was by no means pleased at this cool way of dismissing her, but she was too anxious to prove her driving skill to stay to argue the point. She whisked herself out of the room and up the stairs, and set a bell pealing for her maid, and informed her astonished chaperon that there would be no walk in the park. She was going driving with my Lord Worth.

She joined his lordship again in just a quarter of an hour, having changed her floating muslins for a severely-cut habit made of some dark cloth, and a small velvet hat turned up on the side from her clustering gold ringlets, and with a curled feather hanging down on the other. "I am ready, my lord," she said, drawing on a pair of serviceable York tan gloves.

He held open the door for her. "Permit me to tell you, Miss Taverner, that whatever else may be at fault, your taste in dress is unpleasingable."

"I do not admit, sir, that there is anything at fault," flashed Miss Tay-

er.

At sight of her the waiting Tiger

touched his hat, but bent a severely inquiring glance at his master.

Miss Taverner took the whip and reins in her hands, and mounted into the driving seat, scowling assistance.

"Take your orders from Miss Tay-

er," Henry," said the Earl, getting up beside his ward.

"Me Lord, you ain't never going to let a female drive us!" said Henry almost tearfully. "What about my pride?"

"Swallow it, Henry," replied the Earl amicably.

The Tiger's chest swelled. He gazed woodenly at a nearby lamp-post and said in an ominous voice: "I heard as how Major Forrester was wanting me for his Tiger. Come to my ears, it did. Lord Barrymore, too. I dunno how much he wouldn't give to get a hold of me."

"You had much better go to Sir Harry Peyton," recommended Worth. "I'll give you a note for him."

The Tiger turned a look of indignant reproach upon him. "Yes, and where would you be if I did?" he demanded.

Miss Taverner gave her horses the office to start, and said imperatively: "Stand away from their heads! If you are afraid, wait us here."

The Tiger let go the wheelers and made a dash for his perch. As he scrambled up into it he said with strong emotion: "I've sat behind you sober, guv'nor, and I've sat behind you foamed, and I've sat behind you when you raced Sir John to Brighton and never made no complaint, but I ain't never sat behind you mad afore!" with which he folded his arms, nodded darkly, and relapsed into a disapproving silence.

On her tuttle, Miss Taverner guided the team down the street at a brisk trot, driving them well up to their bits. She had fine light hands, knew how to point her leaders, and soon showed the Earl that she was sufficiently expert in the use of the whip. She flicked the leader, and caught the thong again with a slight turn of her wrist that sent it soundlessly up the stick. She drove his lordship into Hyde Park without the least mishap, and twice round it. Forgetting for the moment to be coldly formal, she said impulsively: "I used to drive all my father's horses, but I never handled a team so light-mouthed as these, sir."

"I am thought to be something of a judge of horseflesh, Miss Taverner," said the Earl.

Please turn to Page 28

Nothing Like Instinct

ILLUSTRATED BY
FISCHER

Complete
SHORT
STORY

by . . .
SUDA
HABIS



"For God's sake let me in—quick!" Daphne did. When she had slammed the french windows and jerked a curtain across them, she turned to inspect the intruder.

DAPHNE sat on a pile of vivid cushions, heaped on the veranda steps, and gazed pensively across the moon-drenched garden. The night was serenely beautiful, as only a Cairo winter's night can be. The air was still, very still, and subtly fragrant with the perfume of big red lilies in the velvety darkness beneath the trees.

Daphne threw back her little head, and, quite gratuitously, made a face at the Moon of Egypt, who continued to practise her immemorial witchcraft, regardless of Daphne's express disfavor.

Daphne made another face, put out a pink tongue, pulled it in again, and remarked emphatically:

"It's dull, dull, dull. Nothing ever happens anywhere. Not even in Europe."

Which displayed an American indifference to the geography of the Old World that was only to be expected from a young person capable of such irreverence to the Moon.

Daphne unclasped her fingers from slim silk ankles, and scrambled to her feet (size four, small ladies).

For a moment she stood upright, a gracious, slender young body in a skimpy silk frock; and the amber light behind her played delightful tricks with her coppery head. Perhaps it was the transparency of that impalpable silk that caused the Moon to retire modestly behind a cloud, though anyone knows that Diana wasn't overmodest herself if the Greek and Roman sculptors chiselled Truth. Who knows? Anyhow, a cloud blew along at that psychological moment, and things began to happen.

A figure strode out of the shadows at the foot of the lawn and dashed across

the open space towards Daphne.

"For God's sake, let me in—quick!" Daphne did.

When she had slammed the french windows and jerked a curtain across them, she turned to inspect the intruder. He was a young Egyptian, in the cotton tunics worn by the peasant class. His broad chest was heaving, and a little trickle of perspiration ran down the side of his neck into the hollow at the base of his throat. His bare feet were wet and muddy.

"Well?" said Daphne, her eyes shining.

"After me . . . an hour . . . hide here" said the man in excellent English, and fainted on a very fine prayer-rug for which Daphne's father had paid an exorbitant price in Isaphan.

Daphne's parents were dining at the American Ministry. She was alone in the house, except for Mahammed Said, the butler, and Abdul, his assistant. For half a split second she considered, and decided not to summon help. English-speaking peasants were phenomena that would raise Mahammed Said's curiosity, and her seventh sense informed her that in this case publicity might be undesirable. Daphne's mother was a tremendous believer in the theory that beauty should be an end of itself, divorced from usefulness; and for the first time in her twenty years Daphne was glad she had been forced to take that weary First Aid course. By and by the man opened his eyes. They were nice, honest eyes, she decided. He grunted:

"Right shoulder, bandage," and rolled over.

There was a nasty knife wound, hastily wrapped round with a dirty cotton rag. She dealt with it to the best of her ability, and had just stuck in the last safety-pin when the bell rang.

Mahammed Said flung on his gold-embroidered zouave jacket, and be-

stowed a hefty curse on all who disturbed his leisure of late hours.

"Evil lives and slow stomachs," grumbled he. "May Allah destroy them utterly," and as he fled into the house rudely disturbed the happy dreams of Daphne's Sealyham. The terrier snarled, and followed him, barking loudly. The barking increased in fury when Chips (the Sealyham) discovered two of his best-hated enemies, to wit, the Egyptian police, upon the doorstep.

The senior, a smart young N.C.O., rapidly explained that there had been a robbery in a villa nearby, and the thief had been traced to the garden of this house. He was anxious to make a thorough search of the house and garden.

Mahammed, polite by deeply ingrained instinct to all representatives

of authority, informed his Excellency that he would confer with his mistress and would doubtless return speedily with a favorable answer to his Excellency's request. Whereupon he departed in haste, leaving the terrier in charge of the doorstep.

Mahammed Said found his mistress lying on the big sofa in the drawing-room. It had been pulled back a little from the fireplace, towards the wall; behind it, the curtains were drawn across an alcove in which was set a window. Daphne put down her novel.

"Yes, Mahammed?"

Mahammed explained 'n a mixture of French and broken English.

"All right—bring them in."

The N.C.O. was courteous and efficient. He regretted to disturb mademoiselle but the crime had been committed by a notorious evil-doer upon whose head was set a window. Had mademoiselle seen anybody?

Now Daphne Charlesworth was nothing if not feminine, and therefore trusted to her own instinct rather than the judgment of others. All she had

to go upon were a pair of honest brown eyes, but she went the limit.

"No, I haven't seen a thing. After dinner I had coffee on the veranda, and sat there for half an hour. I'd surely have seen anybody prowling around."

Although there was no breath of wind inside the house or out, the curtain behind her sofa swayed visibly. The rustle of heavy silk sounded incredibly loud in her ears, but the N.C.O. did not appear to notice it. At that moment Chips decided that he was too much in the background for his liking, and trotted across the parquet floor towards his mistress. He stopped abruptly, sniffed at the prayer-rug, and growled savagely.

"Chips! Come here," called Daphne, patting the (strictly forbidden) sofa invitingly. "Come here, darling."

Chips sniffed, ignored her, and went on growling. Daphne caught him by the collar and smiled at the N.C.O.

"Of course, you may look round. He can't be here, for I've been here myself ever since dinner, but Mahammed will take you round the house. Down, darling, don't get so excited."

It was all Daphne could do to hold in the little burst until the police had gone out into the hall. Then she whispered to the curtains.

"Wait a bit. Are you all right?"

"Yes. It's rather stuffy, though."

"Hang on. I'll open a window."

She released the Sealyham, who made a beeline for the curtains. His investigations seemed satisfactory; Chips wagged his tail, and paid no further attention to the stranger. Daphne noted it as she flung open the tall windows, and marked it up to the criminal's credit. Chips was a good judge.

Then quickly she pulled out the used bandages from behind the sofa cushions, the bowl of blood-stained water from under the sofa, and temporarily disposed of both among the rose bushes round the veranda steps. The N.C.O. was still in the house. She could hear the three men moving about. Daphne went back to her sofa and picked up the book once more.

Behind her, a voice whispered:

"Does this window open, too?"

"Yes. It's stiff, though. Catch at the bottom."

Ears straining, she listened to a cultural conversation in Arabic that was being carried on in the hall. The front door was shut.

"Mademoiselle je vous demande pardon!"

Daphne sat up and looked round.

"Forgive me if I frightened you. Permit me to introduce myself." A man stood in the open window, an old Egyptian, very portly, in a well-cut dinner-suit. His tie was obscured by a flowing white beard, and the broad forehead, above close-set, piercing eyes, was surmounted by a turban. He fumbled in a waistcoat pocket whence he produced a gold card-case, and extracted a card therefrom.

Daphne noticed that his hands were perfectly manicured and much younger than the rest of him. But it was his nose that revolted her; hooked, cruel—a very caricature beak of a nose. Mechanically she glanced at the card.

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ACROSS the PAMPAS



ON six days now he had been riding down from the foothills and across the pampas. And almost every hour during each of those six days he had leaned forward a little in his saddle and caressed the butt of the revolver in the holster before him.

Fate had had three grim tricks in store for him. The first was when he had come back to the estancia after two days' hard riding on his ranch and learned of what had happened in his absence. He had stuffed gold coins into his belt, jumped on a fresh horse, and ridden through the night and gained six hours thereby. He had ridden hard all through the next day to gain a few more hours, and then had remained in the saddle another night so that he might come up with those he pursued.

Then fate had played its second trick on him. The heavens had opened, and the rain descended until the whole of the prairie had become a sea of mud, through which his different horses tottered and stumbled hour after weary hour.

When the rain still fell on the sixth day of his journey, he knew the next trick fate would play on him. The Alamo would be in flood! And if they got across they would escape him unless he could cross it, too! He shut his weary eyes, and envisioned the raging waters of the Alamo. Then he swore a great oath: If they had crossed the Alamo, then he would cross it, too! Cross it or drown.

Well, he would soon know, he reflected, as he rode past the belt of eucalyptus trees that surrounded the estancia, and slipped off his horse. He threw the reins to a peon who had come running out and passed through the door into the patio.

Standing in front of a blazing wood fire, he stripped himself of his sodden clothing while they placed steaming food on a table nearby. With a

By
ROGER
HOLT

an angry gesture. "I start to-night," he said.

"As the senor wills. It must be an important mission he rides on that drives him so fast and so far."

"A mission of life or death," said the traveller.

The capataz crossed himself. Then he stroked his chin thoughtfully as he measured the great stature of the man before him, and wondered how far his curiosity might take him.

"If the senor will permit me to say it," he ventured insidiously, "perhaps it is a matter of life or death for the senor and senora who passed through here not twelve hours ago?"

THE eyes of his visitor flashed fire. "Who told you what I seek?" he shouted angrily, as he advanced towards him. "Ah, they warned you when they came by here, eh? And gave you money that you should put me off their scent?"

The old man started back in fright at the man's outburst. "I see that it is impossible to hide the truth from your senor," he said. "Therefore, you need not ask which way they went and I shall not tell you. But, and this time I speak the truth, it is useless to follow them to-night, senor."

In reply the traveller picked up his belt and placed it on the table beside him. From a pocket in it he brought forth gold coins.

"He who travels on strands like mine carries gold for men such as you," he said. "The best horse on the estancia... for so much gold!"

The capataz reached out his hands involuntarily as he replied. "For gold, senor, there is everything. Everything but the love of a woman."

He started back as he saw the traveller's hand rise in anger towards him. "No, I meant nothing. What do I know of the senor's affairs? There is a horse, a great gelding, that is even worth all the gold that the senor has promised me. Give me the gold and I will cause the horse to be brought to you!"

Ten minutes later the traveller swung himself across the gelding's back and leaped down.

"If others should ride through here and ask if Don Arturo McMartin rode this way, tell them that his fare Adios!" And with the shout of farewell he waved his hand and was gone.

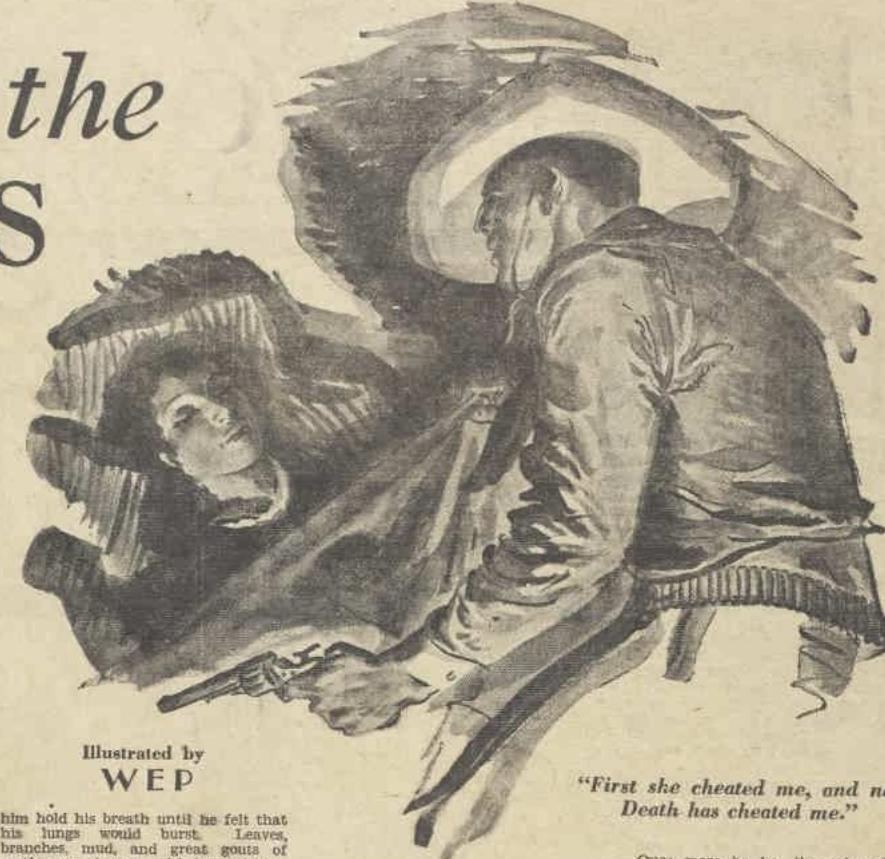
As the capataz made his way back to the house he shook his head a little sorrowfully. "Senor Arturo McMartin! Senor Arturo McMartin! Thou shouldst have known that! Ignacia!" he murmured to himself. "He spoke Spanish like an Argentino, but only a crazy Englishman would ride out on a night like this."

And now he was at the river. His horse trotted weakly along the bank as his rider surveyed the scene. What he saw was heartbreaking. Instead of the placid stream that was fordable at half-a-dozen points in as many miles he saw a rushing torrent of muddy, foaming water that tore down towards the Parana and the sea. Over and over the water tumbled in its rage, boiling and bubbling, lifting itself in great, smooth, swirling eddies, then breaking into smother of foam.

He spurred his horse down the bank. Three times the horse slipped and whinnied, and then planted its hoofs in the ground like a stubborn mule. Spars, blows with a crop, entreaties availed nothing. The horse would not budge.

This time fate smiled on him and dropped horse and rider neatly into the water as the flood carved out the bank on which they stood from beneath their feet. The shock threw the traveller from the horse's back into the river. With one hand he held the saddle, feeling the revolver holster press against his wrist; with the other he swam with strong, steady strokes out into the torrent with his frightened horse.

"We watched them go through the village knocking at every door, but no one would open to them. Then they found the hut. It is a poor hut, senor. An old man lived alone there



Illustrated by
WEP

him hold his breath until he felt that his lungs would burst. Leaves, branches, mud, and great gouts of earth-covered roots swirled round him. He could feel the water sucking at his feet, pulling him back, dragging him down, but all the time he made sure that his revolver holster was still filled.

Horse and rider were a mile downstream before they reached the centre of the river. Then, as it swept round a huge bend, the current threw them towards the farther shore. On and on they were carried, until the horse whimpered feebly, and stopped its mad scrambling to drag itself sideways across the force of the stream. Cautiously, the traveller let his feet drift downwards until they touched bottom, and together horse and rider dragged themselves out.

BY the time he had reached the gauchos' miserable village three miles from the river the rain had stopped. He slipped from his horse outside the biggest house in the straggling place and hammered at the door. There was no answer to his knocking. Once again he beat on the door with the butt-end of his revolver.

"Open," he shouted, "or I will break the door in."

Suddenly he flattened himself against the door as the muzzle of a gun was poked out of the window, and swung towards him.

"Cuidado. Look out!" There was a voice within. "Do not shoot. It is not the senor. It is another."

"What do you want, senor?" came another voice. "We are a poor people, as you can see. There is nothing here."

"I seek a man and a woman who have ridden this way," he shouted through the door. "Open, before I break the door down."

Even in death she was beautiful, he thought, as he looked on her face. Even

"First she cheated me, and now Death has cheated me."

Once more he let the coins slide through his fingers.

"And you will leave a spade," he said. "A spade to dig a grave."

Back in the hut he built a fire of quebracho wood until the room was full of light and heat. He threw his own blanket over the man, and plied him with the steaming dish of herbs the villagers had prepared. Then he waited until his enemy had fallen asleep, carefully watching to see whether the fever was gaining on him.

For seven days morning noon, and night, he watched over him, gave him food and drink, wiped the sweat from his face, and seemingly, gave him the strength to fight the fever from his own great strength.

And each night before he left the hut he leaned over the sleeping man, and murmured: "You will not die. You must not die."

And the man did not die. After seven more days he rode forth on his horse with the signs of the plague gone from him. He reined in his saddle as he passed through the village, and would have ridden had not McMartin held him tightly by the shoulder.

S

SENOR ARTURO McMARTIN sat in the room of the house he had taken on the outskirts of the city and waited.

Outside he heard footsteps advancing through the patio. There was a momentary pause, then they proceeded up the stairs to his room.

He turned his head as the man entered the room.

"So you came, Lagrava?" he said. The man turned his hands outwards in a gesture of futility. "What else could I do?" he asked. "I am not wholly bad. I did you a great wrong—and you saved my life. What can I say? What can I do? Nothing! Nevertheless, I have come to thank you."

McMartin tried with a paper on the desk before him.

"Dr. Lopez sends his bill and tells me that you have fully recovered. It appears so. Why, you look as strong as a horse, Lagrava. Just as strong as you always were!"

Lagrava nodded his head. "Yes, just as strong as I always was, thank to you. Once again I can only thank you. But before I go I should like you to tell me one thing. Why did you leave my life when you could have left me there to die?"

McMartin rose from his chair and crossed to the door. He shut it and turned the key in the lock. There was the sound of breaking of glass as he threw the key through the window.

"Why did I do it?" he repeated.

"Why did I do it? I will tell you."

He slipped his coat off and threw it across a chair.

"No need to shout for help. Nobody is about but the servant who let you in. And he is deaf."

He leaned with his back to the door as he rolled up his sleeve and stared at the man across the room.

"Now," he said. "Now!"

And as he advanced across the room Lagrava saw murder in his eyes.

(Copyright.)

A Complete Short Story

There was the sound of the drawing of bars.

"Senor." A man stepped to the threshold. "A man, and a woman? They are down there." He raised his hand and pointed. "In the hut at the end of the village. But when you go there you cannot come back here, no matter what bullets your revolver fires."

He hurried on as he saw the anger on the traveller's face turn to astonishment. "Yes, senor. There is one thing to be feared more than the bullets from the gun of an angry man."

HE leaned forward and whispered to him.

"Senor, it is the plague!"

"The plague?"

"Yes, senor," said the peon. "The man and the woman—they are both down there in that hut dying with yellow fever."

When they came here for shelter this morning we saw it on their faces and drove them away. You understand, senor, nobody wants the plague in his house."

"We watched them go through the village knocking at every door, but no one would open to them. Then they found the hut. It is a poor hut, senor. An old man lived alone there

the plague could not destroy her loveliness. As she lay there with her closed eyes it seemed to him for a moment that she was sleeping.

"First she cheated me and now Death has cheated me," he said, as he walked back to the man on the couch.

"But you..." The words died in his mouth.

Once again the traveller leaned over him and peered downwards. He watched him carefully for the space of a minute, and then spoke.

"You always were lucky, Lagrava. Even now you have escaped the worst of it. I have seen men like you before who have lived to tell the tale. As for me, the plague will not touch me. I have work to do!"

Back in the village the magic of gold worked its ancient miracle. The head man who had threatened to shoot him considered again as he saw gold coins displayed before his eyes.

"You must come no closer, senor. What would you have us do?"

"Get me a mess of herbs," he directed them. "You know the herbs for the fever. And put cinchona bark into it. Afterwards you shall get me food, and put the bark into that, too. Do that each morning and each night, and I shall not come near you. And, at the end, you shall have this gold."

And as he advanced across the room Lagrava saw murder in his eyes.

National Library of Australia

The Fashion Parade by Jessie Tait, sketched by Petrov

FASHION HIGHLIGHTS for SPRING!

SLEEVES ... and THINGS

FOR the daytime there is a distinctly new silhouette. Wider sleeves, shorter skirts, wider skirts and broader belts. Shorter skirts means an inch or two shorter than we've been used to. Wider skirts means full-flaring skirts. These are Shirred or gathered at the waistline and bell out towards the hem.

There are skirts pleated all the way round, knife-pleated, accordion or box-pleated. There are gored skirts and bell-shaped skirts. Sometimes the Shirring is just across the front, leaving the back and sides straight. Schiaparelli pulls her skirts up in front.

Above these short full skirts there are wide belts, of leather, ribbon, velvet, or stitched fabric. These are worn very tight. So don't try them unless you have a slim waist.

Sleeves are perhaps the most important part of the new spring fashions, except on tailored or sports clothes, when they are invariably big.

Puff sleeves, very full, come into tight cuffs, either just above or just below the elbow. Draped sleeves, instead of being sewn into the armholes, are draped and tucked into the neck of the dress. Very full sleeves are Shirred into the armhole, and again into a tight band at the wrist. Leg-o-mutton sleeves are again full at the shoulders and tight from the elbow down. Short sleeves are Shirred from the armholes, for three or four inches, then flare out. Some sleeves are so big that they form almost the entire bodice of the dress. Other sleeves loop, coil, drape or hang from the arm in strange, intricate ways.

Bodices and Necklines

WITH full sleeves bodices are either plain or Shirred. With simple sleeves—and there are still some about—bodices are draped and full. Necklines are either high or low. There are lots of white touches at the necklines. Flowers are worn under the chin, bodices gathered on drawstrings, or smocked and pleated.

Shirring is everywhere. At the waist of day and evening gowns, across shoulders, around necks, and at wrists. Whole sleeves are Shirred, as are yokes on both day and evening frocks. Full peasant bodices are Shirred into a high round neckline. A band of Shirring is anything from two to eight inches wide from the waist down. Sleeves are Shirred into armholes, and waists Shirred.

Practically every dress has its own jacket or cape, a short suit-like jacket or a loose flaring one. The new length for these is between hip and three-quarter length. Capes are any length at all. Print jackets and capes are worn over plain crepe frocks, and vice-versa. One-color jacket with a contrasting dress; dress and jacket in one color.

Your topeant will be of sheer wool or heavy crepe, in black, beige, or a color. They fit at the waist, flare slightly at the hem, have full sleeves, Shirred sleeves and yokes. They are worn over print dresses, and are lined with the print. They seldom match the dress beneath.

Suits

THE ever-popular tailored suit will be hard to beat this spring. These alone have remained almost unchanged. Waists are nipped in, lapses are wide, skirts are short and straight. You will wear flowers in your buttonholes. Pastel woolens, thin pale tweeds, heavy silk and tweed linens, rough, firm cottons are the materials used. You will probably wear a frilly blouse or jacket, a dark blouse, or a bright, contrasting one.

Colors

FOR daytime there is pink, in every conceivable shade, worn alone or with navy-blue, black, grey, or dark green. Pink frocks, hats, gloves, and bags, and even pink kid shoes are worn. Black, navy-blue, a new dark blue (called carbon), grey, oatmeal-beige, bright



PETROV

green, also all the pastels, and bold vivid prints.

For evening: All white, mauve and orchid, pink, pale grey, all sweet-pea shades, amber, violet, and, again, prints.

Materials

FOR day frocks: smooth crepes, sheer wool prints in large floral designs showing lots of background, tweed and silk linens, also crepes with Shirred and ribbed surfaces. For evening: shiny chiffon is first favorite, then lace—especially pink; taffeta, plain, shot, crinkled and checkered; floral prints, hand-painted silks, heavy satin, crepey crepes.

New evening frocks are made of

chiffon and have very full skirts, long full sleeves, and wide belts or sashes. Shirring is featured at the waist, armholes and wrist. There are tulle and net frocks, with full skirts and off-the-shoulder necklines; taffeta picture frocks, lace frocks, draped frocks, folds and loops around the body in Grecian style, Arabian, Hindu and Persian drapery.

There are still a few straight tight frocks, but as a general rule your dress will be very full at the hem, and trainless. Decollettes are very low.

Flowers

ARTIFICIAL flowers are worn on everything—suits, day frocks, evening clothes and hats. They are used

in big bunches, cut out of prints and attached on a plain material, or in garlands, posies, necklets.

Hats with flowers, hats with veils little sailors with upturned brims, sailors with straight stiff brims, off-the-face hats, large, straight brims, and little toques that have their trimming well towards the front. Flowers are perched centre-front. Most hats tip well over one eye, and crowns are shallower than they've ever been. There are berets that are long in front, and close-fitting at the sides and back. Thin felt in pastel tones are good for

spring. Straws can be rough and shiny or fine and smooth. Plaque's used a great deal.

Paris Snapshots

A NEW color is carbon-blue, exactly the same shade as carbon paper. It is lovely when combined with lilac or pale blue.

PURE white baby shark-skin, with a shiny lacquer-like surface, is a smart new glove material.

ONE tiny bow, feather, or flower placed among curly rolled towards the front over the forehead is the latest evening coiffure ornament.

DILKUSHA DESIGNS . . .

Photographs and article from
Dilkusha, Princess de Rohan.
By Air Mail from Paris.



• THE LOVELY model above makes full use of pleating. This is used round the neckline, as edging to the three-quarter sleeves, and round the bodice of the blouse to the waist. The skirt is pleated from above the knee and finished above the kneeline with a smaller ruffl.

LIKE most everybody else in the world, I work to make money, and because I enjoy my work I find twenty-four hours in the day too short for all the activities I have, for in my small house I am not only the creator but also the business manager.

Since a princess must have a motto, I have taken "Courage and Progress" for my business. My love of progress made me first take up Lastex, since it was new, and, at the beginning, was a difficult material with which to work, but its tremendous possibilities in its two-way stretch and the fun of doing something original helped me to launch it.

I made the first evening sports-clothes in Lastex, and my turtle-neck sweater, in pastel colors, which looked like shirred silk, was a great success, and my idea of sports-clothes for the evening has been copied in every country in the world.

I should like to make clothes for the Australian woman because she represents my own ideal of womanhood—strong, athletic, fond of the out-of-doors, as I am, and wanting clothes to be practical as well as to adorn her person.

To be really smart, a woman should be dressed with the utmost simplicity, and since eccentricity is the arch-enemy of good taste beautiful materials and a harmonious blending of colors are the true expression of lovely clothes.

The new bathing and beach clothes



which I have just designed express these ideas I am sure. They are simple, revolutionary in cut, since they have no seams in the side, which tends to give a roundness and smoothness to the figure as well as apparently cutting down its size.

Intricate Panels

THEY support the bust and abdomen with narrow, intricate panels of pieces cut on the straight, while the sides are cut on the cross to give enough expansion for freedom of movement, and their colors are deep and lovely—brown with a bit of beige in its pipings, and made of wool lace, dark blue with just a touch of pink, white with a note of brown, and maroon with shell-pink. These are just a few to give you an idea of my color combinations.

They cover the figure without interfering with the freedom of the body, which is important to all sports-lovers.

WHEN I have finished my busy day at the salon, where I work in my own private room at a small desk amidst ceaseless interruptions from tailors, sewing-girls, mannequins, and the telephone (for I do not believe in keeping myself separate from anyone in my establishment and all have the right to come in my always-open door), I take my car and drive out to my country house near Chantilly. When I spend the week-ends there, hunting deer, canoeing on the river, or sitting lazily in my garden watching the ever-changing beauty of nature's colorings, I really am always busy with new ideas, working out new color schemes, and designing materials to make practical and beautiful clothes, the essence of which is simplicity.



• LEFT: White stars on a navy ground make a delightful crepe ensemble for spring. This is a Lucien Lelong model. The dear little navy straw hat which accompanies it is a Madame Suzy model.

• AT the top is shown an attractive pair of black satin evening shoes.



• THE FROCK above embodies Dilkusha's idea of a smart race model. It is made of white dotted Swiss muslin. The gloves and gilet are of black lace.

• A SIMPLE white Lastex blouse, at the left, designed by Dilkusha, for sports or evening wear. This designer specialises in using Lastex, and was the first fashion creator to make evening and sports clothes in this two-way stretch fabric.



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An Editorial

JULY 27, 1935

A MISSION OF PEACE

IT is not many years since the "mysterious East" was a symbol to Western minds of something remote and potentially hostile, if not dangerous. Countries like China and Japan were inaccessible as the realm of Haroun-al-Raschid.

There has been a complete change within the lifetime of this generation. We have come to think of the countries nearest Australia as neighbors and friends.

The result has been brought about not so much by treaties and diplomatic dealings, as by visits of individuals, whether actuated by curiosity, love of study, or desire to foster trade.

Last year, a goodwill mission, headed by the Attorney-General, Mr. Latham, paid a visit to Japan. Now a similar mission, headed by a distinguished diplomat, is about to leave Japan for Australia.

Visits of this kind cannot fail to be of benefit both to those who make them, and to those who act as hosts.

In the past we have been too ready to think of nations other than our own as hostile entities that must, in the last resort, be countered by force. To-day no civilised country subscribes to the idea of force as the final arbiter in world affairs.

It is the hope of every thinking man and woman that the threatened clash between Italy and Abyssinia will be averted.

If there had been more goodwill missions between the African and Latin nations, if representative men had met and talked over their points of difference, there would have been less danger of a clash of arms.

Civilisation has abandoned, in theory: The good old rule, the simple plan That they shall take who have the power

And they shall keep who can.

But in practice this old law of the jungle has a way of pushing itself to the front. Its application to disputes between nations is a tragedy against which personal contact and free and friendly exchange of ideas are the best safeguards.

Such a mission as that which Japan is sending to Australia is not only a gesture of friendship that we appreciate, but is also a harbinger of improved commercial relations, with a corresponding benefit to the peoples of both countries.

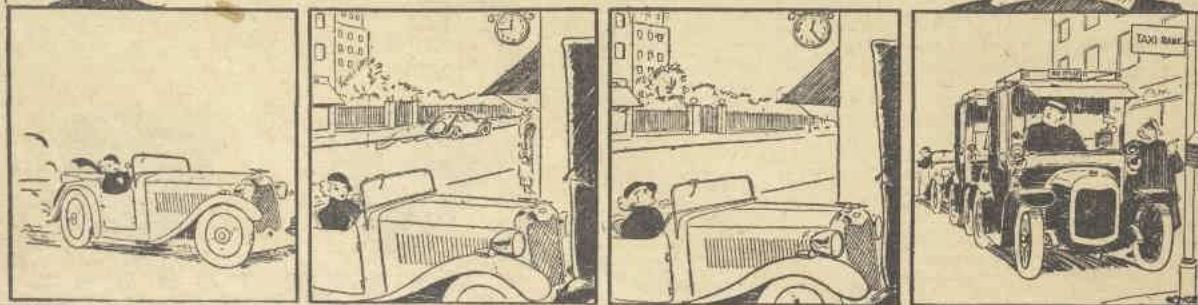
For that and other reasons Mr. Debuchi and his fellow delegates are assured of the warmest welcome to these shores.

—THE EDITOR.



BLONDIE

Her Traffic Jam!



Australians Show Heroism in Quetta Quake

Mrs. R. D. Lewers, of Sydney, has just received this letter from Captain Gerald Steed, her son-in-law, who was in the Quetta earthquake. Lalla, to whom he refers, is his wife and Mrs. Lewers' daughter.

THE earthquake was an experience I hope we shall never have to face again. One felt no fear at the actual time the quake was in action. The main shock which did all the damage lasted only 25 seconds. It was all too quick, and, happening so early in the morning, one was not really fully awake.

Lalla realised sooner than I did what was happening, and yelled "Under the bed" where we arrived just before the wall collapsed on top of us. Luckily, it was only a short wall, and didn't bury us. We managed to crawl out.

AFTER we got out and saw that everyone around us was safe—then came the awful moment, wondering what to do. One blessing about our "Institution" (the army) is that one can always appeal to one's seniors in emergency, which is what I proceeded to do.

Clad in pyjamas, mackintosh, and sandals, and mounted on a cycle (our car was buried under the ruins), I went to our C.O., who was just coming round to see me. We decided that as he had a car he should go and turn the troops out while I went to see where they were needed.

I went round the roads and heard someone shout, "Help! I can't get Susan out." Susan was a dog—so I had to leave them.

Deathly Silence

THE shopping centre was just flat, and I gazed in absolute fear at it, wondering how many were underneath it all. You see, I was alone, and the most terrifying part of it all was the complete and almost deafening silence.

I had heard tales of the last quake and the terrible wailing that went up from the bazaar, and here there was not a sound. While trying to make up my mind where to begin, I saw a figure coming towards me along what I knew was once a road. It was a man clad only in pyjamas, and barefooted. I switched my torch on to him, and saw his head was trickling blood. I recognised him as a European shopkeeper. He was dead and was just able to let me know that his wife was along the road unable to move.

I went along for about 200 yards, stumbling all the way, and found her. I couldn't move her, she was so badly crushed, so went back to collect the husband to give me a hand, but by this time there were a number of cars arriving so I claimed one of them with its driver and got him to help.

Three Days' Digging

ALL the troops turned out practically immediately, and were in among the ruins digging people out.

They continued digging for three days, and then it was thought that there was no chance of any more being alive. The organisation of the relief work was marvellous.

Lalla remained outside the bungalow until it was light, and then started getting everything out with the help of the servants. As soon as she had rescued what she could, off she went to help at the Mission Hospital, which was flattened out.

The city was afterwards divided into areas for rescue work and Lalla thought she was not necessary there, so off she went to the Military Hospital, where already there were hundreds of casualties.

Lalla remained there for four days—just coming home for hurried meals (sometimes not at all), and to sleep. She was marvellous, and I thought she really must collapse, but she discovered new sources of energy and didn't let up for a minute.

THEN we heard that things were in a bad way in a neighboring Native State—no hospital for women, and they refusing to come into the men's hospital for treatment. A party of us, two women and two men, went out there and remained for varying periods.

It was hard work, especially for the women who had to tramp round all the villages showing that women had arrived and persuading them to come into hospital.

Lalla and Mrs. Willison covered themselves with glory, and they are admired by everyone, from the general down-wards. They did wonderful work and you may well be very proud of your Lalla, who is at this moment still working out there.

I was out there yesterday, and she is looking grand. A bit thinner, though so much running about, but very happy to be doing something useful for the people of the country.

CASABIANCA LOWER on the BURNING DECK

*When the steamer
Hesperus ran into
a tiepin!*

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

ILLUSTRATED BY WEP

That was a terrible thing that happened to that poor boy on the ship. His father told him to stand on a certain portion of the ship, and then, after warning the crew, he set fire to the ship.

Cashinthe ban ka, for such was the lad's name, stayed there and slowly fried away. Even when he was reduced to a mere heap of ashes he still stood there and refused to leave his post.

WHAT a pal! I've often felt like Casabianca while waiting for the wife.

I say to myself, after I've been waiting for about half an hour, "If I duck across the road for a quick one, it's a Rolls Royce to a caraway seed that she arrives immediately, and when I get back she'll have the nerve to say that she's been waiting for hours."

So I stay where I am, consumed by internal fires. Of course, that is not so bad as being where our Editor is. According to a postcard I re-

cived this morning, he is aboard the Europa in the middle of the North Atlantic, and the North Atlantic is a kind of permanent Australian Bight, only colder and wetter.

Which reminds me of the time I went down with the Hesperus. We were returning with a cargo of cocoa from Cocos Island, when we ran into a tiepin—or is it a buffoon? Typhoon! Thank you.

Well, in no time it was all

hands to the pumps. I went to the captain and said, "Do you remember what my grandfather told you about there being a ring around the moon last night, and that he wouldn't take any responsibility if we encountered a psychone?"

He just pulled a whiff out of his pipe, waved it at me, and a skinful laugh laughed he.

"I," he said, "can weather the roughest storm that ever wind did blow. Get back to the pumping department."

Oil for the Ocean

I WENT back to the pump, and my grandfather said, "What did your father the captain say?"

"He whiffed at me," I replied, "and said that he could weather the roughest storm that ever wind did blow."

"He's read that in some book," muttered the old man. "Listen, if you're not going to pump, don't lean on the handle!"

So I went back to the Captain.

"Oh, father," I said.

"Yes, my boy?"

"I see a gleaming light. Oh, say! What may it be?"

"It's that confounded boy standing on the burning deck again," he replied. "Go down below and bring up that bottle of castor oil in the bathroom. I am going to pour some of it on these troubled waters; although I am not too sure of the correct dose for an ocean."

I poured half a bottle of oil over the side, and then slung the bottle in after it, but it didn't seem to make much difference.

My Old Buddy

By this time I don't mind telling you that my cheeks were blue as the faty flax which opens in the month of May, and I looked like a hawthorn bud.

"Oh, father," I said.

"You here again!" he barked.

"I hear the sound of guns," I said, hastily. "Oh, say! What may . . ."

"Get out of here!" he bawled. "You wait till your mother comes home from work. I'll tell her how you've been behaving."



"Come up and warm yourself," said young Casabianca.

"We may have to swim for it," he said.

"Are you taking a towel?" I asked; but he never replied, because a frozen corpse was he.

Rings on the Moon

SHORTLY after that, we sank.

I was picked up next morning, lashed to a drifting spar. It was young Casabianca who saved me. "Hop up on deck," he said. "Come and warm yourself. Bring your spar with you, the deck's not burning too well. How do you think I look?"

"You're burning a bit unevenly," I said. "A bit more off the left side, I think."

"Where's your grandfather?" he asked, moving farther into the flames.

"He's a frozen corpse. He told the skipper that he was seeing rings around the moon, but the skipper just laughed a skinful laugh at him. I heard a gleaming light, and saw the sound of guns, but that didn't move him either."

"He always was an obstinate bloke," said Casabianca. "Would you mind pouring some of that kerosene over my chest, old chap? I seem to be dying down a bit."

I did what I could to make him comfortable, and then left the ship.

CHECK THOSE CHILLS



A dose in time— may save nine

THEY are dangerous things—those sudden chills—a wise wife won't let her husband neglect one. Prompt resort to Bonnington's Irish Moss drives a cold through the pores of the skin, reduces the FEVER, clears the HEAD, thus many an attack of 'FLU is averted!

IMITATIONS: Beware of such! Get Bonnington's—1/9 and 3/-.

Bonnington's IRISH MOSS

FOR COUGHS and COLDS

Comparisons in Loveliness



Most girls to-day are prettier than the girls of 30 years ago—most women between the ages of 25 and 50 now avoid that faded uninteresting appearance that was once so common. Charm and beauty are now cultivated, like flowers, or good manners. Motion pictures are helping by revealing lovely women who, it is well known, are experts in the use of modern beautifiers. I have studied the movie-folks, as I have studied beauty culture, and I myself have acted in both English and American films. I have lived in many famous cities—in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Rome, Hollywood, I have travelled extensively in France, Italy, Germany, America, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

My aim has always been to unearth the lesser-known and more effective secrets that bring youth and digest age. Famous women whom you would know have complimented me on my work; great beauty firms in England, France and America seek my advice. These things are true, as I can prove to anyone. I mention this not boastfully, but so that you may know that I have the knowledge to give you what you want. My beauty aids find favour in all the many lands where they are sold; it is my belief that they are the best you can obtain, especially of late. The Home-Treatment I here describe offers definite advantages as a quick, sure and simple way to greater loveliness.

MY SIMPLE BEAUTY METHOD

The basis of beauty is a clear skin. To have a clear skin you must use a perfect cleansing cream, as well as a cosmetic soap. My Cleopatra Cream is the best for the face, and the soap—oh! it "absorbs" deep-seated impurities and the coarse outer skin. To firm, sautéed muscles, combat ageing wrinkles, to stimulate the entire facial structure, I recommend my Nipper Cream. For outdoors most women use vanishing cream, or facial lotion, and powder. These require careful selection. Ordinary vanishing creams dry the skin and cause ugly "pores"—never use them. I use Kathleen Youth, which renews as it beautifies, giving a smooth, flowerlike and exquisitely delicate, luminous, healthful Facial Youth, consisting of dimpling oil, the need for frequent powdering. Some women find a lotion a luxurious means of treating the skin

and holding the powder. I offer my Golden Youth Beauty Lotion or Facial Youth Rejuvenating Lotion for this purpose. The former is more astringent, the latter whitens the skin more. Not every powder suits every woman. I have found, varying in shades, tones and textures, an astringent, adherent, and more than usually fat-striking. They are free from grit, and form a wonderful base for makeup. I can confidently recommend "Golden Youth" or "Floraply" Powders. Both are excellent refiners. No woman loves to find such a wondrous charm—you should shampoo with either my Hematocid or my Shampoo. Shampoo, if you hair is dry, add a few drops of Kathleen. You want extra softness in the hair. Use a famous touch of colour to the cheeks, my "Rose Petal" Rouge. For indelible and lacquer-like lip-linen on the lips, one of my thrilling Lipsticks.

You can obtain the Kathleen Court Beauty Aids from any high-class Chemist or Store, at very moderate prices.

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Scientifically blended, and as fresh when you open it as the day it was packed, Bushells Coffee is always satisfying, stimulating and enjoyable.

Also packed in 1-lb. and 1/2-lb. glass jars.



Bushells
Pure Coffee
VACUUM PACKED

Packed Fresh . . . Stays Fresh

THE main purpose and endeavour of active educational effort must necessarily be the training and equipping of youth to face and successfully surmount the trials and problems of life.

In all things, a habit commenced in childhood, while the mind and individuality are plastic, is far more likely to prove lasting than when begun later in life.

It was with a full conception of at least one great purpose in the pursuit of knowledge that the Commonwealth Savings Bank planned its service to apply as directly for the benefit of children as for adults. The depositing of regular weekly sums in a Savings Bank account is a practical and logical illustration of the thrift lesson, and the Commonwealth Savings Bank has extended its facilities throughout all Australia to make that lesson easy and valuable.

Commonwealth Savings Bank of Australia
(Guaranteed by the Commonwealth Government)



To retain the soft and beauty of your waves, wash Lady Jayne's Number 1 Hairdressing on to a soft, warm, dry towel. This perfect, gentle hairdressing keeps waves firmly in position. Net 1/4, lace 2/6, Art Silk 3/6. Manufacturers, Rainfords Ltd., 51A York Street, Sydney.

Beauty Sleep - EVERY NIGHT

**MAN with
FIFTY WIVES**
Amiability His Downfall

IN the peace of a prison cell in Belgrade (Servia), is Ivan Turisic, who has set up a record in bigamy. He has actually "married," or become engaged to over fifty women.

He was not after their money, and he did not swindle his brides of a single penny. Actually he was a farmer of means.

Unfortunately for him, he was too handsome. Scores of women fell in love with him.

When a pretty girl asked him to marry her, he could not disappoint her. He readily promised marriage, and went through the ceremony before the first priest they could find.

Soon after the wedding he pretended to go on a "business trip." This was simply a tour of inspection to his other wives, whom he could not very well leave alone for a long time. So naturally he was always on the move.

Finally, there were so many that he did not know how to save himself. It became more and more difficult to remember who was who, and he surrendered to the police.

"I am glad it is all over," he said. "Now I can breathe again."

HOST HOLBROOK says: A few drops of my Worcester Sauce impart a delicious flavour to the simplest meal. ***

WOMEN Who Run AWAY

A Long Complete Story



ARRY had come upon her once again in a journal in which the advertisements had academic tone and courtly elegance.

Flicking through the pages with his thumb, sitting well back in his corner, conscious that he had too much time to spare, he had stopped at this page as it had been hoped by the advertiser that he would stop. Curious that anyone should use one page to advertise one hat, considering only one customer could buy it.

He supposed the idea was to force a trade name on his notice, giving a flair to any hat they offered, to make the loveliest ladies in the land sigh for a Selene hat, and to make their gentlemen argue that whatever it looked like it must be good, otherwise they would never have the cheek to ask fifteen guineas for it.

However, he would not have wasted much time looking at a hat, even though he had time to waste. He looked because he beheld again the girl whom he so often found upon such pages, forever wearing these Selene hats, and he believed that was the only reason they held the name they did. The hats themselves were unimportant: he believed that with an old bowler and a feather, or with a straw hat and a scrap of lace, he could fashion something which, upon her head, would have gained him wide patronage as a designer.

Sometimes he saw only her head and smoothly-rounded shoulders; she would be looking pensive and affectionate. At others she would be turned away, aloof and unaware of him. Again he had found her ready for a tramp in rainy weather, with the deep collar of her mackintosh turned up to hide her chin. And now, to-day, she was, he realised, terribly smart.

Her coat and skirt were the latest masterpiece of an exclusive tailorman: her fur must once have been the pride of the pack; her short umbrella looked so glad to be arm in arm with her: her shoes were so meticulous where they trod, and her gloves proudly conscious that they held her hands. Envious and sentimental, he gave a low sigh, and looked up.

And she was sitting facing him.

It was incredible. It must be an illusion. Such things didn't happen. He was staring and felt conscious that he must look silly. Yet the portraits he had come across were all well-taken. They had shown her from every angle, and in every mood, with every clarity. It had never been like seeing her in some newspaper, smudgy, unfattering, and unlike.

He glanced back sceptically at the page upon his hip, lifted his eyes again to her: she knew he was comparing her with the advertisement. Well, she was more ravishingly lovely even than he had supposed. He wondered now what her voice was like. In fact he must know: and there was one way to find out. It was tea-time, and she had sat down at a table opposite. He rose, walked across deprecatingly, and bowed.

"I want to apologise for staring at you. By an extraordinary coincidence, as you came in, I was looking at your photograph, and I don't suppose that would happen again to anyone in a hundred years."

YOU are mistaken," said the lady, and her sigh was like a hothouse flower, wilting against his heart. It would linger in his memory like the remembrance of one summer night which, when you come to think of it, was most romantic of it, and romantic of him, too, to think so.

"Then I am sorrier still," said Barry, "and I apologise again."

She made a tiny gesture with gloved fingers, as if she whispered.

"I don't mean I am not the girl. I mean it happens more than once in a hundred years. It happens every week."

He sat down on the chair that faced her, not comfortably to show that he was going to stay, but uncomfortably to show he wasn't.

"If you found yourself staring at the Prince of Wales," she said, "you might think that extraordinary, but he wouldn't think so, because wherever he goes someone stares at him, and he doesn't care much who it is. In a very much cheaper way, I'm afraid, I don't think it funny that anybody recognises me from an advertisement. I only think it annoying."

"And very rude." "But natural."

... By ...

**HYLTON
CLEAVER**

"To be natural is to be rude," he mentioned. "Manners are meant to prevent doing the first thing that comes into your head."

"The first thing that comes into the head of a gentleman," said she, "should be his manners."

Now he knew what her mouth expressed—good humor.

"Unfortunately, I only have to enter a train," she said, "and I must sit opposite someone. Every now and again that someone must be looking through a magazine. Occasionally they pause at the advertisements, then look up, and, by chance, see me. It always seems miraculous to them, but what do you suppose I feel about it? It's like being wanted for murder, and waiting for somebody to spot you. You see, I don't only do Selene hats. I'm photographed in all sorts of things."

"This," he said, with a deliberate importance, "is nevertheless a little more remarkable than you imagine. I am not a casual member of the gaping public."

"You are a most distinguished member, I can see."

"When I pick up something to read I don't look in it for . . . something to read. I look in it for you."

She was dubiously smiling at him.

"Well, there is something more remarkable in it even than that. This is the last day you would have recognised me. You're only just in time."

He was a little puzzled, but he leaned forward earnestly.

"It seems that my luck is in; when I think that, I always back it. Will you mark this very unusual occasion, please, by having tea with me?"

WHilst he talked

she had been holding a tiny silver pencil with which she had, he supposed, been going to write a note. He had interrupted, and the pencil point had begun to draw absent-mindedly a little pattern on the menu card. She was making a little pile of squares, all overlapping, then drawing circles round it. Just as on blotting paper she often subconsciously wrote down things, she was actually saying on the telephone, so she drew funny shapes like this even on bridge scoring-blocks. From the way her fingers held the pencil he thought she was nervous.

"So you think," she said, "you are in luck? To meet you like this is not unlucky even for me."

"I am thankful for that." He saw her looking round.

"Somebody may come in presently to look for me. If so, I meant to go at once and sit by some perfect stranger and ask point-blank if he would pretend for a few minutes that I was here with him."

"If I may put in for that post, my references . . ."

"I was just thinking it was lucky you suggested it, and so saved me having to ask."

"All things considered, then, how would it be if we went somewhere else?"

She finished the pattern, looked up, and nodded.

"Yes, perhaps so. But I must telephone first."

"From here?"

"There is a call-box outside, at the corner of the road. Do you mind waiting?"

He rose as she left him. While she was gone he paid his bill and collected his hat and coat. He was optimistic and thoughtful. Whom was she expecting here? If she wanted not to be seen alone, why had she come? To whom was she telephoning now? And why?

Presently she was back and standing in the doorway, waiting.

Please turn to Page 24

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



BARBER: Haven't I shaved you before?
CUSTOMER: No, I got that scar at the war.



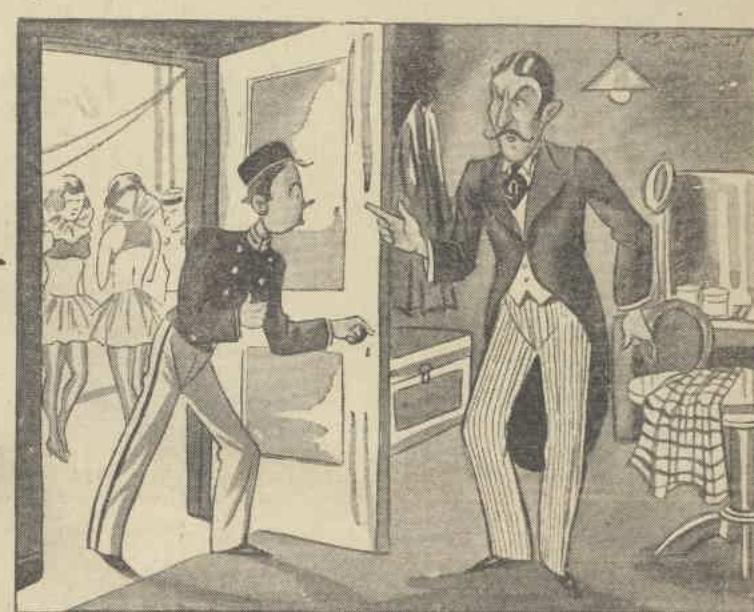
MRS. NEWLY-RICH: Can I have some stationery?
HOTEL CLERK: Are you a guest?
MRS. NEWLY-RICH: Good heavens, no! I'm paying two guineas a day!



DAUGHTER: Do you think a father of fifty should marry again, Dad?
FATHER: Gracious, no! That's enough children for any man.



"There'll be a lot of disappointed men when I marry."
"Why, my dear, how many are you going to marry?"



STAGE BOY (to villain of the piece): The spotlight's gone bung and the manager wants to know if you'll paint your face green for the murder scene.



Still Lovely
under the
brightest
spotlight
because
she uses

TENAX
THE GENUINELY GERMICIDAL
TOILET SOAP

At all Chemists and Stores

The ONLY soap containing oil distilled and marketed by Australian Essential Oils Limited under the registered trade-mark of "Ti-Trol," the fragrant and soothing antiseptic, eleven times quicker than carbolic, yet NON-IRRITANT and NON-POISONOUS.

for her complexion
- and her shampoo

A PRODUCT OF AUSTRALIAN SOAPS LIMITED

Brainwaves

Prize of 2/6 paid for each joke used.

ON the day on which my wedding occurred—

"You'll pardon the correction, but affairs such as marriages, receptions, dinners, and things of that sort 'take place.' It is only calamities which 'occur.' You see the distinction?"

"Yes, I see. As I was saying, the day on which my wedding occurred—

DO you believe, sir, that on election day the women should be at the polls?"

"Yes, sir," the crusty bachelor replied, "at both ends of 'em—north and south."

"HULLO! Where have you been?"

"To the station to see my wife off for a month's holiday."

"But your hands are black."

"Yes, I patted the engine."

"HULLO, Jones! Got a new car?"

"Yes, I went into a garage to use the phone, and I didn't like to come away without buying something."

REMOTES UNWANTED HAIR



La-ne-ta removes every trace of hair; unrivalled for shaping hair line on the neck. Trial Tube, 1/2 oz. Extra Large (4 times quantity), 2/9.

AT ALL CHEMISTS

If unsatisfactory locally send 1/- P/IN
Trial Tube to TENAX, Resin
226a George Street, Sydney.

A Gentle Laxative

THAT TONES THE SYSTEM

Constipation makes you dull, listless, sluggish, irritable and produces headaches. It leaves a bad taste in the mouth, produces foul breath, gives you a tired-out feeling, and weakens your resistance to colds and other germ diseases.

Amongst the many symptoms are variable appetite, pains in stomach, foetid breath, nausea, headache, irritation about the nose, disturbed sleep, disordered bowels. To free the system of worms Comstock's "Dead Shot" Worm Pellets will be found a valuable preparation. Their reputation as a remedy for that purpose has been long established. They contain specific properties for overcoming the worms and being prepared in the form of a sweet, children take them as they would an ordinary lolly.

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills are adjudged as the ideal family medicine for Constipation, Indigestion and Bloating. Being of purely vegetable composition they will be found to work naturally and rationally.

Dr. MORSE'S
INDIAN ROOT
PILLS

WORMS

Cause endless troubles—Don't neglect—treat, directly detected, with Comstock's "Dead Shot" Worm Pellets

There are many kinds of worms which attack the human body, but the commonest are Stomach and Thread Worms, and if allowed to remain they lower the system, leaving it an easy prey to all kinds of illnesses.

Amongst the many symptoms are variable appetite, pains in stomach, foetid breath, nausea, headache, irritation about the nose, disturbed sleep, disordered bowels. To free the system of worms Comstock's "Dead Shot" Worm Pellets will be found a valuable preparation. Their reputation as a remedy for that purpose has been long established. They contain specific properties for overcoming the worms and being prepared in the form of a sweet, children take them as they would an ordinary lolly.



Obtainable at all chemists and leading stores or direct from The W. H. Comstock Co. Ltd., 23 Lang Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Price 2/- tin, post free.

The Fair Sex Becomes the Air Sex



PRETTY HERON MAXWELL, a young parachutist who gave an exhibition at an international aero rally recently in England.



IN AUSTRALIA, where flying is not as common as it might be, it is difficult to realise the extent to which people have become air-minded overseas. These pictures will help, however. Above: Even baby takes to the air. These English visitors to Persia are seen alighting at Croydon on their return, with their 8-months-old baby. The party travelled 8,000 miles by air.



THE POPULARITY of air travel is influencing fashion overseas. Here are two Dorval models posed by two attractive members of the air sex beneath an Imperial Airways long-distance "bus" at Croydon Airport.



A WOMEN'S AERO CLUB in America goes under the fascinating name of "The Ladies of the Winged Slipper." Their uniform is pale blue with a silver-winged slipper on the back.



ABOVE: Joan Meakin, an English girl, who is a gliding expert, landing at Heston after her epic flight from Germany recently, when she glided hundreds of miles.



ABOVE: Of course, a society girl who does not fly is in danger of being left on the ground. Here is Margot Hambling, daughter of Sir Guy and Lady Hambling, of Suffolk. She is one of many air-minded young society girls in England to-day.



ABOVE: Even a bishop travels by plane. Photo shows a party of guests who flew from the Isle of Wight to attend the recent wedding of Earl Jellicoe's daughter.



BETTY HAMILTON, who was in the film "The Scarlet Pimpernel," flew from Croydon to Bristol, in England, one morning, and was back at the studio two hours later to take her part.

LEFT: IN Russia the girls take their flying seriously. Nida Kolenskaya, in the photo, is a qualified pilot who can handle a fighting plane if needs be.

PLAYERS & CO.



Sports Wear
187 George St.
Brisbane
(Opp. Treas. Bldgs.)

HWS OVERALLS
in Nigger, Red, Black, Royal, Navy, Almond, Bottic, String, Cesarine 10/6. In Navy, Khaki, Drill 10/6. Made to measure, no extra charge under 30-inch waist; over that 1/6 extra.

STRIPED SHIRTS
in Blue and Green only, or in spotted and checked designs, all colors 2/11.

Write for illustrated price list of sports, business and holiday wear.



"JACK & JILL"

Winter Sale
BARGAINS

CELANESE ROMPERS

for Master Toddler!

2-piece, in very soft, elastic, lace-like fabric. The shirt has a remote collar and belt-10 shades and buttons right up the front. Full romper pants, buttoning on at the waist. Colour beige, with brown collar and cuffs.

Usual Price
6/11 NOW 4/11

Size 18-20 inches.

Splendid for the Exhibition. And when in town, be sure to call and see our Exhibition of Infants' and Children's wear.

MAIL ORDERS A SPECIALTY.
ENQUIRIES INVITED.

JACK AND JILL

16 BRISBANE ARCADE
QUEEN ST. BRISBANE

Exclusively Infants' and Children's Wear.

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

Now she has become
POPULAR



She is surrounded by admirers wherever she goes. Her sunny disposition, her zest for all she undertakes, her clear skin and radiant glow of health are irresistible! Yet not long ago she was dull, irritable and unpopular. What brought the change?

Constipation was stealing her freshness, she had headaches, slept poorly. At last she tried Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, eating daily two tablespoonsfuls of this delicious, ready-to-serve cereal in cold milk or cream. Her health improved rapidly and her popularity with it.

ALL-BRAN contains "bulk" which clears the system of poisonous waste naturally. It promotes appetite and makes rich blood. It is not harsh or indigestible like pills or drugs. Your grocer sells ALL-BRAN.

Sealed inside with the WAXITE bag



Kellogg's

ALL-BRAN

FREE—Send your name and address to Kellogg's Pty. Ltd., Box 8, Botany, Sydney, for an interesting health booklet and diet series—they're FREE.
Made in Australia by KELLOGG (Aust.) LTD., Sydney

WINTER GARDEN

Theatre Beautiful

Baroness Orczy's World-famous Story

"THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL"

With LESLIE HOWARD and MERLE OBERON
(A United Artists Production)

"ALIAS MARY DOW"
Featuring Sally Eilers and Ray Milland

NOW SHOWING

Walt Disney Colour
Cartoon
"PECCULAR PENGUINS"

JILL'S COUNTRY LETTER

DEAR JILL,

I don't suppose mid-winter holidays mean much to you, but they mean a lot to mothers, teachers, and children in the country.

They are now almost over, and with their conclusion both pupils and mistresses who have been scattered far and wide over various parts of the country are preparing to return refreshed to the "daily round, the common task."

Maud Collins, popular matron of the Maryborough Girls' Grammar School has been out in the far west, visiting the R. G. Gibsons, at Hartree, their station home outside Longreach, and Miss L. Arminda, headmistress of the Ipswich Girls' Grammar School, visited her home town for the holidays, and had a wonderful time among her friends.

Elvis Wade, only daughter of the R. W. F. Wades, of Evergreen Station, has just announced her engagement to Sykes Warry, of Maryborough.

Mrs. N. Isaacs and Miss Poulsen were hostesses at a bridge party in the C.W.A. rest rooms which the younger set have repainted and recovered. Bowls of pinkish and green foliage plants in pots made an artistic decoration against the cream and green walls. Miss Alice Demaine, daughter of Mayor W. H. Demaine, carried off the prize for the afternoon.

Annual "At Home"

QUITE the most social affair of Bundaberg's dancing season is the annual Burnett Club "At Home." This year's dance in the exclusive premises of the Men's Club was a very bright party, and lots of country folk joined in the fun. Club members made admirable hosts. Guests were received by the president of the club, Mr. J. C. Reddan, and Mrs. Reddan.

The dance held in the Austral Hall by members of the Younger People's Club, which has Fred Buss for its president, was most successful. Lella Adams was in charge of the arrangements.

A large field of associates took out cards in the championship foursome event at the Bundaberg links. Everyone was pleased when Jean McCowan and Molly White won the competition. Jess Downman, of the General Hospital staff, was the guest of honor at a supper party arranged at Bargara in honor of her birthday. Esther Jensen

made an excellent hostess, and amusing novelties added to the fun.

The W. Brooks' son, Bill, will be much missed in golfing and social circles when he leaves next week for Hongkong. He is an engineer, and has been enjoying three months' leave in Bundaberg.

KITTY Sycamore, one of the most popular girls in Ipswich, will leave her home town soon to wed Eric Francis, who is in the Commonwealth Bank, Griffith, New South Wales.

Tom and Vera Birne have at last married and christened their little daughter, and such an uncommon name, too. Tharion Olsen, pronounced Usheen. It certainly took a lot of thinking out.

The G. P. Stephensons are holidaying at Southport.

Thirty members of Tattersall's Race Club were entertained at the Ipswich Golf Club by the committee to luncheon, and golf afterwards, and a crystal fruit-filled set, donated by the visitors, was won by Mr. Elbore.

Theatrical Production
THERE is a distinct revival in amateur theatricals in Rockhampton. Jean Ewing has selected her cast for the play "Children in Uniform," in which she takes the name part, and this will be staged in the coming month at the School of Arts.

The Rev. E. R. Streeten has again marshalled his musical Unionists, and hopes to present "The Geisha Girl" early in September. Ivy Brennan takes the lead, and there will be some bright talent in the other important roles.

The Golf Club staged a pleasant function last Saturday night at the close of the mixed foursomes. Most of the players remained at the clubhouse for tea, and afterwards enjoyed the relaxation of community singing, dancing, and games. Dick Perris and Phyllis Vise were the winners of the foursome.

Dr. and Mrs. E. A. North departed on Saturday, as Dr. North has been transferred to Bendigo. They will spend some time in Melbourne before proceeding to their new home. Dr. Forbes has taken Dr. North's place at the Laboratory.

Miss Ball, a Brisbane lassie, who enjoyed herself immensely while holidaying with the Arthur Deacons, North Rockhampton, has returned home.

A beautiful square-cut sapphire ring set in diamonds is being worn by Dulcie Alford, of Tenterfield, the attractive elder daughter of the Clifford Alfords, who are as well known in Toowoomba and on the Downs. Her fiance, Mr. Forest Wilshire, has a property out of Stanthorpe. Both are very keen golfers and riders, and I hear the wedding will take place towards the end of the year.

Annual Meeting

AFTER a successful year the Warwick Benevolent Society held its annual meeting at which Mrs. R. J. Grieve was re-elected president.

Miss Sheila Dippesman, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Carrigan, at Riverview, Goondiwindi, is returning home to Warwick this week. Her sister, Eleanor, has just been appointed the honorary secretary of the active Warwick Young Set.

News has come from Dr. and Mrs. Graham Oakley who are visiting England, of the birth of a son. The doctor, who is a member of the Warwick Bowling Club, is taking a particular interest in bowling greens in England.

LOIS.

4BC Sunday Concerts

Do you spend your Sundays relaxing in the comfort of your own homes? Next Sunday, at 3 p.m., if you turn the pointer of your wireless set to station 4BC's wave-length, you'll hear a delightful musical programme provided by the choir of the Ellenborough St., Ipswich, Methodist Church, under the baton of Mr. T. S. Westwood.

PREVIOUS broadcasts of this nature have given a tremendous amount of pleasure to those who spend their week-end at home, and so they have become a definite station feature. A choral programme is to be presented on the 28th.

So many listeners, who tune-in to 4BC regularly for the splendid health talks given by Mr. T. Gordon Marston at 9.15 on Wednesday nights, have benefited from his expert advice and assistance—and numerous letters have been received from country centres asking that the service be made available to them. So arrangements have now been made for a new series of talks on rheumatism to be relayed to Station 4GR Toowoomba for the benefit of country listeners.

Special provision is made for those women who tune-in to 4BC for their daily entertainment and information, by



MRS. R. P. MOORE, conductor of the Maryborough Philharmonic Choir, which won such outstanding success with the presentation of the opera, "Tom Jones."

—Cobet Studio.

Marie Larsen has been having a happy holiday with her father, and left Warwick at the end of the week for Sydney.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McLeod, of Stanthorpe, had a birthday party in honor of daughter Elva's coming-of-age, entertaining fifty guests at bridge and dancing.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. McDougall, of Warwick, are at Noosa for their usual winter holidays.

Miss Luis Cohen is visiting Brisbane, and Miss Mell is also in the metropolis.

Mrs. Bonwick and Mrs. Berthelsen were hostesses for the C.W.A. when a book afternoon was arranged, the gifts being for the Bush Book Club.

On Friday, Mrs. Counsell and Mrs. Angus were hostesses at an afternoon when Mrs. Baines showed those present how to make beautiful wool quilts.

Woman, the Practical

THAT northern women are good cooks, keen gardeners, and up-to-date in art and craft work was to be seen by the many good exhibits at the Townsville Show. Mrs. Arthur Garbutt, Miss Eileen Goldring and Miss G. Duncan, of the Technical College, must have put in a few hours hard work before attaining the prizes. In the Arts and Crafts section Miss Isabel Chisholm and Mrs. A. Dick ran a neck-to-neck race with their paintings. Each is now the happy possessor of eight prizes for paintings and photography.

Women dog-owners were much in evidence on the opening day when Mr. Maude, of Sydney, was judging. An amusing contrast in size was provided in the "dog, any variety, not mentioned" section, between Mrs. L. J. Day's "Czar of Jargess," a lovely Borzoi, and Mrs. E. G. Barrymore's small tan-tinted Australian terrier, Buster.

St. Anne's school, looked upon as one of the best educational centres in Queensland, has just welcomed Miss Minnie Box, a fellow of the Faculty of Teachers in Commerce, London. She arrived in Townsville during the week.

Ringed by a spur of the Dividing Range, the Townsville golf course club house is always a lovely setting for a dance, and one of the most enjoyable of those given in race week drew a large crowd of pleasure-makers. Mrs. V. Roberts, wife of the president, saw that the decorations met the occasion, and she looked attractive in a black frock as she received the guests.



Penelope's Poems

John got the muffle—
So of course,
Willy, James (and Papa)
Got them too,
So Mamma decided on
Warm pullovers & cardigans
To ward off winter chills.
She was on her way to buy
At least
Three tons of wool
And to learn the latest
Mysteries in
"It's" and "I.2 p. 2," etc.,
When she noticed that
Rockwell's
Had really marvellous
Pullovers for only 15/6.
Reduced from 25/-
And just the kind of
Cardigan
That Papa likes for
Only 16/6 reduced from
27/6, which was quite enough
For Mamma,
Who knows a good thing
When she sees it!
John, Willy, James (and Papa)
Are now resplendent—
Snuffles are no more,
And the laundry bill for
Handkerchiefs
Is amazingly diminished.

N.B.

—and she bakes most
beautifully, they say,
"Yes, I believe she
always uses —
Simpson's
Self-raising
Flour"

**NEW TEETH
for 35/-**

Upper or Lower Set, prices,
Vulcanite . . . 35/- Golddust . . . 50/-
Whalebone 61/- Bowesprings 84/-
Gumblacks 126/-

Remodels:
Vulcanite 28/- Golddust 40/-
Bowesprings 50/-

Painless Extractions . . . 1/-
Repairs at Lowest Price and
Shortest Notice

Surgeon-Dentists
H. A. L. SAPSFORD
G. C. SOMMERVILLE
M. J. DOYLE

67 QUEEN ST. BRISBANE. D7688.

Look for
The 2
Blue
Stripes
your guarantee
of quality

**PINEAPPLE
HAMS & BACON**
J. C. HUTTON PTY. LTD.

Mandrake the Magician

AN INTRODUCTION TO MANDRAKE, WHOSE

MANDRAKE is a mysterious figure of whose origin nobody knows a thing. Possessed of magical powers, he roams the world opposing the forces of evil and aiding those in distress. With him, everywhere, goes his giant Nubian servant, Lothar. The

NEW ADVENTURE STARTS THIS WEEK

two have just performed a great service for beautiful Princess Narda and her brother, Segrid, and now are once more free to roam in quest of new thrills. Unknown to themselves they are on the brink of surprising and horrifying happenings.

LEAVING NARDA AND SEGRID, MANDRAKE AND HIS GIANT BLACK SERVANT, LOTHAR, TRAVEL NORTH. THEY SPEND THE NIGHT IN A SMALL INN IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS.

LET ME SEE, IF WE TAKE THIS ROAD THROUGH TANOV PASS, NO, NO, PASS, WE CAN REACH —

TANOV PASS! MONSEUR MANDRAKE!

AND WHY NOT? IT IS THE SHORTEST ROUTE TRAVELED, MONSIEUR TRAVELERS. AVOID TANOV PASS. IT IS HAUNTED!

HEAR THAT, LOTHAR, GHOSTS! WE EAT GHOSTS ALIVE.

ME — LIKE — GHOSTS — FOR — BREAKFAST.

NOT GHOSTS, MONSIEUR MANDRAKE, NOT GHOSTS, BUT MONSTERS.

THE INNKEEPER WARNS MANDRAKE AND HIS GIANT SERVANT, LOTHAR, TO AVOID TANOV PASS.

WHAT SORT OF MONSTERS DID YOU SEE, INNKEEPER?

BUT SO NOT LAUGH, MONSIEUR MANDRAKE, WITH MY OWN EYES, I SAW...

"AS I WALKED THOUGH LONELY TANOV PASS, MANY YEARS AGO, CARRYING ONLY A WEAK LANTERN ON THAT DARK NIGHT...

— I SUDDENLY HEARD STRANGE, HALF-HUMAN GROWLS, AND THERE IN THE BUSHES APPEARED A MONSTER, EIGHT FEET HIGH, WITH TUSKS —

LIKE A WALRUS."

EIGHT FEET TALL, WITH TUSKS LIKE A WALRUS! I RECKON AS IF THE DEVIL WERE AT MY HEELS!"

WHAT YOU PROBABLY SAW WAS A WILD BOAR ON ITS HIND LEGS, AND A LITTLE TOO MUCH TO DRINK, EXCEPT ENOUGH OF THAT NONSENSE, INNKEEPER, HOW ABOUT OUR SUPPERS?

AH, MONSIEUR MANDRAKE, I AM SORRY, BUT MY SUPPLY HAVE NOT COME, AND...

I'M TOO HUNGRY TO WAIT, INNKEEPER. AND TOMORROW, WE TAKE THE ROAD THROUGH TANOV PASS, MONSTER OR, NO MONSTER.

MANDRAKE WAVES HIS HAND, AND THE TABLE IS SUDDENLY LOADED WITH FOOD AND DRINK.

MANDRAKE AND HIS GIANT BLACK SERVANT TRAVEL THE ROAD TOWARD TANOV PASS. THE CASTLE OF THE STRANGE PROFESSOR SORCIN IS THE ONLY DWELLING PLACE WITHIN MILES OF THE DREADED SPOT.

INSIDE, MARINA, WARD OF PROFESSOR SORCIN, CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES A CERTAIN MYSTERIOUS DOOR.

SO, MARINA, SO!

OH!

HE — HE HAS NO RIGHT — TO BEAT ME.

BAH — THAT OLD CRANK WITH HIS MYSTERIES, COME, MARINA, YOU MUST LIE DOWN.

HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT GOES ON BEHIND THAT DOOR. TWENTY YEARS I'VE BEEN HERE, AND I'VE NEVER BEEN IN THAT ROOM.

THOSE STRANGE CRIES AND SCREAMS AND GROWLS! CAGED HYENAS, HE SAYS. BAH! IF I KNEW WHERE TO GO, I'D LEAVE THIS CRAZY HOUSE.

WE CAN'T TRAVEL ANY FURTHER TONIGHT, LOTHAR. THERE'S A LIGHT OVER THERE.

NO VISITORS ALLOWED HERE, I TELL YOU.

— I TEAR DOWN THE DOOR!

NO, LOTHAR, A MAN'S HOUSE IS HIS CASTLE, BUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS — WHAT'S THAT?

SOMETHING GOING ON HERE. EAR DOWN THE DOOR, LOTHAR!

AS MANDRAKE STARTS TO LEAVE, AN EERIE SCREAM COMES FROM WITHIN THE HOUSE OF PROFESSOR SORCIN.

To be Continued.

- and now for
Cornwell's
Malt Extract

AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER FOR YOUNG & OLD

NO REFORMATORY for West Australian GIRLS

They Have to Go to Gaol Instead!

One of the greatest problems in West Australia is what to do with incorrigible girls. And the women have taken it upon themselves to do something about it.

Just before she left on the tour of Australia, which is to mark her tenth consecutive year of service as a member of the Parliament of West Australia, Miss May Holman was asked by the W.A. Combined Women's Associations to arrange and lead a deputation to the Premier to request the building of a Home for Incurable Girls, as that State has nowhere at all to put them and supervise them.

UNFORTUNATELY, just at the time the Premier went away, and now Miss Holman is also travelling, but the determination of the West Australian women is making itself felt, and if the deputation has not already been held when Miss Holman returns to the west, her tour complete, she intends to give her active support to it.

West Australia, according to Miss Holman, has no women's or girls' reformatory. It has schools where wayward children are taken in, it has gaols and lunatic asylums.

For several years, two groups of women have been agitating for a Home for Incurable Girls in West Australia. Miss Holman told a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly in Adelaide on the first stage of her journey. "They are the Combined Women's Associations, of whom I have just spoken, and the Labor women. When the deputation is to be held, both bodies are anxious to hold a conference and decide finally upon the type of home that is to be asked for."

"I know that the Labor women have one idea in mind, and I think that the combined women's plan is slightly different, but in the urgent need for such a home an understanding should be

reached, and the Labor women should join with the combined women in the deputation."

Miss Holman added that the Labor women had in mind a home like the Parramatta Industrial Girls' Home in New South Wales, which she herself visited and inspected several years ago. She spoke feelingly of the situation in West Australia.

"So many of the incorrigible girls have not done anything to warrant going to gaol, and cases have arisen where there has been absolutely nowhere to send the girls. Some girls go to the Good Shepherd Convent, and the Christian Brothers will take boys who are mentally deficient; the Salvation Army runs schools for boys and girls, but once they are past the school age there is nowhere to place them."

"West Australian women have made various moves to have a home for incorrigible girls erected, but the women are really hoping to get something definite done at last. It is time something was done."

Women in Politics

SPEAKING of her tour, Miss Holman said that women's lethargy in regard to politics seemed to be slipping away from them, and she was delighted to find how eager they were to interest themselves in public affairs, especially in the country districts.

"I have found that women have been actually waiting for me, or someone like me, to come along. All they need is a little impetus to revive or build up their political groups. Wherever I have been on this tour, I have left an enthusiastic organisation behind," said Miss Holman with enthusiasm, and ended her remark with a smile and "Touch wood."

She added that with the war women had lost their interest in politics because it had been drowned in sorrow and mental strain. Then came the depression, and the fear or dread of unemployment, and want made them apathetic. But now they are beginning to realise that there is a possibility of brighter times coming, and their interest is natural.

"It is quite clearly apparent that women are taking an interest greater than they have shown since the beginning of the war in politics," she went on enthusiastically. "Why, one has only to look at the Perth University, which has just formed a University Labor Branch that has a number of women members, including several women officers."

"Besides that, there are five women on the Labor Party State Executive, while the National Party in West Australia also has women whose opinions are respected on their executive."

Miss Holman gives two reasons why women candidates for Parliament have not been more successful. The first is that she considers that there is still quite a noticeable prejudice against a woman, as a woman. The other is that Australia offers little support, on the whole, to independent candidates, and most of the women candidates have been independents.



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toothbrush . . .*

• including Tek, of course,
can clean the outside sur-
faces of your teeth.



*But inside
is where you
need*

Tek

• Inside . . . back of your front teeth, is where tartar forms, to destroy teeth and gums. Inside, where old brushes fail to get. But not Tek. Inside, is where Tek fits and cleans with outside ease. Change to Tek.

Tek is better value, too; economical at 2/-, because of its longer-lasting water-resisting bristles. In six colours, bristles hard or medium, price 2/-. Tek Junior, same quality, only smaller, 1/3.

Tek
the modern toothbrush

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*Through all the
Teething years*

If the blood is kept cool and pure and habits are regular, then teething need have no dangers. Wise mothers have used Steedman's, the gentle, safe laxative for over 100 years for children up to 14 years.

*"How to Mothers" Booklet
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WEAK KIDNEYS



No wonder you
look haggard
and old before
your time

IF EVERYBODY realised how vitally important to general health was the naturally, healthy working of the kidneys, not one case of kidney weakness would go a day untreated. Every drop of blood in your system must pass through the kidneys, there to be filtered of all impurities and poisons—chief amongst them being uric acid. If the kidneys are too weak to discharge this duty properly the blood stream carries the uric acid all over the body. This uric acid will then form jagged crystals that settle in joints, causing painful swellings, stiffness and finally the stabbing agony of rheumatism. The crystals may actually lodge in the bladder, giving rise to gravel, stone or

chronic inflammation. Kidney weakness, which can be recognised by backache, heaviness and general lassitude, joint pains or baggy eyes, should be treated at once with De Witt's Pills.

DE WITT'S Kidney and Bladder Pills act directly on the kidneys, toning them up and assisting them to clear the blood stream of impurities. That the soothing, healing elements of De Witt's Pills actually reach the kidneys will be proved to you within twenty-four hours. Sold only in the white, blue and gold boxes, from chemists everywhere. Price 3/6, or the larger, more economical size, 6/6

Be sure you get the genuine—

DeWitt's Kidney & Bladder **Pills**
For RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, Etc.

**Hot
OXO**
takes the "ill"
out of
CHILL
"Beef at
its best."
AT ALL
GROCERS.

OXO CUBE

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

DEPRESSING BACKYARDS!

WHY, one is tempted to ask, are most backyards always so depressing? Is there no way of transforming their dingy appearance into something attractive? It is true, of course, that in many instances the area is restricted, but it must surely be a simple matter to design a layout and so improve these unsightly spaces.

An observant passenger on any railway must be appalled by the numerous sordid backyards that pass before the carriage-window. They are, too, an index to the life of the people, and bright ones have a more cheerful effect upon everyone. Backyards, in which children play, could be more pleasing and attractive. But, unfortunately, they have never been seriously considered by architects, builders, or homemakers. The impressions gained from these unsightly vistas leave one with the desire that the community should be educated in civic pride.

£1 for this letter to Mary Buchan, 21 Virginia St., Geelong, Vic.

"QUOTATIONS" BOOK

I WONDER if any of our readers have collected anthologies of their favorite quotations?

We have all, at different times, experienced that sudden pleasurable thrill of meeting some particularly vivid sentence, beautiful line, or apt quotation in the novel, poem, or newspaper article that we have been reading. If we can spare the little extra time and trouble involved in scribbling down the piece that takes our fancy then the foundation has been laid for a treasure-house of literary gems. The fascination of dwelling, at odd times, in that treasure-house, existing perhaps in some battered old notebook, is, I think, well worth the labor. To rediscover in one's own anthology some chosen phrase, favored perhaps years ago, is sure to revive a pleasant memory.

One can recapture the quiet beauty of John Masefield's lines from "August, 1914": "Beyond the hedge the sheep bells in the fold stumble on sudden music and are still"; or again feel the ionic effect of Charles Morgan's words in "The Fountain": "As enchantments die, only cowards die with them."

Miss M. L. G. King, Cynthia, Mono Line, Qld.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



So They Say

Putting Sunday Schools On A Sound Basis

I AM afraid if Sunday-school teachers were to be paid it would rather tend to become a business affair. There are various meetings where the teachers are trained, a fully capable person being in charge, but, apart from that, why take away the pleasure the teachers derive by doing it voluntarily? If questioned, children as a rule are eager enough to impart to their parents anything relating to their lessons. They, then, are quite free to judge for themselves the state of their children's spiritual welfare.

Miss A. Palmer, 23 Stephen St., Hamilton, Vic.

Should Not Be Paid

MRS. W. S. CROPPER (6/7/35) strikes a note that should arrest the attention of those interested in Sunday-school work.

I certainly agree that Sunday-school teachers should be properly trained, and, although not compulsory, yet some of the churches have training classes and examinations for young people who desire to qualify as Sunday-school teachers.

I do not agree with the idea of paid Sunday-school teachers. This is a work where a good deal of self-sacrifice is displayed, and men and women who take this responsibility do so more earnestly knowing that it is a duty to the young people of their church that calls for the highest that is in them, without the hope of monetary reward.

I think parents who send children to Sunday school should interest themselves enough to find out from the superintendent or teachers what and how their children are being taught.

V. H. Stringer, 25 Pitt St., Bundaberg, Qld.

Where to Get the Money?

ONE big objection to Mrs. Cropper's idealistic proposal (6/7/35) to have trained and paid Sunday-school teachers in its cost. No one denies the paramount importance of spiritual instruction, but how many are prepared to pay for it? Money can be found for ordinary necessities, for sport and other pleasures, but money for church work is usually a very different matter.

Then, too, many Sunday-school teachers (and I am one) regard their services as a free will offering to God, not to be cheapened by payment. Such enthusiasm trains and disciplines one, even without salary, and such loving service cannot but bear fruit in the children on whom it is spent.

Mary L. Lane, Quantong, Vic.

Was Wheelbarrow Derby Just A Foolish Stunt?

SO much has been spoken and written about wheelbarrows in the last fortnight that one tights shy of belittling a popular craze, but if Australians must go crazy over something, why can't it be something that does some good?

Wheelbarrows up mountains shows the smallness and shallowness of people's outlook. Those who have nothing better to do than take on ridiculous bets could well be told off to do something to help their less fortunate brethren.

R. G. Porter, Karawena, Jimbour, Qld.

The Spirit Counts

I AM in agreement with Miss Floyd. I am interested immensely in feats performed by either sex, and, after all, every win gained in sport is just such another test of staying power, as was the effort of the wheelbarrow thunder.

The wheelbarrow episode was the outcome of a wager made in a sporting spirit. I say: "Go to it, men. Even if it is only a wheelbarrow." At least, Man of Beechworth, you have proved you are a good trial. It is the spirit that counts 100 per cent.

A. S. Day, 44 Phyllis St., Sth. Lismore, N.S.W.

Foolish for a Man

RE Miss M. Floyd's letter (6/7/35), on the Wheelbarrow Derby, I have some disadvantages to put forth.

Any sensible man wouldn't do such a stupid thing for a bet. Imagine the tax and strain on the man pushing the barrow all those miles!

Whatever was to be gained by this, except lack of proper sleep, fatigue, and aching limbs?

One advantage of this venture is that it has given some folk something to discuss, but wouldn't it be more novel to have a bet on a pushcart or pram Derby?

Edna Hildred, 92 Balfour Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Let's Wash On The One Day!

WHEN travelling to town, it has often struck me how good it would be if all the householders washed on the same day, thus giving nature a chance to show in all her glory, instead of never being able to get a nice view without some washing making the landscape look untidy.

Mrs. P. Hornidge, 28 Dalley's Rd., Naremburn, N.S.W.

Splendid Advertising

AFTER reading a great deal about the Wheelbarrow Derby, I am inclined to agree with M. C. Floyd (6/7/35) that the advantages outweighed the disadvantages.

Many people have condemned it as a ridiculous publicity stunt, also that the barrowmen took stupid risks, so far as their health was concerned. It certainly brought publicity—but of the right kind. Hundreds of people had never even heard of the Victorian country town which became famous overnight through the achievement of two ordinary males: therefore, the geography of many people was stimulated. It's the best wholesome publicity Victoria has had since the Centenary celebrations. The Barrow Derby was discussed in thousands of homes, featured in every Australian paper, and was the editorial leader of one of London's big dailies.

All this from the humble saga of two men, a wheelbarrow, and a country town.

F. Pitt, 22 Queen St., Burnie, Tas.

I'm in Favor

I MUST say I am one who favored the Wheelbarrow Derby. I was one of a party who walked two miles with the barrowmen, up what is known as Raynor's Hill, really the commencement of the climb to Buffalo. What a jolly pair they were! They were the cause of my seeing for the first time a most gorgeous sight—Buffalo under feet of snow.

My brother and family came 100 miles to see the finish of the Derby, and I joined the party at Poopunkah. Am I in favor of the Derby? I'll say I am.

Mrs. M. Voss, Poopunkah, Vic.

Wives Who Try To Keep Their Husbands Jealous

IN answer to Mrs. Ballantine's item (6/7/35) re "Keeping Them Jealous" when a woman resorts to methods such as waking up the green-eyed monster, "Jealousy" just to satisfy her own vain and selfish desires instead of adopting womanly methods of solving the problem, I firmly believe that she is deserving of all the consequences. There is something sadly lacking in the marriage tie.

Mrs. A. Floyd, 14 Clevedon Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.

ETIQUETTE



DON'T PROD the back of the person in front of you when you are one of a slowly-moving crowd.

My Advice: Avoid It

RE Mrs. B. Ballantine's letter on keeping husbands jealous, I would like to advise all married women to avoid it. A woman should know that the man she marries loves her before she marries him, and it is in her hands to keep his love afterwards.

After marriage it would be more conducive to happiness to trust each other. You never know what jealousy may lead to.

P. Fredericks, Queen St., Bulimba, Qld.

Must Be Complete Trust

I AGREE with Mrs. Ballantine that there must be complete trust between husband and wife to have perfect love.

I think if there was a greater trust and understanding between husband and wife there would be fewer divorces.

Not many women would betray the complete trust of their husbands.

Mrs. Best, Albury P.O., N.S.W.

IT'S YOUR PAGE

The "So They Say" page is your page. You can write what you like in it, about what—and how—you like! No topic under the sun, if it is interesting, will be banned! So go ahead and get that pet theory of yours off your chest.

PROSPERITY CHAIN

I CANNOT see why the Prosperity Chain Letter is "just silly, a fraud" as it has been called recently. The only possible fraud is if unscrupulous persons get hold of it, and send out dozens with their own name on the top. The receiver, however, would be very foolish if he or she took such a letter without knowing the person whose name was on the bottom.

There is no possible harm in them. If the chain letter follows its appointed course, and I see no reason why it shouldn't, it should net quite a lot of money by the time one's name gets to the top.

Anyway, it's only risking the loss of a shilling!

Marie Bennett, Carrington Rd., Bandwick, N.S.W.

* * *

GROWING OLD

HOW many readers have given a thought to the way they would like to grow old?

Myself, I would not wait for old age to come creeping relentlessly on to claim me, sitting quietly back. I would choose to lead a moderately gay life, living every minute hard, and enjoying it. When I had to give in, I would do so willingly, knowing that I had had my share of fun and gaiety.

O. Gladwin, 43 Throsby St., Wickham, Newcastle, N.S.W.

* * *

TOO MUCH AMBITION

AMBITION is only a tool to break one's back, remarked a friend of mine. I myself think that over-ambitious people are apt to become self-centred, intolerant, and unsympathetic towards their travelling companions along the road of life. While forcing themselves upwards and onwards they miss the joy of small things. Middle age often finds the too-ambitious person bitter and disillusioned where they have failed; those less ambitious succeed to happiness.

Miss V. Hillcoat, Wolvi, via Gympie, Qld.

* * *

WHY SMART?

WHY do women dress to look smart? When I was young I tried to look pretty or graceful; stood on both feet, erect, not leaning with both knees together, knock-kneed; head on one side, hat on the other.

Now I am not young I try to look interesting, dignified, to grow old gracefully, not "smartly."

"Smart"? Not! Charming, pretty, graceful, interesting. Yes, yes, yes!

Mrs. B. Richards, 18 Pitt St., Concord, N.S.W.

* * *

How to Fight 'FLU



Public Enemy No. 1

1

DOUBLE "D" Eucalyptus Extract

TO PREVENT 'FLU

Every morning sprinkle a few drops of Double "D" on your handkerchief.

Each time you use your handkerchief you will then inhale the powerful antiseptic vapors of Double "D" which are so destructive to Flu and Cold germs.

Every night sprinkle a few drops of Double "D" on your pillowcase so that while you sleep Double "D" will continue its work of protection.

F. Pitt, 22 Queen St., Burnie, Tas.

TO SMASH 'FLU

1. Take 3 drops of Double "D" on a lump of sugar.

2. Rub Double "D" thoroughly into chest and back.

3. Inhale 16 drops of Double "D" in a jar of hot water.

Stop in bed, and continue this three-way Double "D" Eucalyptus treatment, and you will smash your Flu in record time. Double "D" is the purest and strongest Eucalyptus sold in Australia.

9d. — ENORMOUS SALES — 1/3



"On the Job!"

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A DIFFERENT STORY
IF HE HAD NOT KNOWN JUST WHAT TO DO
FOR A SPLITTING HEADACHE



Twenty-minutes ago, a raging headache. Two tablets of Bayer Aspirin, and complete relief. That's service! That's what you can count on when you see the Bayer cross on aspirin tablets. The way they are made gives them speed. Quick to dissolve means quick to relieve. You cannot get the same results from a slower tablet.

Take a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water; in your stomach;

in the time it takes to feel the actual relief. And don't hesitate to use Bayer Aspirin because of this speedy action. You could take it every day without ill effects; it does not depress the heart. Insure your comfort—in and out of business hours—by carrying Bayer Aspirin in the convenient pocket tin. Sold everywhere in tins of 12 and bottles of 24 & 100. Be sure to get "BAYER"—Bayer means Better.

SAVE TEA-LEAVES

SAVE ALL the tea-leaves for few days. Pour over them a pint of hot water and soak for half an hour. Strain through a sieve, and use the liquid to clean varnished wood. It makes paint look like new, and will improve varnished surfaces such as oilcloth. It is invaluable for cleaning windows and mirrors.

"MY wife's been nursing a grouch all the week."

"What! Have you been laid up, old man?"

FILM-PAN WIFE (as football team comes out for the second half) Let's go now, dear. This is where we came in.

for MAN, WOMAN, or CHILD

The never failing COMPLETE remedy for
CONSTIPATION

LAXETTES

PROVED ALWAYS SUCCESSFUL

IN THOUSANDS OF
THE MOST
OBSTINATE CASES



FORM NO HABIT—DOUBLY EFFECTIVE—DOUBLY ECONOMICAL

LAXETTES

IMPORTANT WARNING TO PARENTS

Far too many parents dismiss the possibility of their children being afflicted by intestinal worms! They neglect to be ever-watchful for signs that BAXTER'S WORM TABLETS are absolutely needed. No other treatment can be relied on so safely. BAXTER'S WORM TABLETS do not contain Santonin or compounds injurious and upsetting, and are definitely guaranteed as a worm-killer and expeller. Write for authoritative literature to 366 Swanston St., Melbourne.



A RECENT STUDY of Miss Elizabeth Brooke, second daughter of the white Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak, who is engaged to Mr. Harry Roy, the London dance band leader. Miss Brooke, who is 22, is known as "Princess Pearl." Her elder sister married the Earl of Inchcape.

"WANT Children to be HAPPY"—Says Ranee Daughter's Engagement to Dance Band Leader Stirs Society

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, our Special Representative in London. By Air Mail.

"Parents make a great mistake in trying to order their children's lives," says the Ranee of Sarawak, mother of Miss Elizabeth Brooke, the 22-year-old girl who has caused a flutter in the society dove-cotes here by the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Harry Roy, the dance band leader, who plays at some of London's leading night clubs.

SOME of our friends and relatives have opposed the engagement," the Ranee told me in an interview, "But my husband and I are both convinced that if two people love each other and want to live the same sort of life, no one in the world should stop them.

"Harry is such a dear and so thoroughly simple and wholesome that no one could object to him as a son-in-law. Neither my husband nor I care particularly for society, so why should we force our children into it? I love people who do things, people who come to the fore by their own ability. Of course, if Harry had been a different sort of man, self-seeking or fortune-hunting, then we should certainly have tried to influence Elizabeth against such a match for the sake of her own happiness."

"Of course I want Harry to carry on with his work," Miss Elizabeth declared in answer to my question. "I think it's quite wrong to expect any man to give up his career. It always seems to me that a girl should want to make her life suit her husband's rather than the other way round. In any case, I am awfully keen on Harry's work."

None of her photographs do her justice. She has one of the jolliest faces, with laughing eyes and a mouth that turns up at the corners. She rides, dances, swims, and has a soft, caressing voice that is altogether delightful. She is above the average height, and moves gracefully and easily.

Her great-uncle, the first Rajah of Sarawak, so charmed the natives that they made him their chief—the only white rajah in the world—a position that Miss Brooke's father now holds. Miss Brooke has certainly inherited a goodly proportion of the family charm.

"Harry and I have been in love for a long time," she told me. "It all began when I first saw him conducting his band dressed in white satin. We were rather afraid that the family might not share our views about it all. But they have been absolutely wonderful."

"We are not wonderful," contradicted her mother, "we just want our children to be happy, which, after all, is the main business of parents."

Quick relief
from pain and
irritation!

WHEN winter means chilblains and chilblains mean a constant painful irritation . . . is it any wonder that sufferers fear the approach of the cold weather? But here's reassuring advice for you . . . to take the dread out of winter and the pain out of chilblains.

Simply rub Zam-Buk gently on the chilblains and surrounding skin. It quickly soothes the pain and irritation, and reduces the swelling.



ZAM-BUK
FOR CHILBLAINS



"All done by kindness" is what I say when they ask how I keep the silver. You must use a gentle cleaner that respects the precious plating. Silvo has the greatest respect for silver and silver plate—it removes the stains and the dullness and leaves the surface unharmed.

SILVO
LIQUID SILVER POLISH
Swift and safe. No acid, no mercury
Made in Australia by the
Makers of Hecton's Blue

What Women Are Doing

Address of Interest

DR. JEAN McNAMARA (Dame Jean Connor) lectured to medical students at the Melbourne University the other day, and added interest was lent to her address by the fact that she is said to be the first woman to address students of this faculty.

Dr. McNamara is a graduate of Melbourne University.

* * *

Hopes to Produce Entire Exhibition in 18 Months

IT is as well Miss Elizabeth Skottowe has brought plenty of enthusiasm (as well as designs) back from London with her, as she hopes to produce enough pictures to hold an exhibition before her return to London. And she intends to return in 18 months.

Miss Skottowe's talent for art first burst on her friends when she did a whole host of really beautiful posters to advertise a charity dance. She was at the time learning design at the S.A. School of Arts and Crafts, and had not long left school.

Soon after that she went to England, where she was a student of John Farleigh (the famous illustrator of George Bernard Shaw's works) at the London Central School.

Miss Skottowe has brought back stacks and stacks of technical drawings with her, as well as many ideas, but she has not begun yet to produce the pictures which she will exhibit before going back to London to continue her artist's career. She intends to specialize in illustration.

* * *

Woman Inventor of Braille Duplicating Press

AFTER 26 years of wonderful service on the staff of the Melbourne Braille Library, Miss Minnie H. Crabb is enjoying six months' leave of absence.

Her name recalls the pleasure she was instrumental in giving to the blind when she invented the duplicating printing press so that they could read copies in braille of books and novels.

In a letter from Miss Crabb she tells of a visit to Madame Tussaud's Wax-works, where she saw most of the Royal Family—including Princess Marina. She was most intrigued at the wax figures, especially those that breathed artificially.

* * *

Fished from Houseboat in Indian Rivers

TROUT-FISHING from the railings of the houseboat on which she was staying and studying at first-hand the lives and customs of the natives in nearby villages were just two of the things that made Mrs. J. D. Yeatman's holiday in India one of the most unusual on record.

After a few weeks of being very socially-minded in Agra, and seeing the Taj Mahal at sunset Mrs. Yeatman and her sister, Mrs. O. S. Chalker, stayed for two or three months on the houseboat on the Jhelum River, later moving on to the Sind, where the trout fishing was good.

Mrs. Chalker, however, found no novelty in the holiday, as she has lived in various parts of India where her husband, Major Chalker, has been stationed. Mrs. Chalker has accompanied Mrs. Yeatman back to Adelaide.

* * *

Ashley League Does Work Nearest at Hand

THE Ashley League is a comparatively new organization in Launceston which hopes to do big things towards brightening the lives of the boys at Ashley Home (near Deloraine).

Until they are able to appreciably increase their funds, members are contenting themselves with entertaining the boys one night a fortnight. The Rotary Club provides two cars to take members of the committee and entertainers out from town and after an hour's concert the committee serve supper.

Madame Barber is president of the committee, and the hon. secretaries are Mrs. W. M. Wilkinson and Miss Marjorie Cocks. Other members are Miss Ethel Bell, Mr. J. A. Bradford, Mr. G. Record, and Mr. F. R. Adams.

Housewives' President

THE many thousands of members of the Federated Housewives' Association of Australia will be interested to learn that Mrs. W. Evans Hardy was re-elected to the presidency of the Housewives' Association in South Australia at the annual meeting last week.

As it was the first time there has been any opposition for the post, there was a great deal of interest in the election.

Mrs. Hardy, who is also Federal president of the Association, will now be in office at least until July of next year, three months before the Housewives' biennial conference, to be held in 1936, during the week of the floral festival in connection with the South Australian Centenary. It is expected that delegates from six States will be present at this conference.

Pianist For Her Husband When Studying

MRS. BEN WILLIAMS, who has accompanied her husband to Sydney and will remain for the duration of his broadcast recitals through the National stations, is herself an accomplished musician.

She is possessed of a beautiful soprano voice, and was a member of the Carl Rosa Opera Company when she met her husband. After their marriage Mrs. Williams gave up thoughts of a personal career, but she did not allow her active interest in music to lapse. Being an excellent pianist, she is of invaluable assistance to her husband when he is studying new scores.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Williams are thoroughly enjoying their tour of Australia, their only regret being that they are so far away from their two children, Pauline and David, who are being looked after by an aunt in England.

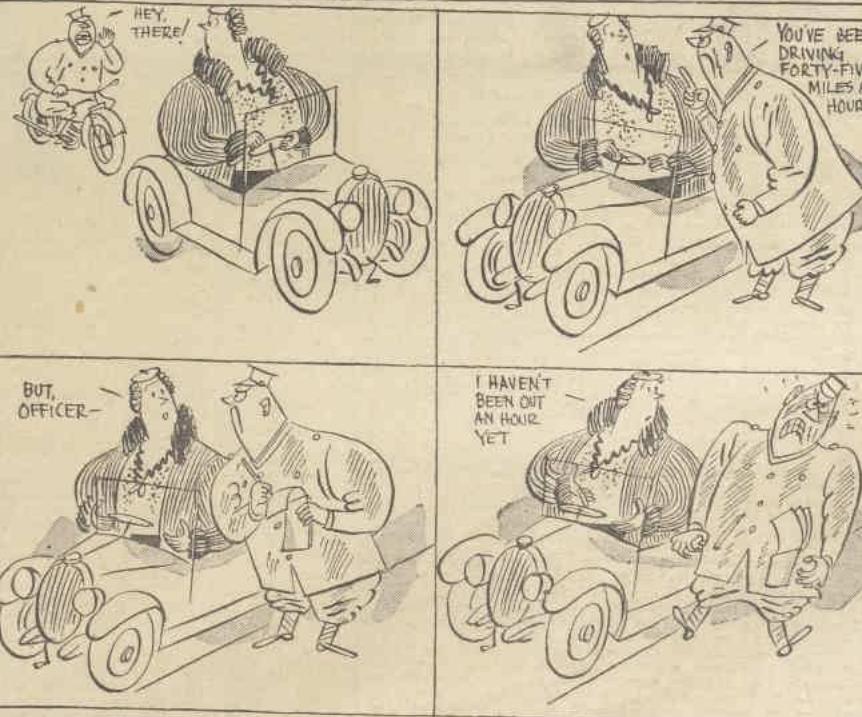
Pauline is a budding poet, and prefacing all her letters to her parents with a verse or two.

Acquiring Local Color For Her Adventure Stories

WITH the object of gaining "local color," Mrs. Edith Boden arrived last week from America. She has already made a study of Maori legends, and intends to acquire knowledge of Australian aborigines.

Mrs. Boden writes adventure stories for boys, and hopes to include Australian and New Zealand folk lore in the stories she will write on her return to her home in St. Louis.

IN and OUT of SOCIETY -- By WEP.



Just Completing Five Months' Tour of Australia

VIOLINIST Margot Macgibbon, who is known throughout England as a brilliant soloist and sonata player, and her husband, Frederick Jackson, pianist, are now completing their Australia-wide broadcasting tour of five months.

Miss Macgibbon, who was born in Castlemaine, Victoria, started her piano studies at the age of four, and took up the violin when she was eleven. She has brought many honors to her home town.

Awarded one of the three exhibitions for three years at the Royal Academy of Music, she went to London. She had a distinguished career at the academy, and after only two terms there was chosen by Sir Henry Wood to play the "Beethoven Concerto" at the Queen's Hall. Later she was appointed sub-professor of ensemble playing, and won the Walfry Prize in the same year.

Since then she has made frequent concert tours in England. The last broadcast concert of the present tour are being given in Melbourne.

Branching Out As A Speaker in London

MRS. GUY INNES, who as Dorothy Gray was one of the first women dentists in Victoria, is making great headway as a speaker in London.

Not long ago at the Central Asian Society, with Sir Percy Sykes in the chair, she delivered an interesting address embodying the impressions of Turkey she had gained during a visit there as one of the Australian delegates to the International Women's Congress at Istanbul.

Famous Australian Soprano To Give Concert

GERTRUDE JOHNSON, the famous Australian soprano, who has had a remarkable career abroad, is to give a concert in the Melbourne Town Hall on August 7.

Miss Johnson has included a group of songs by Australian composers in her carefully-chosen programme, which includes classical, Spanish, French, and modern English songs with some German lieder.

A special treat will be the Cesar Franck numbers sung to the accompaniment of the Victorian String Quartet, with Elsie Fraser at the piano.

Harold Smith is to be Miss Johnson's accompanist.



Miss Gertrude Johnson,
— Eve Ray.



Wants to Learn About Our Dairying Industry

INTERESTED in dairy-farming and anxious to learn something of the industry in this part of the world, Miss Aldith Jex, of Natal, South Africa, is making a tour of Australia and Tasmania.

Miss Jex's home, which possesses the fascinating name of Mbulu, must be a most attractive spot, situated as it is at the foot of Mbulu Hill, and commanding a wonderful view of the wide delta of the Umvoti River. It is a large property of some 600 acres, mostly under cultivation, although it also possesses a model dairy, run on scientific lines by Miss Jex, assisted by native labor.

Miss Jex is full of enthusiasm about the delights of life in Natal, which she declares has "The most perfect winter climate in the world." And she gives glowing descriptions of the loveliness of her home surroundings, for glorious tropical vegetation surrounds the plantation, and in front stretch the waters of the Indian Ocean, where sunsets and sunrises are events that make the onlooker catch her breath with delight and wonder.

Coral Brown to Have Leading Part

WHEN the great German actor, Herr Albert Bassermann, who voluntarily renounced the Germany of Hitler, finding it unconducive to his ideas of art, stages Ibsen's play, "The Masterbuilder," it is highly probable that an Australian actress, Miss Coral Brown, will have a leading part.

She has recently had one or two quite legitimate successes in London, and the German producer has a high opinion of her histrionic ability.

Prolonging Life of Victorian Centenary Club

THE Victorian Centenary Club, formed to entertain guests who visited Melbourne for the celebrations in an unofficial capacity, has come to stay.

One of its latest enterprises is a dramatic circle. Edith Harry, the well-known composer, has taken it in hand and is very pleased with the material she has to work on. The second Monday in each month is given to play reading.

In a short period the circle will be putting on some musical plays. One of Miss Harry's own Australian compositions, "Alaya," will probably be the first.



Subscription Edition of Marion Knowles' Poems

THE continued demand for an up-to-date edition of poems by Marion Miller Knowles has inspired admirers of her work to arrange for the publication of such a book on a subscription basis. It will include a representative selection of the author's poems, with a foreword by Mr. J. McRae, Director of Education for Victoria.

Marion Miller Knowles has written 16 full-length novels, her whole life having been devoted to authorship and journalism. She is decidedly a poet, her earliest book of poetry, "Songs of the Hills," going into four editions, and being followed by "Prauds of the Black Spur."

Since then many favorite pieces from her facile pen have appeared in well-known magazines, as well as in smaller books of poems.

Copies of her new volume will be available about October next.

PRIVATE VIEWS

By BEATRICE TILDESLEY

★★ THE MIGHTY BARNUM

Wallace Beery, Adolphe Menjou. (U.A.)

How closely this film follows the facts we are not sure. But the great showman must have been very like this man who judged from his own passion for monstrosities that the public would rush to see freaks and so far ahead of his time that he realised in 1885 the drawing power of what is now known as hollywood. Wallace Beery fills the role with an amplitude that is very satisfying. His Barnum is a rather simple, good-natured creature, inevitably a trial to the wife of his bosom, who longs for the narrow security of a New England farm.

Adolphe Menjou, as the derelict who turns all literary and dramatic when he is drunk, and whose first name is afterwards joined in the historic partnership of Barnum and Bailey, has a part he performs with zest. These two, adding to their miscellaneous collection General Tom Thumb, the original Bearded Lady, and various jungle beasts, run the gamut of fortune with adventurous courage. A striking episode of their career is the American tour of the "Swedish Nightingale," Jenny Lind (Virginia Bruce), with its serious debacle. But finally we see them returning to their proper metier and striding out with the famous elephant, Jumbo, at the head of their procession. —Regent.

★★ GIRLS IN UNIFORM

(Reviewed by E.M.T.) Dorothyie Wierck, Hertha Thiele (U.F.A.)

CONTINENTAL productions shown to the Australian public are all too few. This notable film, acclaimed in England and America years ago as an outstanding triumph of the German cinema,



DOROTHIE WIERCK

could find no channel of distribution in this country until now. The difficulty no doubt lay in the language; rightly or wrongly it was felt that the device of captions in English would not be pleasing to audiences. The present version has had its English dubbed in at Hollywood.

The scene is laid in a school for officers' daughters, where girls of gentle birth are subjected to the cast-iron Prussian discipline intended to mould them into mothers of men who will fight in Germany's wars. The inhuman routine bears hard upon girlish sensibility, and especially hard upon the motherless and romantic Manuela (Hertha Thiele), with her artistic gifts and her adolescent adoration of the one member of the staff, Fraulein von Bernburg (Dorothyie Wierck) who is not a creature of the repressive system. The story unfolds with sure psychological insight and superb dramatic power. Both direction and acting are masterly right through.

But we should have preferred captions. The ingenuity with which the dubbed-in English is largely made to synchronise with the German lip-movements is offset by the poor quality of that English. The aristocratic Fraulein von Bernburg should not be made to repeat "It's not that bad." The way to extract unalloyed enjoyment from this performance would be to wear cotton-wool in one's ears and come out just before the end, which has been altered to take the note of high tragedy—His Majesty's.

★ TEN DOLLAR RAISE

Edward Everett Horton, Karen Morley. (Fox)

WHAT a pleasant comedian Edward

Horton is! Here his part as bookkeeper to a firm of shipping brokers with 18 years' faithful service to his credit, but unable to screw his courage up to ask for a rise in salary, or without it to ask the woman he has loved for five years to be his wife, suits him perfectly. The fussy, methodical ways, the timid prudence, and the unsuspecting good nature of the man are indicated with clever touches, and there is, besides, that attractive sideways smile which is Horton's own.

The office atmosphere is well conveyed with the camaraderie of employees and the pompous, tyrannical boss, who apparently expects them to work on

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM	
★★★	Three stars— excellent.
★★	Two stars— good films.
★	One star— average films.
No stars no good.

Boxing Day. Karen Morley is good, too, as the secretary, aware of Horton's feelings towards her, and longing for him to speak while Alan Dinehart, as a bounding, unscrupulous canvasser, is excellent. The scene at the restaurant bar on Christmas Day, when Horton is fortified with several "stingers," is the most amusing. But the finale where Horton, suddenly enriched, tells off his boss, runs it close. Altogether an enjoyable piece—Regent.

★ THE GREAT HOTEL

MURDER

Edmund Lowe, Victor McLaglen, Rosemary Ames. (Fox.)

FILM rivals already on various fields of action, Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen now get in each other's way as detectives, foregatherings over a murdered man in an expensive hotel. Lowe is an amateur of crime and writer of mystery thrillers staying at the hotel, while McLaglen is the clumpine house-detective. According to precedent, Lowe, with smart repartee, continually scores off McLaglen, whose slow-witted, brawny watch-dog would be more suitable for the chucker-out of a gambling-hell. However, the film, treated in an airy manner, is by no means a stereotyped example of its class. The dialogue has many neat and amusing lines, the situations are effective, and the whole thing very well produced. That we do not really care two hoots about the guilt or otherwise of any of the characters rather increases our enjoyment.

We liked McLaglen's offisider, with his invariable, acquiescent "I get you," and we were not surprised to find him figuring more importantly later on. Rosemary Ames, as the woman in the case, has not much more than a walking-on part. But she performs it with an air, looking extremely chic in a travelling get-up topped by a Mary Queen of Scots hat and long veil.—Tivoli.



ROSEMARY AMES

★ BROKEN DREAMS

Randolph Scott, Martha Sleeper. (Monogram.)

IT is perhaps unkind to suggest that Randolph Scott, hero of so many "Westerns," is more at ease astride a horse or shooting cattle-rustlers than in the role of young hospital doctor whose wife's death in child-birth drives him from New York to a post-graduate course in Vienna to forget his grief. His acting is adequate. But it is upon the infant, now a six-year-old, boy (Buster Phelps), whom he had abandoned to a pair of kindly friends, and on the young woman (Martha Sleeper), whom he married after his return, that the interest centres.

The child, claimed by his real father, misses the delights of the pet animal shop run by his foster-parents no less than the fond couple themselves. And the young wife's half-conscious jealousy of the interloper is intensified by irritation at his table manners. There is the genuine problem here of step-children and those who try honestly but against the grain to take a parent's place. The end, however, with the accident and blood transfusion and the rest, is strictly sentimental. We could have done with more of the affectionate monkey and the mongrel, and their communal feasts over the nursery door; also of Mam'selle and her checkered griffon.—Tivoli.

LATEST Child FILM STAR



(Above): FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW, as young David Copperfield, with Elizabeth Allen as his mother. (In circle) With W. C. Fields as Mr. Micawber.



Young FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW

Hailed as the most notable newcomer to Hollywood for many months—in fact an exciting discovery—Master Freddie Bartholomew will be eagerly looked for when "David Copperfield" is shown presently to Australian audiences. In this film he takes the part of David as a child. The story of how the unknown youngster from England came to play so important a role is of absorbing interest.

IT has often been remarked that whereas in America the stage and, even more noticeably, the screen have produced quite a number of infant prodigies, in England there is no such list of very juvenile performers.

No doubt, as has been suggested, English children are less precocious than children in America. They are not so much brought forward into prominence and they are not as a rule encouraged to lead the life of their elders. But that is not the whole reason.

English-born children are prevented by strictly enforced regulations from appearing as professional actors and actresses. It is only by special arrangements that very youthful members of the ballet may combine school and the several weeks of rehearsal and performance entailed by the Christmas pantomimes, the annual children's festival in the theatre.

So, though we have seen some charming children in English pictures now and then, their appearances have been brief.

Little Nova Pilbeam, that gifted child actress and daughter of stage parents, had just turned fourteen, and therefore passed the age of compulsory schooling, when she played the name-part in "Little Friend."

But now comes Freddie Bartholomew, who recently attained the age of eleven. How does it happen that while he was still only ten years of age he was playing an important part in a film which has already made his name widely known? The answer is, of course, that



A PORTRAIT of Freddie as himself.

George Cukor, was touched to find him one day, before a very critical bit was to be taken, kneeling in the dark behind a wall. "It's a very difficult scene, Lord. I have to laugh and cry at the same time, and that's hard for me to do. Please help me." Cukor stole away unnoticed and presently Freddie came out and gave a performance "that was nothing short of inspired."

BUT Freddie, for all his emotional sensitivity, is a very well-balanced, intelligent child. With his thoughtful grey eyes fixed upon them he listens attentively to what his instructors tell him, and has ideas of his own that he can express in his pleasantly precise way.

He loves animals and was excited to find a litter of new-born kittens behind the set. When asked what he thought of the people he had met in Hollywood, he said that they had all been most kind to him. Americans altogether he describes as "very jolly."

The child himself is quite modest over what he has done. Though he likes acting for the screen—he has followed up David Copperfield by taking the part of Garbo's son in "Anna Karenina"—he looks forward to becoming a cameraman, or perhaps a cowboy, and then later, crowning ambition, to being an author, like Charles Dickens.—B.T.

Intimate Jottings

I Heard—

That Sir Leslie and Lady Wilson will desert Southport this Christmas for Caloundra.

That the George Larritts have taken up their residence in Lancaster Road, Ascot.

That Maud McKenna accompanied Flora Cran on her holiday to Cairns.

That Mrs. H. W. Luya is off to Sydney next month to see daughter Mary.

From Tasmania

A VISITOR to Brisbane recently was Miss Lilian Overell, headmistress of the Hobart Girls' Grammar School, who has also taught in schools in England, Germany, and France.

Women's organisations also claim much of Miss Overell's time, and she has attended four international women's conferences in England and Europe—those of the International Council of Women and the Women's Suffrage Alliance.

While in Brisbane, Miss Overell gave an address at a luncheon of the League of Women Voters, with whose work she is associated in Tasmania.

* * *

Miss Marjorie Wilson had to send her apology for not acting as secretary at the Toor H Ball committee meeting. She was away with friend Dinah Horner spending a few days out at Coochin with the Bells.

* * *

Off Again

LOTS of us have the wanderlust but few can satisfy our wants as easily as Violet and Mabel Midson.

Only late last year they returned from an extended tour of the East and now they are packing their suitcases again.

They leave Brisbane on August 27 on the Strathaird for Bombay where they will leave the ship and explore India.

A Quick Trip

HAROLD ST. JOHN surely created a record when he motored up from Melbourne with friend David Jones. They left there on Monday at 11.30 a.m., and arrived in Brisbane on Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.! Not bad going, was it?

They were at the Bellevue on Saturday with Harold's sister Kath, in a period frock of blue moire, Viv Carter in floral chiffon, Alice Thomson in flame velvet, and John Fleming.

Unfortunately for Harold, friend "Davey" is going on to Quilpie, so Harold will be returning to Melbourne by train when his holiday is up.

* * *

Sir Colin Stephen, chairman of the Australian Jockey Club, while en route to Samarai on the Mooltan, was given a nice little luncheon by the committee of the Queensland Turf Club at the picturesque racecourse at Ascot.

* * *

Bridge at the Seaside

CERTAINLY Clarrie Darker had a bright idea when, instead of entertaining a few friends to bridge at her home at Clayfield, she invited them to lunch and bridge at her home at Sandgate.

It was a bright, clear, sunny day, and lunch was enjoyed on the verandah overlooking the very blue sea.

After bridge and tea, the guests motored home in the moonlight.

Lula Darker and niece Gwynneth Davis assisted in entertaining the guests, who included Mesdames E. G. Thomson, A. Ure McNaught, M. S. Herring, A. G. Anderson, Eric Anning, A. A. Henderson, and Jessie Gibson.

Here, There, Everywhere!

ELFEN MOORE is certainly lucky to have such a marvellous car and she makes the most of it!

Last week she left Brisbane with Paddy Moni bound for Texas, where Paddy alighted to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Rutledge.

Then Eileen drove on to Arcot, picked up Helen Munro, and whisked off to the Roy Muntos at Moree, staying a night with the Jack Ross's, at Goondiwindi, on the way.

When Eileen drives she wastes no time, so don't be surprised if she's home again before this appears in print!

Back to the Bush

PHIL STEEL returned to Araluen, Stanthorpe, on Sunday after a week of the "bright lights."

Bob Barnes returned the same day with his sister, Mrs. Alan Mansfield, who was taking Jean Douglas to Cannington Downs as her guest, so the party "got together," and left at the same time.

And, by the way, I hear that Phil's sister Mary, who married Matt Heath not so long ago, is thinking of tripping down to Brisbane shortly to give the shops the "once over!"

Military Dance

CAPTAIN AND MRS. IAN CAMPBELL

arrived at the Water Street Depot Military Dance with Colonel Witham and his wife, after dining at Government House.

Alan Mansfield was there, too, with his wife, who looked attractive in blue velvet. Mervyn Jones wore floral chiffon. Charles Deardon deserted his broadcasting for an evening's dancing, and I also saw Kath and Harold St. John, Dorothy Webster, and Bob Barnes (Stanthorpe).

up her flat in London and thoroughly enjoyed herself visiting the Lake district, the Wye Valley, and the famous cathedrals.

After glimpsing the beauties of England, Marjorie was determined to see the "unbeautiful," so she visited all the industrial and slum areas.

After listening to music in Vienna, she intends going to Russia. London will see her again in October.

Farewells Are Over

MRS. LEWIS BELL and

her daughter Jeanie left Brisbane's sunshine last week to return to their Melbourne home. They came up to see how Mrs. Bell's son "Jis" was faring in the north.

Wearing brown wool crepe-de-chine with cream collar and cuffs and a brown hat, Jeanie entertained her Brisbane friends at lunch the day before she left.

Janet Alexander, the only other Melbournite, was in black, with a pink front and a black hat.

Posies of violets marked the places of the guests, who included Mrs. Lance Jones, Mrs. Frances Bigge, Mrs. Lockyer, Mrs. Jock Robertson, and Peggy Dods.

Interesting Visitor

A RECENT arrival in

Brisbane is Miss S. J. Williams, who retired recently from her position as principal of the Women's College within the University of Sydney after 16 years at the head of the institution.

Miss Williams is enjoying her freedom and looking forward to devoting time and energy to a number of interests for which a strenuous position had left no time. Miss Williams is the guest of the head of the Women's College, Miss Freda Bage.

* * *

When Dr. and Mrs. Ken Fraser left here in April for England they fully intended to be away for two years or more. Unfortunately, the doctor's mother, Mrs. Fraser, has been ill, so they are now on their return journey home.

* * *

At Southport

SOUTHPORT was crowded last weekend as a result of the brilliant sunshine.

Jock and Bertie Robertson "chaperoned" a party at the Taits' house which included Betty Douglas, Esther Tait, Fergus Boundy, and Dud Shadforth.

Peggy Dods was down for the day with Jos and Jean Bell, from Melbourne.

Dorothy Webster was with the St. Johns, and the whole party paid a visit to Mrs. Colin Campbell and her daughter Barbara, who are up from Melbourne and are staying at Ruwala.

* * *

One of the smartest dressed in Queen St. on Tuesday morning was Mrs. Maurice Shaw, down from Gladstone. Her tailored Atlantic-blue suit was finished with a white calf fur belt, the blue bow at the neck was edged with white fur, her gauntlet gloves were white kid, and her hat was blue and white.

* * *

Bridesmaid Meets Bride-elect

WHEN Judy Herring stepped off the boat from Melbourne she was met by her aunt, Mrs. J. C. Ridgway, and cousin, Gordon, at whose wedding she is to be a bridesmaid.

Also on the wharf was the bride-elect, Jocelyn Hudson, who had corresponded with her bridesmaid but had never met her.

Judy's sister travelled up with her, and they were hardly given time to unpack before they were hustled off to a "hankie" tea given by the bride-groom's mother.

Honeymoon Over

THE Alan Jeffreys finished their honeymoon (they were married in Melbourne) at Southport, where they have one of the prettiest houses there. It is of modern grey brick, surrounded with lawns, trees, and gardens.

The day after they returned to the city, Judge and Mrs. E. A. Douglas entertained them to lunch, the bride wearing a black suit and black halo hat. Mrs. Douglas was also in black, with sweet peas tucked in her fur.

Have You Seen—

Louie Gatacre's turquoise-blue tunic frock?

Jean Douglas in her particularly smart navy-and-white turnout?

The careless but effective way Rae Moni throws her white fox fur over her shoulders?





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WOMEN Who Run AWAY

Continued from Page 12

He walked across and joined her, and, as they met, they looked at one another each in implicit admiration of the other's quiet audacity.

"I am a man, as you perceive," Barry had said, "who does not go about with his eyes shut. And I notice now that it is after teatime. Do you still prefer tea, or shall we design a new cocktail?"

It was to be a cocktail. They sat at a little table and they scrutinised each other.

"Why did you say this was the last day on which I could have recognised you?"

"Because to-day I finish with it all. By this time to-morrow I shall be in the country, roughing it. I shall probably be wearing flannel trousers. My hair will tumble over my eyes, and I shan't have to pluck my eyebrows. I'm going to throw away my lipstick and my flagstick, and go back to nature. If work breaks my fingernails, I shan't cry. If I have a color, it'll be my own. If not, I shall look pale. You're the last man who'll be seen anywhere with me like this. What do you think of that?"

He frowned. "Are you being married?"

"It is because I don't wish to be married that I am going to do that."

"So the lady I have seen so often in the most expensive journals, or even in cheap journals, looking most expensive, is, in fact, a presence? Someone made up to look like somebody she isn't, and never wants to be?"

"If you have admired the hats, the hats were real."

"There seems a very great deal about you to find out."

"That's how it ought to be with women."

"Do you mind if I put some questions?"

"What would you think of anyone who answered them five minutes after having met you for the first and only time?"

"The only time?"

"The only time."

"We will come back to that. I

should think she was outspoken and courageous, therefore unusual, and with no nonsense about her."

"I should think she was unbalanced."

Barry was looking about him pugnaciously. Men are forever on the watch for other men who are doing the same thing as themselves, but with a different motive.

"Has anyone been annoying you... trying to speak to you, or something?"

"No. Why?"

"You were afraid somebody might come in. Was it your father?"

She laughed and shook her head.

"I had promised to meet a girl at tea. I was a little early and I was afraid a man I wanted to avoid might follow me there to carry on an argument. When you suggested having tea with you it was a fortunate way of making sure I was not alone, and then, rather than stay there and wait for the girl to come, I rang her up. And all I am waiting for now is to be sure the way outside is clear."

"I gather then that you are leaving your work here, and going into the country on that other man's account?"

"Perhaps."

He rose in his chair and looked over the frosted half of the window.

"I don't see anyone. Shall I go out and nose about?"

"Why? Are you in a hurry?"

"On the contrary, I wanted an excuse to tell you he was waiting outside. Then my appointment here with you could be prolonged."

"I don't want you to think me rude," she said, "but let's be honest. I'm simply making use of you. I don't know who you are, and you don't know me. You looked trustworthy, and I was desperately afraid of being overthrown. After this evening we shall never meet again. I don't want you to feel I haven't been quite fair. As a rule, I don't encourage men who judge me by what I look like in other people's clothes, when I'm on display."

GOOD Heavens."

Barry said, "you surely like to feel you have succeeded in a job? Your job was to look interesting. If people passed you over every time they came upon your picture..."

She interrupted.

"It's nice of you to have helped me. But to show you understand what I'm driving at, will you please me very much by putting all this on a particularly friendly basis, and letting me order another cocktail now... for you?" She waited, looking at him with a serious air of appeal. "It's not unheard of among women nowadays, you know. If they earn their own living, they sometimes like to..."

"Pay their whack," he said. "I see..."

"For a long time he sat there, chin in hand, looking at her wryly.

She was neither masculine, nor palpably experienced. The charm of her was largely in her undeniable breeding. Her eyes were confident, but her mouth by no means so certain of itself as he had thought at first. There was a certain cheekiness about her nose, a dignity about her poise. Her cheeks were warm to look at, cool he was sure, to touch. He thought:

"Ah, this is not her attitude to men by nature. It is by force of circumstance. She's saying all this for a purpose. She's been hurt, and this is self-defence."

"You see, I don't want you to go just yet," she pointed out. "And so I would so like you to have, say, a whisky and soda... with me."

"And will you," he said, "please have dinner with me?"

"Perhaps, if we each pay for our own."

"You are beginning to offend me."

"I'm trying so hard not to."

"You are failing."

"I am afraid," she said, "I am a failure. That's one thing you've found out."

"Will you tell me your name?"

She sat up rather more straightly.

"After to-night we shall never meet again. We won't exchange names, because if we know names it's so much harder to forget people."

"Will you tell me, at any rate, what it is you are trying to escape?"

"Hard work."

"What makes it so hard? You are going, you know, to something harder."

"To-morrow I shall simply have cut adrift. I shall not look, or talk, or feel the same. And I want no one to remember or remind me. I shall never look at magazine advertisements, nor wear Seisme hats, and you belong, unfortunately for you, to the very things I want to leave behind."

"I'm very sorry. Let's talk of something else."

He could have talked to her of anything. He didn't know how she could argue that because he didn't know her name he would forget that he had met her. He would not forget. He would deliberately not forget.



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IN CITY AND SUBURBS

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HOME MAKER

July 27, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

25

BERTHA MAXWELL captures the Fragile Beauty of Earth's Fairest Lilies for the

Spring Bride's Trousseau

These ideal bridal flowers, Lilies-of-the-Valley, are presented in transfer form, also expertly-cut patterns to enable you to make yourself the whole exquisite set

BEAUTIFUL, fragile in appearance, of exquisite line and coloring, yet sturdy and strong against cold weather—what perfect symbolism for the garments of a bride! Once again the lovely little lilies-of-the-valley are blooming in cool spots, adorning the florists' windows in the big cities, sought by every bride for her wedding bouquet...

And here is the perfect design to match the real flowers, beautiful little sprays of blossoms in their own sheathing leaves, laid on the linen or silk by a pencil which knows also the needle. There is not a line too much, yet nothing is omitted to portray these ideal bridal flowers.

ONE thinks instantly of pale green sheer linen, the lovely material of which fine handkerchiefs are made, durable and fairylike; or rich crepe-de-chine of purest white, with all the design worked in white silk. And here are also the very garments required for this design—well-cut patterns of nightdress, slip, scantes, and brassiere, which cost 3/- the set, or 9d each.

The transfer is one of our special large ones, measuring 26 by 30 inches, almost covered with design for cutting up and placing as you wish on these trousseau garments, or any others which you wish to make. The transfer costs 1/6, and is procurable only from The Australian Women's Weekly by post or over the counter.

There are designs for the two V-necks, nearly two yards of the running border for armholes or tops of slips, and about 24 inches of the group border for spacing out or cutting into motifs or small pieces to scatter here and there. You will love this generous transfer.

Materials for the Set

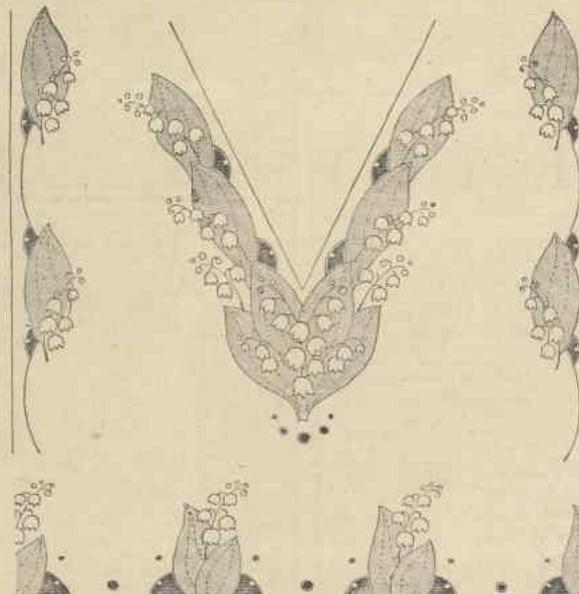
CREPE-DE-CHINE is probably first favorite with brides, then come washing satin and triple muslin. Good quality fuji silk makes a lovely piece of work. Sheer linen is the loveliest of all in appearance, but needs good laundering, and the girl who likes a dainty garment with low cost and perfect appearance should remember muslin, a fine sheer cotton which is very good for hot climates and gives better service than its delicate appearance would indicate.

Colors of Materials

PALE green makes a lovely trousseau set and is very popular; this design suits it admirably. Pale yellow is also very attractive, and white is ever the perfect material color for the bride. There are some of the soft pastel pinks which can be used with this design, as well as delicate blues or mauves, so there is an almost perfect range of colors to choose from.

The Flower Colors

THE little bell-like lily blooms are a pure, opaque white; the leaves are delicate spring-green; no other colors need concern the needleworker, for the



SHOWING PORTION of Bertha Maxwell's exquisite lilies-of-the-valley transfer, which measures 20 x 30 inches. This transfer contains sufficient for the two V-necks, nearly 2 yards of running border, and about 24 inches of group border for cutting into groups or motifs. Price 1/6.

slight touch of yellow inside the flowers is hidden by their pendulous forms.

The Design

AS the design appears in the drawing, it is shown with a line along the edge of neck and sleeve; this line does not appear in the transfer. It is merely an indication of the edge. You may use the design to form its own edge, when the small, curved bits of black cutwork will, of course, disappear. The edges of the leaves will then be buttonholed to form an edge for the delicate design beneath it.

If the design is used for net applique, the folded net will be tacked along the back of the material and the pattern placed a suitable distance inwards on the material of the garment; buttonholing or fine stemming will then secure the two materials, and allow the top surplus silk or linen and the under sur-

plus net to be trimmed away.

Working the Flowers

THESE little flowers are like round bells with tiny points, their working presenting just a little cause for thought. Two suggestions are shown in a small sketch on this page.

In "A" there is a method of working which should be tried on a spare piece of material first; it presents buttonholing or satin-stitching round part of the flower, deeper at the bottom, and leaving a round, bare space in the centre. It is very effective on white material, the space showing up as a highlight.

In sketch "B" there are two methods of satin-stitching over a little padding.

In one the stitches are diagonal, and in

the other they are up and down. These

also should be tried on spare material.

Other methods are outlining or stem-



SHOWING ONE WAY of using the design on the trousseau set, which comprises nightdress, slip, brassiere, and scantes (see article). Expertly-cut paper patterns to make this exquisite set cost 3/-; or may be had separately for 9d. each.

ming round the flower, or the ever-faithful long-and-short stitch which wears well and looks well.

THREADS: Silk filoselle, a stranded silk, is used for all silk materials; stranded cotton for linen and cotton, F-406 or 497 being a suitable shade for the leaves and their dotted veins.

Approximately 7½ yards of 36-inch material, 2 yards of narrow ribbon for straps for slip and brassiere, and 3½ yards of 2-inch ribbon for the sash and shoulder bows for the nightgown would be required.

The bows on the shoulders could be omitted if desired.

The end of the nightgown and the scantes could be embroidered or else finished with a plain hem and hand-drawn threadwork; this also applies to the end of the slip. The scantes are fitted to the waist and fastened with two pearl buttons.

Remember, the generous 20 x 30 transfer costs 1/6, and paper patterns for the set 3/-, post free.

CLEVER IDEAS

STORING HONEY

IF HONEY is being stored in the house, it should not be left in the light. This tends to granulate it. The best place is in the cellar or some other dark spot.

NEW LEASE OF LIFE

WHEN YOUR face towels begin to get threadbare, just darn them with white wool. It will give them a new lease of life.

GRASS STAINS

DAMP THE articles with cold water and apply cream of tartar. If the articles cannot be washed, use alcohol to remove the green stains.

CARE OF SHOES

YOUR SHOES will greatly benefit if they are given an occasional rub with some sweet oil. This nourishes the leather and, as a result, improves the appearance.

WHEN COOKING PRUNES

WHEN COOKING prunes, squeeze a small amount of lemon juice into the saucepan in which they are cooking. It not only improves the flavor, but makes them swell out and look nicer.

SEALING LETTERS

IF SEALING wax is not at hand, the white of an egg can be used instead. Envelopes so sealed cannot be steamed open.

SOAKING STALE BREAD

NEXT TIME you are soaking some stale bread for a pudding try leaving it in a cold liquid, and it will then be light and crumbly. If it is soaked in hot water or milk, it becomes heavy.

ENAMEL BATHS

ENAMEL BATHS can be cleaned with a rag moistened with paraffin. Rinse well with soap and hot water. Paraffin is also useful for cleaning dirty patio.



A New Edge

FOR workers who do not wish to make the design form its edge, or who find net not strong enough, an excellent finish is to make a fold of the material along edges of necks and sleeves (as shown in sketches) of garments; turn back an inch or two of material once, and lightly tack it down as a hem with-

Don't Wash Your Dog This Winter!



"Yes, thank you! some 'KF' on me and on my kitten, too."

DOGS, CATS, KITTENS—all may be safely "de-fleaed" and de-verminised with "KF". It is odourless and NON-POISONOUS. New-born puppies may be dusted with "KF"—even before their eyes are open—it is so soothing and safe. Full directions are on every tin.

ALSO USE "KF" ON CAGE-BIRDS, POULTRY AND PIGEONS

For killing lice, red-mites, etc.



ON POULTRY — "KF" kills mites & lice—see the tail, & 1lb. tin.

IN THE HOME, TOO! Sprinkle "KF" on rugs, carpets and in corners; also articles of clothing.

SUDDEN CHILLS, wet or damp coats, and any condition of lowered vitality in your dog subjects it to VERY SERIOUS RISKS through washing it in winter time. Why submit your pet to these dangers when you may quickly and safely DRY CLEAN IT with the wonderful "KF" in a few minutes? Just a few shaves from the "KF" sprinkler-top tin and your dog is dry-cleaned and also PROTECTED FROM VERMIN. Remember that "KF" stands for "kills-fleas"—but no flea can stand "KF."

may be safely "de-fleaed" and de-verminised with "KF". It is odourless and NON-POISONOUS. New-born puppies may be dusted with "KF"—even before their eyes are open—it is so soothing and safe. Full directions are on every tin.



"Killing" is all done in a jiffy—just a matter of seconds. Simply sprinkle it on and rub it down to the skin. Combing out afterwards is not necessary.

READ WHAT USERS SAY!

Wallace St., Balmain, 1/0/35.
Personally I have four dogs, two cats, and a parrot, all are treated occasionally with "Kills-Fleas".
Powerful, I think, 10 per cent., as one can consider these animals without the slightest fear of contamination of vermin. I have emphatically recommended this product to numerous friends.

Wishing you every success.

(Signed) J.E.M. (Name on application).

Orley, 6/8/35.
I have received the "KF" and have used it on my dog. It is four days now since I used it on the dog and they have not been attacked since, although the ground is alive with fleas.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) Mrs. E.P. (Name on application).

YOUR PETS—Dogs, Cats, and Birds—will be grateful for "KF" and you, too, will be pleased with it.

COUPON

1/3 tin

1lb. 4/-. 1lb. 6/-

All Chemists and Stores
If any difficulty in obtaining, send
1/8 in stamps to our address above. In
coupons. Name Address W.W.

Please send me post-free
your booklet on "KF" (Kills-Fleas).

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T. & G. Buildings,
Brisbane.

IT'S TIME TO TAKE THAT PROMISED TRIP!

2 OR 3 WONDERFUL WEEKS IN SYDNEY AND ALL EXPENSES PAID

HERE is your opportunity to have a marvellous holiday under superb conditions. The three wonderful weeks will commence on or about August 24, synchronising with excursion fares in New South Wales, and will provide for:

ALL HOTEL ACCOMMODATION.

MARVELLOUS MOTOR AND OTHER TRIPS.

THEATRE TICKETS.

TRANSFERS FROM TRAIN OR BOAT.

UNUSUAL AND INTERESTING ATTRACTIONS ARRANGED BY THE WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL SERVICE.

Do not hesitate, but write now for full particulars of this splendid three weeks in Sydney. Total cost from ship to ship, including all travel, meals, hotel, transfers, transfers, and all other expenses, return journey—only £13/10/- (TWO WEEKS, £10/10/-). Special quotations for those desirous of joining, but who do not require hotel accommodation. If desired, quotations will be given for motor trip from Melbourne, Adelaide, or Brisbane to Sydney. The party will be limited in numbers, so EARLY application should be made to:

WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL SERVICE, RADIO HOUSE, 300 Pitt Street, SYDNEY.

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WAX POLISH

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Also in larger
tins . . . 1/6

Not merely a shine—but a flint-hard
finish for floors, lino, furniture,
woodwork. Resists wear. Greaseless.
Cheaper because it goes further and
lasts longer.

S.C. Johnson & Son Ltd., Rosebery, N.S.W.

PAINT BRUSHES

ALWAYS PURCHASE good brushes, and take care of them, or your painting will be spoilt. If they are to be put away for some time after use, squeeze as much of the paint out of them as possible, and then rinse them in a little linseed oil. Wash them with warm water and soap, and rinse well in cold water. Smooth out the bristles to their original shape and hang up to dry. If you have been using them and wish to resume the painting on the following day, stand them in cold water overnight.

FOR Young WIVES ... and MOTHERS

How to Deal with the Child which Holds its Breath

By MARY TRUBY KING

Perhaps nothing is more alarming to a mother, a young mother especially, than for a child to hold its breath.

Sometimes a child will do this for some seconds, but it seems hours to the watching mother, who thinks the offender is having convulsions, choking or something equally disastrous.

EMOTIONAL disturbances are more often the cause of bad habits than are physical disturbances. Recently we dealt with the child who made a habit of rolling her head from side to side in her cot. To-day a N.S.W. mother sets me a slightly different problem:

"I am a very busy mother, having eight little children, seven of whom are under 13 years. It is the babe of 20 months about whom I want advice. At

noon, while baby is playing, I take her and roll theshaw round her, and put her snug in her cot for a mid-day nap. Once last week and again to-day she started to cry and scream, not wanting to go to bed. Then she holds her breath. I pick her up till she gets it again, then lay her down, but she cries and holds her breath the second time, and goes black in the face. Then I have to rush her to cold water, and she comes round with just a sigh and lies limp on my shoulder. I walk round the garden for 20 minutes with her, and her face becomes so white. After an hour's playing she becomes her own sunny pink self and plays 'Peepo!' as if nothing had happened."

"It seems just bad temper, but it worries me for hours after, and I feel I cannot get on with my work. I am so upset. It seems like a convulsion, and frightens me. What can I do to break her of this habit? She is a healthy and good-tempered baby—only fighting against her mid-day sleep."

As baby is perfectly healthy, and as good as gold at all other times, it is clear that this breath-holding, which is frightening for the mother, and exhausting for herself, is the outcome of a deep emotional distress arising from anger at being made to do what she objects to doing—namely, going to bed at mid-day. So the question is, "Is the mid-day sleep necessary any longer?" The normal amount of sleep needed at this age is about 14 hours—some babies need more, some less.

It appears that this particular child resents being expected to sleep at this time, and I think it would be wiser to leave her to play, putting her to bed an hour or so earlier in the evening to make up for the loss of the mid-day sleep. Probably she will be so tired by 5 p.m. that she will welcome being put to bed, and will sleep soundly till about 7 a.m.

Keep the child out in the fresh air as much as possible, and make use of every beam of the sun. It might aid matters to place her cot outside on a verandah or porch, and just let her get into it to rest, with some toys to play with, about mid-day. Playing happily in this fashion, without any spoken or implied suggestion that she should sleep, she would fall asleep, in spite of herself, if she were in need of it. But she should be made to feel that it is a matter of absolutely no importance whether she goes to sleep or not in the daytime.

Opposing Wills

AT the present moment, the child is setting up her will against her mother's, and she has found out that by working herself into a state of exhaustion by screaming and holding her breath her mother gives in, and, after a lot of extra attention, she is allowed to go on playing in the garden—which is exactly what she wanted!

It seems a pity though that she should feel compelled to resort to these tactics, and the sooner the need for them is banished from her little mind the better.

It is possible that the nervous state into which she has fallen is partly the result of teething, but her tantrums may also be the result of justifiable anger. We know that we ourselves would not enjoy being told to go to bed in the middle of a fascinating game when we weren't in the slightest sleepy. Even were she a little in need of forty winks, they are not worth the sacrifice of confidence and sense of security and fair play which should exist between mother and child.

At present the child is expending valuable energy in a totally wrong direction—energy which could be spent more profitably at games in the garden, or in "helping" mother about the house.

The child feels unreasonably frustrated at present, and has no other way of impressing this upon her mother than by doing her level best to scare her into a more understanding frame of mind!

Let the mother consider the mid-day nap a thing of the past, put the child to bed a little earlier at night, and I feel sure the breath-holding will not take place again.

HOST HOLBROOK says: My finger is browned just the same as 100 years ago. And a wonderful brown it is.



HIS FIRST "SET"

"Two's company"—but Number Three
Will soon be there for you to see—
All strong and good and nicely packed.
Thanks to Saunders' Malt Extract,
I'm a healthy chap and growing good
On this best of Body-Building Food.

SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT builds
strong bones and teeth, and is an un-
equalled DIGESTIVE FOOD
FOR ALL GROWING CHILDREN.

SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT

AIDS DIGESTION—BUILDS THE BODY
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND GROCERS

What does your child WEIGH ?

Healthy development is shown by weight, and weight depends on appetite. If your child won't eat, if he is pale and sickly, or has a coated tongue, he is suffering from stasis. That means a sluggish, waste-clogged colon. No child suffering from stasis can be really healthy. "California Syrup of Figs" overcomes it in twenty-four hours. Then you will see the listless, cranky boy or girl begin to eat—and gain.

Hospitals advise
LIQUID LAXATIVE
for children



Doctors and hospitals prefer a liquid laxative for all patients. For children they use nothing else. The reason is simple: a properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement without any discomfort. Liquid laxatives can be regulated to a drop; pills cannot.

Follow the hospitals' example. Give your child a liquid laxative. Give him "California Syrup of Figs". All children love its delicious fruity flavour. You have the assurance of knowing that "California Syrup of Figs" contains no synthetic chemicals, and is not habit-forming.

IMPORTANT. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2½ times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig".

PERSONAL TREATMENT BY MAIL!

For years this remarkable young man, CHEMIST ROUSH, has been healing by means of the RADIO: his wonderful lectures being appreciated all over Australia. He now offers his services FREE to you.

If your health is troubling you . . . no matter how hopeless your case may seem WRITE TO-DAY.

No charge is made for advice, and if he can do nothing for you he will tell you in a straightforward manner.

Hundreds of grateful letters testifying to the wonderful results of his personal treatment may be seen at his rooms.

Read what Mrs. D. G. F. (Woompyp) writes:—"After having been given up by three doctors and spent hundreds of pounds for your services after 2 months I am completely cured, much to the astonishment of my husband. Your personal doctor says it is marvellous, and I cannot thank you enough. Your personal treatment is a miracle."

Treatments are specialized for in the following complaints: Asthma and hayfever. Dyspepsia and ulceration of the stomach. Kidney trouble. Eczema, psoriasis, dermatitis, and all skin complaints. Nervous headaches, and loss of vitality. Cataract. Arthritis trouble without operations. Sinus affections. Ulcerated legs. Varicose veins. Blood pressure. Rheumatism. Rheumatoid-Arthritis. Dandruff.

Readers suffering from any of the above complaints are invited to write enclosing stamped envelope or call on CHEMIST ROUSH, the RADIO chemist, 6th Floor, Colonial Mutual Building, Queen St., Brisbane, Q. Phone: B 424. Hours: Mon. to Fri. 9.30 a.m. to 3.30 p.m. Sat. 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.



CHEMIST ROUSH,
The holder of 8 gold
medals.



PAINT BRUSHES

ALWAYS PURCHASE good brushes, and take care of them, or your painting will be spoilt. If they are to be put away for some time after use, squeeze as much of the paint out of them as possible, and then rinse them in a little linseed oil. Wash them with warm water and soap, and rinse well in cold water. Smooth out the bristles to their original shape and hang up to dry. If you have been using them and wish to resume the painting on the following day, stand them in cold water overnight.



"The Results
are amazing!"

Clement's Tonic achieves its results in a perfectly natural way. Clement's Tonic is a nerve and blood restorer. It does not contain harmful drugs or opiates. Instead, it calms your nerves, enriches your blood stream, gives you strength to resist illness and depression . . . all with absolute safety and permanent results.



"I am writing to let you know the benefit I have obtained since taking Clement's Tonic. I have been in the hospital a month after a very bad operation. Before being discharged I asked my nurse if she could recommend a tonic for me to take. She advised me to take Clement's. I have just finished my third bottle and the results are amazing. My husband says I've lost my appetite and found a horse's. I was terribly weak when leaving hospital and thought life to me would never be worth living again. I sleep like a top and my colour is back again and I'm able to go about my household duties again and I'm only out of hospital a fortnight."

(Mrs.) J.Y. Dunedin, N.S.W.

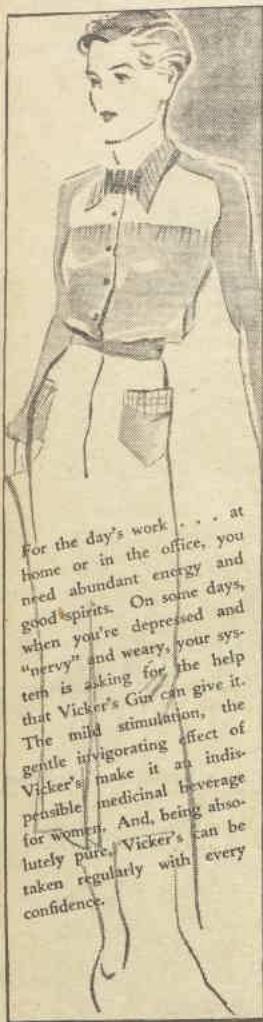
(Original letter on file for inspection.)

Prices in all Capital Cities in the Commonwealth 3/- and 6/- a bottle at all Chemists and Stores.

CLEMENTS TONIC

"Gives you Nerves of Steel"

CST 100



DOUBLED UP WITH RHEUMATISM

Could Not Wash Himself Nor Brush His Hair

So bad was his rheumatism that his friends declared he would never work again. Although he is 70 years old, he proved they were wrong. Read what he says . . .

"I am seventy years of age. Last Christmas I was completely doubled up with rheumatism. I could not brush my hair, wash myself nor lift a teaspoon. People said I should never work any more. I am working harder than a young one to-day. I can shift two hundredweight about. Thanks, many thanks, to your Kruschen Salts. I take them in my tea and I have recommended them to many. I could not get in or out of bed myself, nor sit up. But see my work now—12 hours a day sometimes. Kruschen Salts have done it."—G. J.

Rheumatic conditions are the result of an excess of uric acid in the body. Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts have the power of dissolving uric acid crystals. Other ingredients have a stimulating effect on the kidneys, and assist Nature to expel these dissolved crystals through the natural channels.



BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes they do not stay to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 3d sent postpaid to Dept. "A," Mr. Chifney, 25 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 1882. ***

GAY ADVENTURE

Continued from Page 5

STROLLING along the promenade with his arm in the Honorable Frederick Byng's, Sir Harry Peyton gave a gasp and exclaimed: "Good god, Poodle, look! Curriele Worth!"

"So it is," agreed Mr. Byng, continuing to ogle a party of young ladies.

"But with a female driving his grey! And a devilish fine female too!"

Mr. Byng was sufficiently struck by this to look after the curriele. "Very odd of him. Perhaps it is Miss Taverner—his ward, you know. I was hearing she is an excessively delightful girl. Eighty thousand pounds, I believe."

Sir Harry was not paying much attention.

"I would not have credited it! Worth must be mad or in love! Henry, too! I tell you what, Poodle: this means I shall get Henry at last!"

Mr. Byng shook his head wisely. "Worth won't let him go. You know how it is—Curriele Worth and his Henry: almost a byword. They tell me he was a chimney-sweep's boy before Worth found him."

"He was. And if I know Henry he won't stay with Worth any longer."

He was wrong. When the curriele drew up again in Brook Street, Henry looked at Miss Taverner with something akin to respect in his sharp eyes. "It ain't what I'm used to, nor yet what I approve of," he said, "but you handles 'em' worry well, miss, worry well: you handles 'em!"

The Earl assisted his ward down from the curriele. "You may have your perchance," he said. "But inform Peregrine that I will charge myself with the procuring of a suitable pair for you to drive."

You are very good, sir, but Peregrine is quite able to choose my horses for me."

"I make every allowance for your natural partiality, Miss Taverner, but that is going too far," said the Earl.

The butler had opened the door before she could think of a crushing enough retort. She could not feel that it would be seemly to quarrel with her guardian in front of a servant, so she merely asked him whether he cared to come into the house.

He declined, made his bow, and descended the steps again to his curriele.

MISS TAVERNER was torn between annoyance at his high-handed interference in her plans, and satisfaction at being perfectly sure now of acquiring just the horses she wanted.

A few days later the fashionable throng in Hyde Park was startled by the appearance of the rich Miss Taverner driving a splendid match pair of bays in a very smart sporting phaeton with double perches of swan-neck pattern. She was attended by a groom in livery, and bore herself (mindful of Mr. Brummell's advice) with an air of self-confidence nicely blended with a seeming indifference to the sensation she was creating. As good luck would have it Mr. Brummell was walking in the park with his friend, Jack Lee. He was pleased to wave, and Miss Taverner pulled up to speak to him, saying with a twinkle: "I am amazed, sir, that you should be seen talking to so unfashionable a person as myself."

"My dear ma'am, pray do not mention it!" returned Brummell earnestly. "There is no one near us."

She laughed, allowed him to present Mr. Lee, and after a little conversation drove on.

Within a week the rich Miss Taverner's phaeton was one of the sights of the town, and several aspiring ladies had attempted something in the same style. But since no one with the exception of Lady Lade, who was so vulgar and low-born (having been before her marriage to Sir John the mistress of a highwayman known as Sixteen-String Jack) that she could not be thought to count, could drive one horse, let alone a pair, with anything approaching Miss Taverner's skill, these attempts were soon abandoned. To be struggling with a refractory horse, or jogging soberly along behind a sluggish one, while Miss Taverner dashed by in her high phaeton could not add to any lady's consequence. Miss Taverner was allowed to drive her pair unrivaled.

She did not always drive, however. Sometimes she rode, generally with her brother, and occasionally with Lord Anglesey's lovely daughter, and very often with her cousin, Mr. Bernard Taverner. She rode a very spirited black horse, and it was not long before Miss Taverner's black was as well known as Lord Morton's long-tailed grey. She had learned the trick of acquiring idiosyncrasies.

HOST HOBROOK says: The Hobrook Olives are grown in the sunny olive groves of Spain. Packed in Australia. ***

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

CLUES ACROSS

1	2	3	4					5	6	7	8
9					10	11					
12					13						
14					15	16					
17					18						
19					20						
21					22	23	24				
25					26	27					
28	29	30	31		32						
33	34				35						
36					37						
38					39						

CLUES DOWN

1	Parts of boots
2	Parents
3	Misfortune
4	Urgent
5	Disappointment
6	Imperial
7	Conventions
8	Concise
9	One of a pair
10	One who rents a house
11	Emperor
12	What a frog is
13	Small mountain
14	Dominions of an
15	Kind of breed
16	Bough
17	Second-hand
18	More modern
19	Measure
20	Walking toes
21	Sailor
22	Perfume

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE:

ACROSS: Aggravation, suave, mince, pave, brad, ice, lad, Oh!, do, bog, mast, lie, wad, shad, dip, M., tea, rot, Irl., R.A.N.A., tare, arena, woman, strangeness.

DOWN: Aquidistra, Guaco, raze, ave, re, am, nib, introd, seabs, medallions, lag, fee, bid, map, isander, wit, heart, sun, Arras, tame, A.N.A., tan, an, we.

Please turn to Page 29

They are burning up energy all the time during play-filled days in the garden



—that's why your children need this Balanced Diet

Shrill piping voices keeping up a ceaseless patter; little freckled faces, bent earnestly over a bird's nest, or the launching of a new boat in the duck pond; sturdy bare legs stamping across your precious flower borders . . .

What a delicious romp life can be for your children when they are out in the garden from early morning until bedtime. How restless they are—never still, using up energy all the time!

Doctors, therefore, tell us that now of all times growing children must have their food properly balanced to provide the elements essential for growth and vitality.

Wise parents ensure this by seeing that nursery meals are supplemented with Horlick's—cool draughts of creamy malted milk. They know that Horlick's Malted Milk is rich in the nourishment growing bodies need, and in which ordinary meals are so often lacking.

Try giving Horlick's to your little ones! Serve it hot or cold with plain water mixed with the handy Horlick's Mixer, which makes each drink doubly smooth and delicious. And remember! Horlick's is always fresh, and does not upset delicate little digestions.

Prices from 1/6. Horlick's Mixers 1/-.



HORICK'S MALT MILK
builds solid foundations to children's health

GAY ADVENTURE

Continued from Page 28

He took sparring lessons at Jackson's saloon; shot at Manton's Galleries; fenced at Angelo's; drank blue ruin in Cribb's parlor; drove to races in his own tilbury; and generally behaved very much as any other young gentleman of fortune who had fancied himself as a fashionable buck. His conversation became interlarded with cant expressions; he lost a great deal of money playing at macao, or laying bets with his cronies; drank rather too much; and began to cause his sister a good deal of alarm. When she expostulated with him he merely laughed, assured her he might be trusted to keep the line, went off to join a party of sporting gentlemen, and returned in the small hours considerably intoxicated, or—as he himself phrased it—a trifle above par.

Judith turned to her cousin for advice. With the Admiral she could never be upon intimate terms, but Bernard Taverner had very soon become a close friend.

He listened to her gravely; he agreed with her that Peregrine was living at too furious a rate, but said gently: "You know I would do anything in my power for you. I have seen all you describe and been sorry for it, and wondered that Lord Worth should not intervene."

She turned her eyes upon him. "Could not you?" she asked.

He smiled. "I have no right, cousin. Do you think Perry would attend to me? I am sure he would not. He would write me down a dull fellow, and be done with me. It is—" he hesitated. "May I speak plainly?"

"I wish you would."

"Then I will say that I think it is for Lord Worth to exert his authority. He alone has the right."

"It was Lord Worth who put Perry's name up for Watier's," said Judith bitterly. "I was glad at first, but I did not know that it was all gainng there. It was he who took him to that horrid tavern they call Cribb's parlor, where he meets all the prize-fighters he is for ever talking about."

Mr. Taverner was silent for a moment. He said at length: "I did not know. Yet he could hardly be blamed: it is his own world, and the one Perry was all eagerness to enter. Lord Worth is himself a gambler, a very notable Corinthian. He is of the Carlton House set. It may be that he is not concerning himself very closely with Perry's doings. Speak to him. Judith, he must attend to you."

"Why do you say that?" she asked, frowning.

"Pardon me, my dear cousin, it has seemed to me sometimes that his lordship betrays a certain partiality—I will say no more."

"Oh no!" she said with strong revulsion. "You are mistaken. Such a notion is unthinkable!"

He made a movement as though he would have taken her hand, but controlled it, and said with an earnest look: "I am glad."

"You have something against him?" she said quickly.

"Nothing. If I was afraid—if I disliked the thought that there might be some partiality, you must forgive me. I could not help myself. But I have said too much. Speak to Lord Worth of Perry. Surely he cannot want him to be growing wild!"

She was a good deal stirred by this speech, and by the look that went with it. She was not displeased. She liked him too well; but she wished him to say no more. A declaration seemed to be imminent; she was thankful that he did not make it. She did not know her own heart.

His advice was too sensible to be lightly ignored. She thought about it, realized the justice of what he had said, and went to call on Worth, driving herself in her phaeton. To request his coming to Brook Street would mean the presence of Mrs. Scattergood: she supposed there could be no impropriety in a ward's visiting her guardian.

She was ushered into the saloon, but after a few minutes the footman came back and desired her to follow him. She was conducted up one pair of stairs to his lordship's private room, and announced.

The Earl was standing at a table by the window, dipping a sort of iron skewer into what looked to be a wine bottle. On the table were several sheets of parchment, a sieve, two glass phials, and a pestle and mortar of turned boxwood.

Mrs. Taverner stared in considerable surprise, being quite unable to imagine what the Earl could be doing. The room was lined with shelves that bore any number of highly-glazed jars, and lead canisters. They were all labelled, with such queer-sounding names as Scholten, Curacao, Masquipatum, Bureau Demi-gros, Bolongaro, Old

Paris. She turned her eyes inquiringly towards his lordship, still absorbed in his bottle and skewer.

"You must forgive me for receiving you here, Miss Taverner, but I am extremely occupied," he said. "It would be fatal for me to leave the mixture in its present state, or I would have come to you. Have you left Maria Scattergood downstairs, may I ask?"

"She is not with me. I came alone sir."

There seemed to be a fine powder in the wine-bottle. The Earl had extracted a little with the aid of the skewer and dropped it into the mortar and had begun to mix it with what was already there, but he paused at Miss Taverner's words, and looked across at her in a way hard to read. Then 'is gaze returned to the mortar, and he went on with his work. "Indeed? You honor me. Will you not sit down?"

"I am entirely at your service, Miss Taverner."

She pulled off her gloves, and began smoothing them.

"Perhaps you may think it odd in me, sir, but the truth is I have something to say to you I do not care to say before Mrs. Scattergood."

"I am entirely at your service, Miss Taverner."

"Proceed, my ward. Has Wellesley Poole made you an offer of marriage?"

"Good heavens, no!" said Judith.

"He will," said his lordship coolly.

Please turn to Page 30

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.
BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.
MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne CI.
NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Watt Street, Newcastle.
SYDNEY: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.
TASMANIA: The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Gordon & Gotch (Asia) Ltd., 65 Cameron Street, Launceston.
LONDON: 30 New Bridge Street, London EC4.

HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS
All editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1531E, G.P.O., Sydney.

Social letters to be addressed to either Address Department, Brisbane, Sydney, or Tasmania office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS
(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, summed on to a sheet of newspaper, showing date and page in which it was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State. Unsatisfactory contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

WE SHALL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE OF MS., BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANSMISSION.
Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS
Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of the date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

PATTERNS
See special notice on the pattern page.



GOOD HOT SOUP
3 plates for 2d

Soup made with Foster Clark's Soup Cubes is economical—and very appetising. It's easy to make, too. Choose your favourite soup—and serve it tomorrow.

Foster Clark's Soup is made in 8 delicious flavours: Tomato, Oxtail, Mulligatawny, Mock Turtle, Lentil, Pea, Green Pea, Cream of Celery.

PS2.125

Foster Clark's
new 2d SOUPS

How to Lose FAT

Reduced Hips 8 Inches!



Her Photographs Show How Heaviest Parts Reduce First

"I lost 23 lbs. in 6 weeks taking BonKora. I lost fat just where I wanted to. It seemed that the heaviest parts reduced first. I reduced my bust 5 inches, waist 6 inches, hips 8 inches. Now weigh 125 lbs."

"I used to hate to wear a bathing suit. Now I look well in one and I am sending a photo just taken in a bathing suit and one taken in a dress when I was stout, so you can see the difference."

"I feel fine, too. BonKora is evidently a good tonic as well as a weight reducer. I got rid of indigestion, gas, dizzy spells, constipation and nervousness. I sleep fine now. And instead of the old tired feeling, I am full of energy. I feel younger and look younger."

"I didn't starve either. I like to eat and with BonKora, I can eat plenty and still lose fat."

Mrs. H. Halluc Jr.
(Full address on request)



Mrs. Halluc after taking BonKora, 22 pounds overweight. Mrs. Halluc is 5' 5" tall.

New Easy, Pleasant, Reducing Treatment The Safe, Harmless, Quick Way to Lose Fat

Eat Big Meals — Fat Goes Quick

Don't be fat any longer. Reduce as Mrs. Halluc did. Get BonKora, new safe, pleasant, Reducing Treatment. Your nearest chemist has it.

Thousands of others whom we have never seen write at us to tell us how well BonKora has done for them. BonKora, the new, pleasant, Reducing Treatment, took off their fat.

Some lost fat all over. Others lost only fat in certain parts, hips, waist, or bust, saw this fat go first. Then they stopped taking BonKora as they had lost all they wanted to lose.

Lost 70 Pounds in 14 Weeks

Some lost a pound a day. Others 3 to 5 lbs. a week. Mrs. Grace Moran, (fill in address on request), writes that she lost 70 pounds in 14 weeks—or at the rate of 5 pounds a week. She reduced from 210 lbs. to 140 lbs. She says BonKora gave her new health too.

Safe, Harmless, Pleasant

BonKora is safe, harmless. Contains no dangerous drugs. In fact, the quickest way to lose weight is to eat a big meal.

It takes off fat in a pleasant way. Triple action: triple results. That's why it has reduced when other methods have failed.

Take a little BonKora daily to help body function.

Thousands Praise BonKora!

Genuine Gratitude for Prompt,
Safe Relief from Burden of Fat

Every claim made for BonKora is based on the actual experience of thousands of men and women to whom it has proved a blessing and a boon. This reducing treatment has won such a wealth of high-fiving testimonial testimony. This is incredible because there is no other reducing treatment which acts as BonKora acts—driving away the desire to eat excess fat without the use of drugs, thyroid or starvation diets.

ABSOLUTELY SAFE — NO THYROID

It is impossible NOT to derive benefit from BonKora. It contains ONLY ingredients which are known to be directly beneficial to health. The complete absence of all need for medicinal methods, plus the acknowledged health-promoting qualities of BonKora, make it possible for you to REDUCE WEIGHT and IMPROVE HEALTH simultaneously.

OBTAIABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS — 6/6 a Bottle.

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SCHAFFER & COMPANY, Box No. 2901, G.P.O., Sydney.
Please send me your FREE BOOKLET giving full details of BonKora Treatment.

NAME _____

IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, enclose postal note
for me to have the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free.
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HOTEL HOLBROOK says: My Waitressess
Saves time & flavor the Bomp, means the
Greasier, make the simplest meal appetizing—*

NO NEED TO FEAR COLDS & 'FLU

THANKS
TO
'ASPRO'

THE difference between the misery of Colds and 'Flu and freedom from these attacks is often only a matter of taking 'ASPRO' Tablets. 'Flu and Colds at their inception make you feel weak, nervous and depressed. Aches and pains generally accompany the condition. You feel absolutely "fed up" with everything and feel that nothing can help you. Take no notice of the "can't get well" feeling—throw it off—you can get well by taking 'ASPRO' and quickly too.

Your Cold will be banished and the attendant aches and pains, sneezing, sniffing and "groggy at the knees" feelings disappear. 'ASPRO' creates neither gastric upset nor indigestion. 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart. You can take 'ASPRO' with every

assurance that it is safe, sure and efficient. On no account confuse 'ASPRO' with ordinary Aspirin, or tablets which look the same. To get the best, quickest and safest results, insist on 'ASPRO'.

Buy a packet of 'ASPRO' today

To Get
BEST
RESULTS
INSIST
ON

'ASPRO'

FEW 'ASPRO' Tablets
COMPLETELY ENDED 'FLU

"Railco,"
92 Ocean Street, Penshurst,
SYDNEY, N.S.W.
14th May, 1934.

Dear Sirs,
I feel I must write my appreciation of 'ASPRO'. Just a few 'ASPRO' Tablets completely relieved me of the 'Flu' last week. I took them with a hot lemon drink before going to bed.

I also gave my son one tablet at night; he felt the 'Flu' coming on, but woke next morning feeling quite fit.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Mrs. L. H. McDONALD.

NURSE ALWAYS
ADVISES 'ASPRO'

322 Ross Street,
PORT MELBOURNE,
21st April, 1935.

Dear Sirs,

In connection with my professional work of a visiting Ladies' Nurse, I find 'ASPRO' invaluable and always advise my Patients to use it.

I am called out in all weathers and at all hours and come in tired and wet, and after taking 'ASPRO' I have often warded off a severe cold and obtained instant relief.

I can confidently recommend 'ASPRO' so you have my permission to use this letter for publication if you wish.

Yours truly,
(Signed) ELEANOR MOODY, Nurse.

HOW TO TAKE 'ASPRO' FOR COLDS & 'FLU

TAKE 3 'ASPRO' TABLETS immediately the first sign of a Cold appears, and 2 Tablets every three hours afterwards until symptoms disappear; a hot lemon drink to be taken with the last dose before going to bed. It is advisable when taking 'ASPRO' for Influenza and Colds to keep the body warmly clad in order to prevent chill. These instructions have been scientifically formulated as a result of careful chemical research.

ALWAYS USE 'ASPRO' for:

HEADACHE	FEVERISHNESS	SCIATICA
RHEUMATISM	TEMPERATURE	GOUT
SLEEPLESSNESS	IRRITABILITY	LUMBAGO
TOOTHACHE	INFLUENZA	DENGUE
NEURALGIA	COLDS	ASTHMA
SORE THROAT	MALARIA	NEURITIS
HAY FEVER	FEARACHE	
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS — 'ASPRO' GIVES GREAT RELIEF TO WOMEN WHEN DEPRESSED. — ESR-25		

POWDERS FAILED WONDERFUL RELIEF FROM 'ASPRO'

Albert Street, Ipswich Rd.,
S. BRISBANE, Q.L.D.

Feb. 11th, 1935.

Dear Sirs,
I would like to tell you how very much I have profited from using 'ASPRO'. It has been a veritable godsend. I used to try to get relief from powders and other similar preparations, but they were always useless to me. Terrible nerve pains prostrated me for days, and made nights a torture. Nothing did me good till I tried 'ASPRO', and now I am just a normal woman, free from aching pains and fits of depression. I give 'ASPRO' to every member of my family with beneficial results, and in my home doctors bills are unknown.

(Signed) Mrs. M. JACKSON.

GAY ADVENTURE

Continued from Page 29

I HAVE not come about my own affairs, sir. I desire to talk to you of Peregrine."

"Life is full of disappointments," commented Worth. "Which sponging-house is he in?"

"He is not in any," said Judith stiffly. "Though I have little doubt that that is where he will end if something is not done to prevent him."

"More than likely," agreed Worth. "It won't hurt him." He picked up one of the phials from the table and delicately poured a few drops of what it contained on to his mixture.

Judith rose. "I see, sir, that I waste my time. You are not interested."

"Not particularly," admitted the Earl, setting the bottle down again. "The intelligence you have so far imparted has not been of a very interesting nature, has it?"

"It does not interest you, Lord Worth, that your ward is got into a wild set of company who cannot do him any good?"

"No, not at all. I expected it," said Worth. He looked up with a slight smile. "What has he been doing to alarm his careful sister?"

"I think you know very well, sir. He is for ever at gaming clubs, and I am afraid—I am nearly sure—worse than that. He has spoken of a house off St. James' Street."

"In Pickering Place?" he inquired.

"I believe so," she said in a troubled voice.

"Number five," he nodded. "I know it—a hell. Who introduced him to it?"

"I am not perfectly sure, but I think it was Mr. Farnaby."

He was shaking his mixture over one of the sheets of parchment. "Mr. Farnaby?" he repeated.

"You know him, sir?"

His occupation seemed to demand all his attention, but after a moment he said, ignoring her question: "I hear, Miss Taverner, that you consider it is for me to—er—guide Peregrine's foot-steps on to more sober paths?"

"You are his guardian, sir."

"I am aware. I fulfilled my part to admiration when I put his name up for the two most exclusive clubs in London. I cannot remember having done as much for anyone else in the whole course of my existence."

"You think you did well for Perry when you introduced him to a gaming club?" demanded Judith.

"Certainly."

"No doubt you will still be thinking so when he gamed the whole of his fortune away!"

"On one point you may rest assured, Miss Taverner; while I hold the purse-strings Perry will not game his fortune away."

"And after? What then, when he has learned this passion for gaming?"

"By that time I trust he will be a little wiser," said the Earl.

"I should have known better than to have come to you," Judith said bitterly.

H

He turned his head. "Not at all. You were quite right to come to me. The mistake you made was in thinking that I did not know of Perry's doings. He is behaving very much as I supposed he would. But you will no doubt have noticed that it is not causing me any particular degree of anxiety."

"Yes," said Miss Taverner with emphasis. "I have noticed it. Your anxiety is kept for whatever it is that you are so busy with."

"Very true," he agreed. "I am mixing snuff—an anxious business, Miss Taverner."

She was momentarily diverted.

"Snuff! Do all those jars contain snuff?"

"All of them."

She cast an amazed, rather scornful glance round the shelves. "You have made it a life-study, I conjecture."

"Very nearly. But these are not all for my own use. Come here."

She came reluctantly. He led her round the room, pointing out jars and bottles to her notice. "That is Spanish Brand: it is generally the most popular. That is Macouba, a very strongly-scented snuff, for flavoring only. This is Brazil, a large-grained snuff of a fine, though perhaps too powerful, flavor. I use it merely to give tone to my mixture. In that bottle is the Regent's own mixture. It is scented with Otto of Ross. Beside it is a snuff I keep for your sex. It is called Violet Strasbourg—a vile mixture, but generally much liked by females. The Queen uses it."

He took down the jar, and shook a little of the snuff into the palm of his hand, and held it out to her. "Try it."

An idea had occurred to her. She raised her eyes to his face. "Do many ladies use snuff, Lord Worth?"

"No, not many. Some of the more elderly ones."

She took a pinch from his hand and sniffed it cautiously.

"I don't like it very much. My father used King's Martinique."

"I keep a little of it for certain of my guests. Quite a pleasant snuff, but it's light in character."

Please turn to Page 34



The improvement
in my complexion
was remarkable

.....after I began
using these creams

Once you have seen the wonderful improvement Daggett & Ramsdell's creams will make in your complexion you will never again be satisfied with any other face creams. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream penetrates deeper, cleanses more thoroughly, softens and nourishes your skin as no other cream you have ever used. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream protects the most delicate skin from the ravages of sun, wind, rain and dust and imparts a smooth finish to your powder and make-up. Start looking your loveliest through the daily use of Daggett & Ramsdell's creams.



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Help Kidneys
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Your kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by neglect and drastic treatment. When you suffer from getting up nights, leg pains, nervousness, dizziness, stiffness, rheumatism, heart trouble, fits, accidents or loss of vitality, don't delay. Try the Doctor's new discovery called Cystex (Sulphur). Soothes, tones, cleanses and strengthens the kidneys, giving you new life and vitality in 48 hours. Cystex costs little and is guaranteed to end your troubles in 8 days or money back. At all chemists.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Finger-Tip Loveliness

Is Within Reach of Every Woman!

ARE yours shining and pink-tipped? Do they grace your hands, or do they slightly shame them?... To-day, with so many beauty aids and so much helpful advice at her disposal, the average woman has no legitimate excuse to offer the world for neglected finger-nails. Remember: Your hands express your personality and character... Therefore see that they express such beautifully.

EXQUISITE finger-nails, mark you, are not only the property of those who can afford a professional manicure. They are within reach of the girl and woman far removed from the beauty salon.

You can quite easily give yourself a manicure at home. It is not a lengthy procedure. But it must be carried out once a week and adhered to regularly. The nails can then be kept in splendid condition—provided that, between times, about two minutes a day are devoted to their care.

For those who have but a vague idea of how to go about a home manicure these directions will prove helpful:

On a small tray, put a bowl of warm, soapy water, towel, and contents of a manicure set (which should include a long, steel file, emery-boards, orange-sticks, polish-remover, cuticle-remover, cuticle oil, and soft buffer).

If you do not possess a manicure set,

you'll find that all these things may be purchased separately. They cost little nowadays and last quite a long time.

You will also need a small bottle of peroxide of hydrogen and some cotton wool.

The first step in the manicure is filing. File to a nice oval, taking care not to go down too far at the sides, as this tends to make them break. Round off the corners nicely. Of course, you will shape the nails to suit your type of hand, but, whatever you do, don't have them too long.

Now the emery-board is brought into play to smooth away rough edges and give that perfect finish so essential to the appearance of the nails.

When you are satisfied that you have made a good job of the filing, soak the finger-tips in the warm, soapy water until they are warm and soft. Four or five minutes should be sufficient. Dry carefully, pushing back the cuticles gently (not too far, however) as you do so.

Never Cut the Cuticle

CUTICLE oil should now be smoothed around the base of each nail to soften the cuticles. Contrary to what you might think or what others say, never cut the cuticle. If, from neglect, they are ragged, apply cuticle cream nightly. In time they will loosen and come away.

If you have no cuticle cream, olive oil will prove an excellent substitute.

Gail Patrick, film beauty, featured in the larger picture on this page, religiously soaks her finger-tips in olive oil before retiring. She finds that, in addition to keeping the cuticle fresh and soft, it keeps the nails free from the ravages of polish.

To substantiate the benefits to be derived from the use of olive oil for hardened, ragged cuticles (also brittle nails), Gwyneth Lloyd, another film star, demonstrates for you the "thimble" method. She wraps her finger-nails in oil-soaked cotton-wool, keeping it in place by capping each finger with a thimble.

The next step in your manicure: Wind a wisp of cotton-wool round the end of the orange-stick, dip it in the cuticle-

"OLIVE OIL is good for brittle finger-nails or hardened cuticles," says Gwyneth Lloyd, appearing in Fox released Gaumont-British pictures. "I wrap my finger-nails in oil-soaked cotton-wool, keeping it in place by capping each finger with a thimble."

remover, and go carefully round the base of each nail.

It will not be very long before you will find that this is quite sufficient to keep them perfectly smooth and free from any loose skin.

Now take another orange-stick, dip it into the peroxide, and carefully clean underneath each nail.

If the nails already carry polish this must be removed. Soak a pad of cotton-wool with the polish-remover (only polish-remover is best), and go over each nail. They are now ready for paste, powder, or liquid polish. The last is more generally used to-day. But here's a tip: If you use the last, polish with a powder first, give them a good rub with the buffer, and then apply the liquid polish on top.

The shade or color you use is your own affair—dependent upon your own good taste. Personally for everyday use I prefer natural, pale coral, or delicate rose.

If you are very, very smart, you may be able to flaunt dashing, vivid color to match or smartly contrast with your frocking. A vivid shade, for instance, is rather attractive with a black dress providing it matches your lipstick.

But please don't ever appear in blood-red nails with lips smothered in a tangerine-colored lipstick. I saw this unhappy combination yesterday. A blonde was the culprit.

The next step in your manicure: Wind a wisp of cotton-wool round the end of the orange-stick, dip it in the cuticle-

... By ...
EVELYN



"OLIVE OIL is good for brittle finger-nails or hardened cuticles," says Gwyneth Lloyd, appearing in Fox released Gaumont-British pictures. "I wrap my finger-nails in oil-soaked cotton-wool, keeping it in place by capping each finger with a thimble."

RIGHT: Gail Patrick, Paramount beauty, religiously soaks her finger-tips in olive oil every night before retiring. This keeps them in perfect condition



A THOROUGH brushing strengthens the nails and makes manicuring much more simple... according to Irene Hervey, M.G.M. player.

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

...BY A DOCTOR...

emotions if they interfere in any way with some other person's freedom, happiness, and well-being.

Therefore we find ourselves repressing our instincts to greater or lesser degree.

NOWADAYS we are not so much concerned with the instinct of nutrition as were the savages centuries ago. Most of us are able to work and earn enough money to buy food.

The self-preservation instinct is also well cared for. Automatically we watch street crossings to avoid being run down. Modern civilization has many inventions that safeguard life.

With the reproductive and ego instincts, however, the case is somewhat different. Reproduction carries with it the idea that race propagation is the most cardinal urge. But mere sex expression also goes hand in hand with this same desire, and, that society may prosper, more taboos have been levelled against sex than against any other instinct. This was necessary because of the burdens upon society that invariably follow in the wake of illegitimacy.

The ego instinct also gives trouble at times. This urge to be the object of adulation of fellow man often leads to desire to ruthlessly overrule and surpass others, the result being that the ego comes into conflict with people and so causes great unhappiness.

We cannot deny our instincts, but we must learn to curb and control them. Absolute suppression is not only undesirable, but impossible.

If our instincts are weak, we need not worry about them. If they happen to be strong, however, their full expression must invariably be substituted in some way—if we are to remain social and keep out of trouble.

Have you ever really tried

a true film-removing tooth paste?

The safe way to cleaner teeth

Pepsodent is different in formula, hence different in the way it works. It contains no grit, powder, or soap. The basis of this definitely modern tooth paste is a new and revolutionary cleaning and polishing material which is far softer than the polishing material used in other leading tooth pastes or tooth powders. Yet it removes film and polishes teeth to new gleaming lustre as more abrasive kinds can never do.

So why take chances with "bargain" tooth pastes or questionable ways? Remember that this unique film-removing agent is contained in Pepsodent exclusively. Thus no other tooth paste can assure you of true Pepsodent results. Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year.

N 7352



"POWDERFREE" . . .
A service in underthings
that definitely fit.
Beautiful garments
made in five sizes—
Small Women's, Medium
Women's, Women's, Full
Women's, Out Size.
Hand-cut Lingerie
by Prestige





See the passing pageant of beauty! Silhouettes are going romantic. Hats have taken on ever so quaint shapes. Everything is new... new... NEW! Even for complexions there's a new fashion. There had to be! And you may be sure that Atkinsons, ever aware of your latest beauty needs, would be ready with an exquisite new offering.



REVELRY FACE CREAM—3/4 Jar, 1/4 Tube—a Vanishing Cream that holds your powder longer, yet never clogs, and a Cold Cream to keep Youth in your skin. REVELRY TALC 3/4 Jar, 1/4 Tin—exquisitely soft and fragrant with "Revelry" perfume. REVELRY PERFUME—From 1/4 to 15/- Bottles—exciting as a mosquito, intriguingly elusive. All the leading chemists and stores offer Atkinsons Revelry series.

J. & E. ATKINSON (AUSTRALIA) LTD.

REVELRY Face Powder

Lovely as a face in candlelight is the complexion that Revelry Face Powder bestows. Lines and blemishes are so cleverly concealed that they seem to have disappeared... bliss indeed! She who uses Revelry is scornful of "shine." Hours after she last used her powder-puff her skin is still a picture of loveliness.

2/6 Box

26.2.19

HOST HOLBROOK SAYS:

"I bring to Australia the finest Gorgona Anchovies to make my Anchovy Paste."

Here is a suggestion for your next luncheon party:

MARINA SAVORY

6 Sardines

1 Teaspoon each

Holbrooks Anchovy Paste

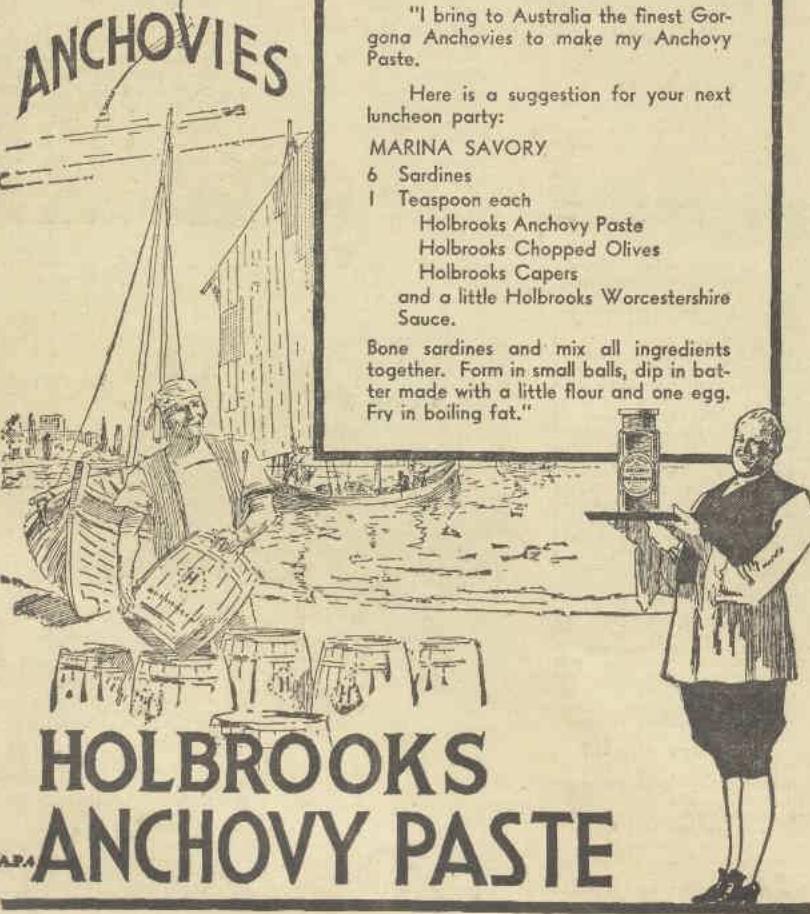
Holbrooks Chopped Olives

Holbrooks Capers

and a little Holbrooks Worcestershire

Sauce.

Bone sardines and mix all ingredients together. Form in small balls, dip in batter made with a little flour and one egg. Fry in boiling fat."



HOLBROOKS
ANCHOVY PASTE

GOOD RECIPES are worth MONEY!

Enter Yours ... in Our Best Recipe Competition

Besides the pleasure your best recipe gives to family and friends, it may earn for you a little extra money—just for the minimum amount of effort required in setting it down on paper and posting to us.

Every week we offer a first prize of £1, second prize of 10/-, and consolation prizes at 2/6 each for the best recipes received.

Write out your favorite recipe—clearly—mark it "Best Recipes," and send it in to us. Then watch the page each week!

A South Australian reader this week found her honest attempt worth while—and her lemon cream dumplings are really delicious!

LEMON CREAM DUMPLINGS

Grease well some small moulds, line them with a suet paste made as follows: Sift 1lb. flour with 1 teaspoon baking powder; rub in 1lb. chopped suet and a little salt; make into a stiff dough with about 1/2 cup water; roll out to a thin paste.

Make a cream as follows:—Beat yolks of 3 eggs, add 1 cup castor sugar, juice and grated rind of 1 lemon, 3oz. butter. Mix together. Nearly fill each mould; cover with paste. Damp edges, and squeeze the top. Tie over with greased paper, and steam 11/2 hours. Turn out carefully. Sift castor sugar over.

First Prize of £1 to Miss M. Alleyne, 19 George St., St. Peters, Adelade.

BOILED FRUIT-CAKE

Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup dates, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 2 cups water, 1 tablespoon candied peel, 1lb. butter, 2 cups plain flour, 2 tablespoons spice, 1 tablespoon nutmeg, 2 teaspoons cream tartar, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda.

Beat eggs and sugar to cream. Put in a saucepan the dates, sultanas, raisins, walnuts, and peel, with the two cups of water, and boil slowly for ten minutes. Add the butter. Add the well-sifted flour to the well-creamed sugar and eggs, then the spice, nutmeg, cream tartar, and soda; then add boiled fruit. Place in a tin and bake in a moderate oven 1 1/2 to 2 hours. When cold, ice with chocolate icing and decorate with walnuts.

Second Prize of 10/- to Miss E. Dayne, 225 Forbes St., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

GERARD STEAK

One pound topside steak, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1 dessertspoon mustard, salt, and pepper.

Place well-beaten steak in a frying-dish; mix together mustard, sugar, flour, salt and pepper to a soft paste with vinegar; pour over steak, rub in, and allow to stand for one hour; turn and rub. Add one cup of cold water; place in hot oven and cook for 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Serve hot with gravy. Improved by slicing onions and tomatoes, and adding about half an hour before meat is cooked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Winifred Linton, Dobbyn, via Cloncurry, Qld.

DELICIOUS RAINBOW SANDWICHES

Take a square tin loaf or half loaf, according to number of sandwiches required. Cut crusts off bread all round. Now cut into four equal slices the length way of loaf. Butter first slice one side, and then cover with thinly-sliced tomato; butter next slice both sides and lay over tomato. Cover this one with egg and lettuce. Butter next slice both sides, place on top of egg, and cover this slice with beetroot. Butter last slice one side and put on top of beetroot. Any alternative fillings can be used. Now wrap tightly in a slightly damp cloth and place under a weight for an hour or longer. Cut with a very sharp knife. Don't waste trimmings. Put in a bowl, mash with fork, add a beaten egg and a little milk, roll in dry breadcrumbs, and fry a golden brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Jessie McClure, Dachaidh, Grand Parade, Sutherland, N.S.W.

SALMON LOAF

Take a 1lb. tin of salmon, remove bones, and break into flakes with a fork. Add 4 tablespoons melted butter, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon salt, and 4 well-beaten eggs. Put into a well-greased pudding-dish and steam for 1 hour. It is delicious served hot with riced potatoes and a cream gravy, or sliced cold with a garnishing of lettuce or parsley and lemon.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to B. Atherton, Leven View, Ulverstone, Tas.

HOST HOLBROOK says: The correct Olives for the cocktail is the Manzanilla. Holbrooks' Manzanillas are crisp and tasty. ***

JELLED FRUIT PUDDING

Three dessertspoons gelatine, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1lb. chopped lemon peel and nuts, 3 tablespoons coco or 11 squares chocolate, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup dates or figs, 1 cup currants, 1 cup sugar, 3 cups milk.

Place milk and chocolate or coco in a saucepan and bring to boiling point. Add all ingredients except the gelatine and boil 5 minutes. Let cool. Dissolve gelatine in little hot water, add to other ingredients and stir well. Pour in wetted mould to set. Serve with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. E. Kramme, Bumberrah, Vic.

'FLU ATTACKS

"run-down" systems!

Build up with Wincarnis

Don't take risks with your health—take Wincarnis—if you feel "run-down", nervous, irritable and constantly exhausted. Influenza attacks are all the more dangerous when vitality is low. Get Wincarnis and fortify your system against influenza and other weakening ills.

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WINCARNIS

must do you good!



The latest discovery of science. A perfumed toilet cream which ends superfluous hair in three minutes.

Razors only make the hair grow faster and thicker. The old-fashioned depilatories are evil-smelling and dangerous. This new beauty cream, called New Veet, makes the hair simply fall away, leaving the skin soft, smooth and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves because the hair is removed below the skin surface.

New Veet is just like a sweetly scented facecream, and is easy and pleasant to use.

FOR HEALTH'S SAKE ... Serve OYSTERS!

Serve them raw, stewed, scalloped, fried, grilled, devilled, in soups, as fritters, croquettes, patties—Here are many good reasons why!

APART from their rich iodine content, oysters contain large amounts of iron and copper (which are of great value in blood-building), also sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesium, phosphorus, chlorine, and sulphur—all those essential salts sadly deficient in many of our everyday foods.

MODERN investigation has shown that the oyster, eaten raw, is the most easily-digested of all foods. It is extremely rich in iodine, and contains more than 200 times as much of this valuable substance as milk, eggs, or the best steak. Our bodies must have iodine, for without it the thyroid gland will suffer and goitre eventually develop. So remember: Serve them more often!

The Australian oyster, contrary to belief in some quarters, may be eaten all

All these recipes have been tested in our own kitchens.

the year round. The significance of the letter "T" pertains only to the English oyster.

When cooking oysters, never allow them to boil; always add to the hot liquid.

OYSTER COCKTAIL

One part Worcester sauce, 1 part oyster liquor, cayenne, 2 parts good tomato sauce, juice half-lemon, oysters.

Mix the sauces, liquor, lemon juice and cayenne well together. Beard and plump the oysters. Place about six in small glasses, and three-quarter full with the prepared liquid. Serve at once.

OYSTER SCONES

Half-pound plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 gill milk, oysters.

Make the scones in the ordinary way. Turn on to floured board. Roll out; thinly cut into rounds with two-inch cutter. Wipe oysters very dry. Lay one oyster on a round of dough. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne. Lay another round on top. Glaze with egg. Place on greased tin. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Serve hot with butter.

OYSTER FRIED

One dozen oysters, 1 gill tepid water, whites 2 eggs, lemon juice, cayenne, and frying fat, 2ozs. plain flour, 1 tablespoon oil or melted butter, salt.

Beard the oysters, sprinkle with salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. To make the batter, sift the flour. Make a well in it. Pour in the oil and water, and stir the flour in gradually. When quite smooth, stir in very lightly the stiffly-beaten whites. Dip the oysters into the batter, then into the frying fat. Fry a golden brown. Drain and serve on a paper d'oyley and garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley.

OYSTER PATTIES

Some puff pastry, 1 gill milk, 1 dessertspoon butter, anchovy sauce, 2 dozen oysters, 1 gill oyster liquor, 1 dessertspoon flour, salt, cayenne, and lemon juice.

Make the pastry. Cut into rounds with a plain cutter. Cut half-way through with a small cutter. Bake in a hot oven 15 minutes. Make the white sauce with the flour, butter, milk, and oyster liquor. Add the salt, cayenne, lemon juice, and anchovy sauce to taste, then the bearded oysters. Remove the centres from the patties. Fill with the oyster mixture, put the top on. Serve on a paper d'oyley and garnish with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

Two dozen oysters, 1oz. flour, 1oz. butter, half-pint milk, some fine breadcrumbs, lemon juice, salt, and cayenne.

Make the white sauce with the flour, butter, milk. Add salt, cayenne, and lemon juice to taste, then the bearded oysters. Thickly-grease some scalloped shells with butter. Sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Add oyster mixture, sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Stand in the oven, or place under the griller till a pale brown. Serve very hot. Garnish with lemon and parsley.

FRIED OYSTERS

One dozen oysters, 1 egg, lemon juice, 2ozs. biscuit crumbs, 1oz. butter, cayenne, salt.

Beard the oysters, sprinkle with lemon juice, salt, and cayenne. Dip in flour, then in the beaten egg, then toss in the biscuit crumbs. Fry in butter till a golden brown. Drain well on white paper. Serve on a paper d'oyley. Garnish with sprigs of parsley and slices of lemon.

GRILLED OYSTERS

Oysters, butter, cayenne, salt, lemon juice, parsley.

Place the oysters unopened under the griller. As soon as they are quite open they will be cooked. Open them. Melt the butter, add salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. Put a little on each oyster. Serve at once, garnished with sprigs of parsley.

STEWED OYSTERS

Twelve oysters, three-quarter cup white sauce, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, 1 cup milk.

Beard the oysters, put the beards in the milk, and cook for a few minutes. Strain and use that liquid for the white sauce. Plump the oysters; that is, put them between two plates and stand over hot water for a few minutes. Add oysters to hot sauce. Season to taste, and serve at once.

BONNE BOUCHE OF OYSTERS

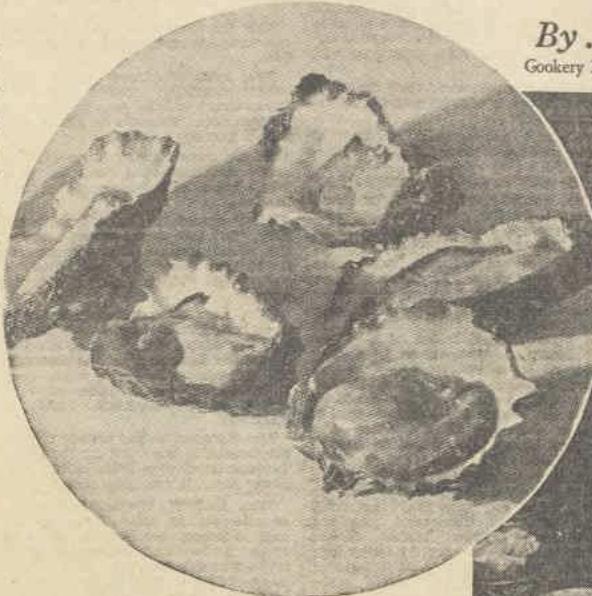
Twenty-four oysters, bread, 3 tablespoons bechamel sauce, salt.

Cut some slices of brown bread neatly with a cutter, butter, and place on each piece a very thin slice of lemon. Drain and beard the oysters; shake a dash of cayenne over. Cut long threads of chilli (finely), lay crosswise over oysters. Serve on lace paper d'oyley; garnish with watercress.

TOASTED OYSTER SANDWICHES

Six slices white bread (1/8-in. thick), 1 oz. butter, 1 doz. oysters, 1 gill good white sauce, 1 tablespoon cream, salt and cayenne, squeeze lemon-juice, 2 slices lemon, sprigs parsley.

Beard oysters. Cut them into four or more pieces. Mix quickly with the sauce,



By . . . RUTH FURST

Gookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly



DELECTABLE, nutritious, and easily digested—even ancient Romans knew their value. Odes were written to the oyster, and it was awarded the palm as the most excellent dish in the elaborate menus that characterised that period.

cayenne, lemon juice, parsley, frying fat.

Cut the bread into rounds with plain cutter. Fry in hot fat till a golden brown. Drain. Add the bearded, plumped oysters to the hot sauce, with salt, cayenne, and lemon juice. Put a heaped spoonful of the mixture on each round of fried bread. Sprinkle with parsley. Serve at once.

DEVILLED OYSTERS

Twenty-four oysters, curry sauce, made with milk, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, cooked rice, hard-boiled yolk of egg.

Make the curry sauce, add lemon juice, salt, cayenne. Make a border of the cooked rice on a hot dish. Add the oysters to the hot sauce. Pour into centre of the rice. Put the yolk of egg through a fine strainer, and shake it over the oysters. Garnish the rice with slices of lemon.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

Twelve oysters, cold cooked fish, half-cup thick white sauce, 1 dessertspoon grated cheese, flour, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, frying fat, lemon juice, salt.

Flake the fish. Add the bearded oysters and fish to the sauce with cheese, salt, lemon juice. Turn on to plate to cool. When cold, shape into croquettes with a little flour. Dip in egg. Toss in crumbs. Wet-fry till golden brown. Drain. Serve on hot dish, garnish with lemon and parsley.

OYSTER CROQUETTES

Twelve oysters, cold cooked fish, half-cup thick white sauce, 1 dessertspoon grated cheese, flour, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, frying fat, lemon juice, salt.

Flake the fish. Add the bearded oysters and fish to the sauce with cheese, salt, lemon juice. Turn on to plate to cool. When cold, shape into croquettes with a little flour. Dip in egg. Toss in crumbs. Wet-fry till golden brown. Drain. Serve on hot dish, garnish with lemon and parsley.

OYSTER SOUP

Three pints fish stock, 2 dessertspoons butter, 1 pint milk, salt, cayenne, 36 oysters, 2 tablespoons flour, lemon rind, 1 teaspoon anchovy sauce.

Beard the oysters. Put the beards into the stock with lemon rind. Simmer for half an hour. Strain. Melt the butter in a saucepan. Add flour. Cook well without browning. Add the stock and milk. Cook for 3 minutes after it comes to the boil. Add salt and cayenne. Put the oysters into hot soup tureen. Pour over the hot soup. Do not boil the oysters as it hardens them, and makes them unfit for use.

OYSTERS AU NATUREL

Oysters on shell, lemon juice, salt, and cayenne, brown bread and butter.

Take the oysters from the shell and scrub well; then replace them in the shell with a little of the juice. Serve on plates (10 to 12 for each person). Garnish with lemon and parsley, accompanied with thin brown bread and butter.

OYSTER HORS D'OEUVRE

Cut some slices of brown bread neatly with a cutter, butter, and place on each piece a very thin slice of lemon. Drain and beard the oysters; shake a dash of cayenne over. Cut long threads of chilli (finely), lay crosswise over oysters. Serve on lace paper d'oyley; garnish with watercress.

TOASTED OYSTER SANDWICHES

Six slices white bread (1/8-in. thick), 1 oz. butter, 1 doz. oysters, 1 gill good white sauce, 1 tablespoon cream, salt and cayenne, squeeze lemon-juice, 2 slices lemon, sprigs parsley.

Beard oysters. Cut them into four or more pieces. Mix quickly with the sauce,

cream, and lemon-juice, and flavor to then remove the skin. Cut into thin slices. Put slices of tomato in the bottom of greased fireproof dish. Cover with oysters, then a layer of tomatoes—sprinkle with salt and cayenne—then lay over the slices of bacon. Bake in a moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Serve at once.

OYSTERS AND BACON

Oysters, rashers of bacon, tomatoes, salt, cayenne.

Put tomatoes into boiling water and

WHEN HER APPETITE RETURNS

is the time to give her Robinson's "Patent" Groats. It is the ideal diet for convalescence, easy to digest and pleasant to take.



Write for the booklet containing the recipe for delicious porridge and many other varied delicacies made from Robinson's "Patent" Groats.

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If coffee isn't good, it isn't worth drinking. That is why Rosella Coffee is the modern favorite. It is a full strength coffee made in a moment with Rosella Coffee Essence. Simply add hot water or milk.



EMPIRE PRODUCT ALLY SALMON

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Red and
Gold
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GAY ADVENTURE

Continued from Page 30

"I AM quite unable to stop Peregrine doing either of these things, even if I wished to," replied the Earl calmly. "A little experience will not hurt him."

"I am to understand then that you don't choose to interest yourself in his affairs, sir?"

"There is not the least likelihood of his attending to me if I did. Miss Taverner."

"He could be made to attend to you."

"Do not be alarmed, Miss Taverner. When I see the need of making him attend to me I shall do so, beyond all possibility of being ignored."

She was not satisfied, but it was obviously of no use to urge him further. She took her leave of him. He escorted her to her phaeton, and was about to go back into the house when he heard himself hailed by a couple of horsemen, who chanced at that moment to be trotting by. One was Lord Alvanley, whose round, smiling face was as usual slightly powdered with the snuff that lingered on his rather fat cheeks; the other was Colonel Hanger, a much older man of very rank mien.

It was he who had hailed Worth. "Holla, Worth, so that's the heiress, hey? Devilish fine girl!" he cried out, as Miss Taverner's phaeton disappeared down Holles Street. "Eighty thousand, ain't it? Lucky dog, hey? Making a match of it, hey?"

"You're so crude, Colonel," complained Alvanley.

"Ay, plain George Hanger, that's me. Take care some brave boy don't snatch the telly up from under your nose, Julian!"

"I will," promised the Earl, quite unmoved by this railing.

The colonel dug the butt end of his riding whip at Lord Alvanley.

"There's William here, for instance. Now, what d'ye say, William? They tell me there's more to it than the eighty thousand if that young brother were to die. Ain't that so, Julian?"

"But the chances of death at nineteen are admittedly small," said the Earl.

"Oh, y'never know!" said the colonel cheerfully. "Better tie her up quick before another gets her. There's Browne, now. He could do with a rich wife, I dare say."

"If you mean Delabey Browne, I was under the impression that he came into a legacy not so long ago," replied the Earl.

"Yes," agreed Lord Alvanley mournfully, "but the stupid fellow muddled the whole fortune away paying his tradesmen's bills." He nodded to his companion. "Come, Colonel, are you ready?"

They rode off together, and Worth went back into the house. It seemed that the colonel had reason on his side, for within the space of one fortnight his lordship received no fewer than three applications for permission to solicit Miss Taverner's hand in marriage.

The day after he had politely refused his consent to the third aspirant Miss Taverner received a letter by the two-penny post. It was quite short:

"The Earl of Worth presents his compliments to Miss Taverner and begs to inform her that he would be obliged if she would assure any gentleman aspiring to her hand that there is no possibility of his lordship consenting to her marriage within the period of his guardianship."

"Ay, plain George Hanger, that's me. Take care some brave boy don't snatch the telly up from under your nose, Julian!"

"I will," promised the Earl, quite unmoved by this railing.

Miss Taverner sat herself down at her elegant little tambour-top writing-table and dashed off an impetuous note, requesting the favor of a visit from his lordship in the immediate future. This she had sent off by hand. A reply in Mr. Blackader's neat fist informed her that his lordship being upon the point of setting out to

JUSTLY incensed,

TEA-POT TALES

BY JOHN ROGERS

Tea is a royal drink.

Princes and grandees made presents of tea to Kings and Emperors.



Even in the darkest days of the War, the War Cabinet sought the solace of afternoon tea.

The tea plant takes four to five years to reach maturity; then the leaves are plucked every two weeks for 100 days according to climatic conditions.

spend the week-end at Woburn he was commissioned to tell her that his lordship would do himself the honor of calling in Brook Street some time during the following week.

Miss Taverner tore this civil letter

up in a rage. To be obliged to bottle up her wrath at Worth's daring to refuse all her suitors (none of whom she had the smallest desire to marry) without consulting her wishes, for as much as three days, and very likely more, was so insupportable that she could not face the week-end with any degree of composure.

However, it was not so very bad. A card-party on Saturday helped to pass the time; and Sunday brought her a new and rather awe-inspiring acquaintance.

She and Mrs. Scattergood attended the Chapel Royal for the morning service. Mrs. Scattergood frankly occupied herself with looking about her at the newest fashions, and was not above whispering to her charge when she saw a particularly striking hat, but Miss Taverner, more strictly brought up, tried to keep her mind on what was going forward. This, when all her thoughts were taken up with the impertinence of her guardian having announced that he should not give his consent to her marriage, was not very easy. Her mind wandered during the reading of the first lesson, but was recalled with a jerk.

"And Zecarius said: Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to Thee," read the clergyman.

A voice which came from someone seated quite near to Miss Taverner suddenly interrupted, saying in a loud, hurried way: "Too much, too much! Don't mind tithes, but can't stand that!"

There were one or two stifled giggles, and many heads were turned. Mrs. Scattergood, who had craned her neck to see who it was who had lifted up his voice in such an unseemly fashion, nipped Judith's arm, and whispered urgently: "It's the Duke of Cambridge. He talks to himself, you know. And I think it is his brother, Clarence, who is with him, but I cannot quite see. And if it is, my love, I believe it to be a fact that he is parted from Mrs. Jordan, and is looking about for a rich wife! Only fancy if he should think of you!"

Miss Taverner did not choose to fancy anything so absurd, and quelled her chaperon with a frown.

Mrs. Scattergood was right in her conjecture: it was the Duke of Clarence. He came out of church after the service with Lord and Lady Setton, the former a burly, red-faced gentleman with very staring blue eyes and a pear-shaped head. Mrs. Scattergood, who had lingered strategically on the pretext of exchanging greetings with an acquaintance contrived to be in the way. Lady Setton bowed and smiled, but the Duke, with his rather protuberant eyes fixed on Miss Taverner, very palpably twitched her sleeve.

The party stopped. Lady Setton begged leave to present Mrs. Scattergood and Miss Taverner, and Judith round herself making her first curtsy to Royalty.

Please turn to Page 36

H. G. HOLBROOK says: Holbrook's Pure Malt Vinegar is clear, brilliant and delicious. Ah! It is a wonderful brew. ♦♦♦



AFRAID OF UGLY COSMETIC SKIN?

Not Now!

I'm removing cosmetics the Hollywood way—



Like most girls I use rouge and powder, but never do I risk Cosmetic Skin... thanks to Lux Toilet Soap

Loretta Young

20th CENTURY STAR
Starring in 20th Century production
"CALL OF THE WILD."

How clever Ruth learned to prevent Choked Pores
... to guard against COSMETIC SKIN

"FRANKLY, I do use quite a lot of cosmetics and I used to think I removed them thoroughly.

"But of course I don't want to run the risk of getting unattractive Cosmetic Skin. I don't want my pores choked up with stale cosmetics—making my skin coarse

and dull, maybe causing little blemishes and even blackheads.

"Better not take chances! So I'm removing cosmetics thoroughly the Hollywood way—with Lux Toilet Soap. Every night, and before I put on fresh make-up during the day, I use this soap. You'd think me conceited if I told you the compliments I'm getting."

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Use cosmetics, of course, but remove them thoroughly with Lux Toilet Soap! Its gentle lather is ACTIVE! Sinking deeply into tiny pores, it frees them from every trace of stale make-up, dust and dirt. Refreshes the skin—keeps it utterly lovely!



A LEVER PRODUCT

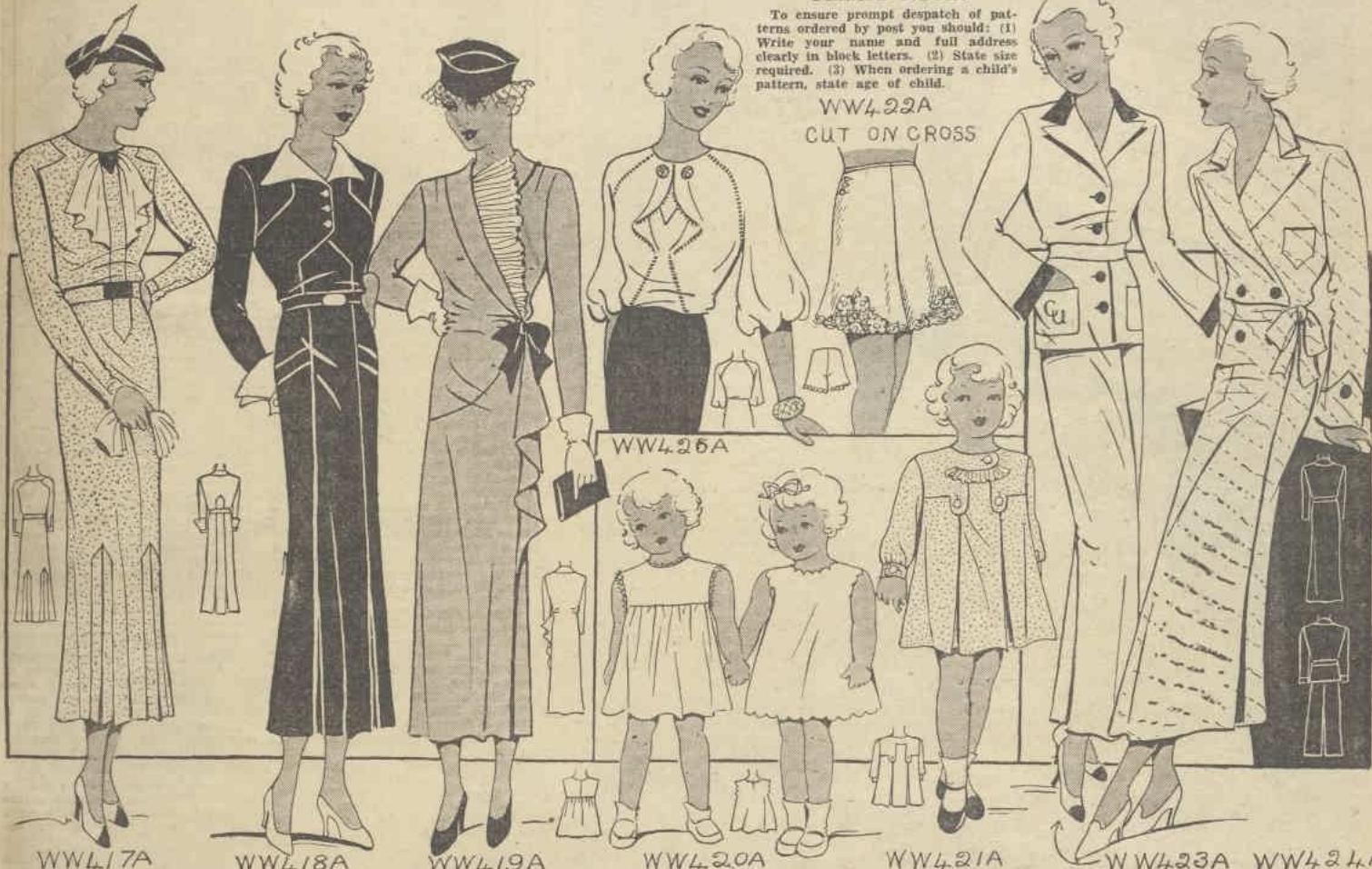
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Our FASHION SERVICE and FREE PATTERN

PLEASE NOTE!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.

WW422A
CUT ON CROSS.



UNIQUE SLEEVE STYLE.

WW417A.—Note the cut of the sleeves in this attractive model. Contrast is used for the front trimming. Skirt has low pleats inserted back and front. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/-.

BOTH DAINTY AND SENSIBLE.

WW418A.—A dainty and inexpensive frock; the front fastening is provided by the shaped yoke. Inverted pleats are introduced from the buttoned tab. Pattern for 2-4 years. Material for 4 years: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

SLIM-FITTING SCANTIES.

WW419A.—Make your next scanties to fit well, by having them cut on the cross. Material for 31-inch waist: 1½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 27 to 35 inches waist. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

MATRON'S MODEL.

WW419A.—An ideal frock for a matron, suitable, too, for maternity wear. The collar extends to the side waist, where it is finished with a bow and supple cascade. Material for 36-inch bust: 3 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 34 to 48 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/-.

TWO WEE PETTICOATS.

WW420A.—For the toddler, petticoats that slip over the head, fastening at the back. Material for 6-12 months: 1 yard, 36 inches wide each. PAPER PATTERN, 10d. for the two garments.

TAILORED PYJAMAS.

WW421A.—These tailored pyjamas will be smart trimmed with contrasting colors, as this style suggests. Patch pockets are a handy addition. A silk girdle marks the waistline. Material for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/-.

DOUBLE-BREASTED.

WW422A.—Smartness must be aimed at even in dressing gowns; this double-breasted style may be worn with or without the belt. Material for 36-inch bust: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 1/-.

DELIGHTFUL BLOUSE.

WW423A.—This tuck-in blouse with elbow-length raglan sleeves is very effective under a costume. Front trimming is smart and unusual. Material for 36-inch bust: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes: 32 to 40 inches. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it with 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope "FREE PATTERN". Post to the following address: A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns sent and mailed with the coupon.

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.

Brisbane.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 405F, G.P.O., Brisbane.

MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.

NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Sydney.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4155X, G.P.O., Sydney.

TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Ltd., 100-112 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please use the addresses of our offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS

Name _____
Address _____
State _____
Pattern Coupon, 27/7/35.



THREE-IN-ONE FREE PATTERN

Our three-in-one free pattern this week is for the young schoolgirl.

It is made with a yoke back and front. The illustrations show that the material may be pleated or, if you desire a party frock, you may substitute gathers for pleats.

Pattern is for 8 years. Material: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. Collar: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed.



"I feel years younger
since taking Schumann's!"

The charming Mrs. Hilton Fuller, of Sydney, writes: "I was tired out and depressed and was continually haunted by the fear of premature old age. I was actually looking old, too, when a friend told me it was all preventable due to Urlic Acid in the system and recommended Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts. Before I had finished the first bottle the tiredness and depression had left me and I am now full of life again and feeling and looking years younger."

Here's the reason why!

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts contain most of the important active ingredients of the famous Mineral Springs of Spas of Europe, and besides gently cleansing and purifying the entire system, remove all impurities they imparts their stimulating tonic properties to all the internal organs. It is due to Schumann's dissolved Urlic Acid that it will not allow it to accumulate in the joints. For ANEMIA, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY TROUBLE, and RAB BREATH, take a half teaspoonful of Schumann's in a tumbler glass of warm water. Refuse all substitutes and insist on Schumann's— which is packed in hygienic glass jars.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES AT 1/- AND 1½ PER JAR.

Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts



HOW TO MAKE GOOD TEA

1. Select a GOOD quality tea.
2. Boil fresh water.
3. Warm up clean teapot.
4. Put in one teaspoonful of tea for each person and one for the pot.
5. The moment the water comes to the boil, pour it on to the tea.
6. Let the tea brew for five minutes.

Each new day brings you new opportunities. Let a good cup of tea start you right and help you to make the most of them.

There's nothing so refreshing... so heartening... nothing which can so effectively create a feeling of well-being and vitality.

And, remember, that early morning cup of tea is good for you... good for your system.



T.D.11-35

LISTEN IN TO 2GB TUESDAYS 9 P.M. . . . SATURDAYS 7 P.M.

ISSUED BY THE TEA MARKET EXPANSION BUREAU

Tea.

GAY ADVENTURE

Continued from Page 34

THE Duke, who had the same thick utterance that belonged to all the King's sons, said in his blunt, disconnected way: "What's that? What's that? Is it Miss Taverner? Well, this is famous indeed! I have been wishing to meet Miss Taverner these three weeks. How do you do? So you drive a phaeton and pair, as I hear, ma'am? Well, that is the right task for Worth's ward!"

Miss Taverner said simply: "Yes, sir. I do drive a phaeton and pair."

"Ay, ay, they tell me you shake the wind out of all their sails. I shall keep a weather eye lifted for you in the park, ma'am. I am acquainted with Worth, you know; he is a particular friend of my brother, York. You need not fear to haul to and take me aboard your phaeton."

"I shall be honored, sir," replied Miss Taverner, wondering at his bluff generosity. She could not imagine why he should want to be taken aboard her phaeton, as he phrased it, but if he did she had not the least objection. He seemed to be a good-humored, easy-going Prince, not at all awe-inspiring, and (though rather elderly and stout) quite likable in his odd way.

The Duke of Cambridge, who, unlike his brother, was extremely tall, with a fair, handsome countenance, came towards the group at this moment, and the Duke of Clarence said with his boisterous laugh: "Ah, you see I am overhauled; I must be off. Did you ever know such a fellow as my brother, to be talking out loud in church? But he don't mean it, you know; you must not be shocked, my lady. I shall look for you in the park, Miss Taverner; don't forget I shall be looking out for you!"

Judith curtsied, and moved away with Mrs. Scattergood, and, beyond describing the encounter with a good deal of humor to Peregrine that evening, thought no more about it. But, sure enough, the Royal far did look out for her. She did not visit Hyde Park the next day, but on Tuesday she was there with her groom beside her, and had not gone very far when she saw the Duke waving to her from the Promenade. He was walking with another gentleman, but when Miss Taverner drew up in obedience to his signal he left his companion abruptly and came to the phaeton and wanted to know whether she would take him up.

"I shall be honored, sir," she said formally, and signed to the groom to get down.

The Duke climbed up beside her, saying: "Oh, that's nonsense—never stand on ceremony. Look, there goes my cousin Gloucester. I daresay he envies me perched up here beside you. What do you say?"

Miss Taverner laughed. "Nothing, sir. How can I? If I agree, I must be odiously conceited, which I hope I am not; and if I demur you will think me to be asking for reassurance."

He seemed to be much struck by the frankness of this reply, laughed very heartily, and declared they should get along famously together.

He was not at all difficult to talk to, and they had not driven more than halfway round the park before Miss Taverner discovered him to have been a firm friend of Admiral Nelson. She was in a glow at once; he was ready to talk to her of the Admiral, and in this way they drove twice round the park, extremely well pleased with each other. When Miss Taverner set him down again, he parted from her with a vigorous handshake and a promise that he should bring to in Brook Street at no very distant date.

CHAPTER 7

THE Taverners were both at Vauxhall that evening with a party, to partake of ham-shavings and burnt wine in a box, and after to see Mr. Blackmore performing feats on a slack-rope, followed by the usual display of fireworks. It was not until the small hours that they were set down at their own door again, and they were both extremely sleepy. Peregrine rather more so than his sister, since he had drunk, in addition to burnt wine, any quantity of rock-punch. He went straight off to bed, yawning prodigiously, but Miss Taverner was not too tired to look over a little pile of notes awaiting her on the marble-top table in the hall. They had most of them the appearance of invitations, and since she had not been in town long enough to think invitations dull she gathered them all up to take with her to her bedchamber.

While her maid was brushing her hair she ran through them. Midway through the pile she came upon Mr. Blackader's neat list, and at once pushed the rest aside and broke the seal. It was a brief note informing her that the Earl of Worth would call at Brook Street the following morning.

A short character in the serial and

Mrs Taverner, who considered that the commonest civility should have prompted his lordship to inquire when it would suit her to receive him, immediately made a plan to spend the whole morning at the Botanic Gardens in Hans Town.

This plan was ruthlessly carried out, in spite of the protests of Mrs. Scattergood, who had no extraordinary interest in gardens. A message for Lord Worth was left with the butler, intimating that Miss Taverner was sorry that she had not received his obliging note earlier, since she was engaged elsewhere that morning.

The message was never delivered. Miss Taverner returned from the Botanic Gardens to find that the Earl had not called at all, but had sent round a footman with a note instead.

Miss Taverner, thinking indignantly of a whole morning wasted amongst plants, broke the seal and spread open the letter. It was the ubiquitous Mr. Blackader again, regretting that his lordship was unfortunately prevented from fulfilling his promise, but trusted to be able to visit Miss Taverner within the course of the next few days.

Miss Taverner tore the letter into shreds, and swept upstairs in a mood of considerable exasperation.

She dined at home with only Mrs. Scattergood for company, but in the expectation of receiving her cousin later in the evening. He had promised to bring her a volume from his library which he believed she would like to read, and would call at Brook Street on his way home from Limmer's Hotel, where he was engaged to dine with a party of friends.

To be continued

ALLURING LIPS



Men say so!

Her beautiful lips were irresistible to me. No painted look! Just natural blending of Tangee with her complexion. Tangee has the remarkable property of intensifying the natural coloring in your lips. Tangee color is your own! Its cream base keeps lips soft and smooth.

Also Tangee Theatrical, a deeper shade. Tangee Rouge Compact gives the same natural color as Lipstick.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left un-muched are apt to have a faded look, make the face look older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, ensures youthful appeal, and ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

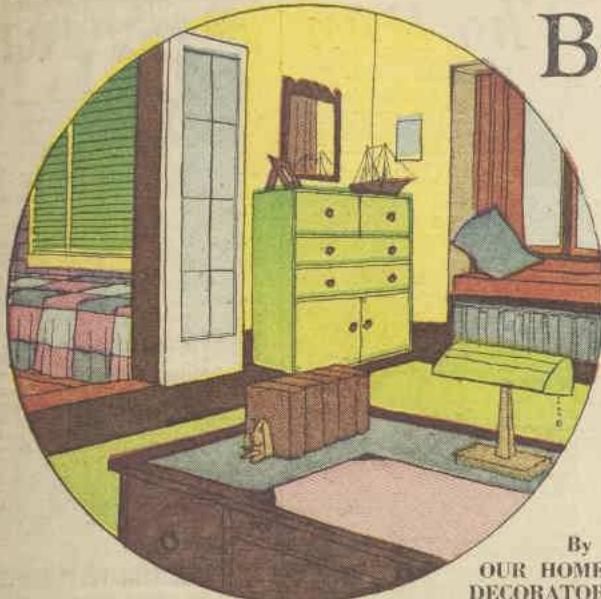
Sole Distributors for Australia:
R. G. TURNLEY & SON, Melbourne.

Eat what You Like!

No More Indigestion

Prof. H. MacLean's Famous London Formula, Proven by Millions, can Help YOU, too!

Indigestion is dangerous as well as painful. Best not ignore that fact. "It couldn't happen to me" says the stomach of the man who hours of tire operation, ALL run right when he takes a Tangee. All he has to do is turn to stomach ulceration. Prof. MacLean, of St. Thomas's Hospital, London, won world-fame for his discovery of the proper treatment of Indigestion and Stomach Diseases. Harrison-MacLean Stomach Powder, based on the famous Hospital findings, offers the best relief possible—and more than relief—a strengthening of the stomach to full health. Harrison-MacLean Stomach Powder instantly stops harmful stomach acidity. It protects the stomach against ulceration. It shields the bowels from attack. It heals raw, inflamed internal tissues. With Harrison-MacLean Stomach Powder you say "Good-bye" to stomach unrest; you start the world's most proven way, to win back the strong stomach of a healthy, symptom-free person. Whether you've Acidity, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Flatulence, Heartburn, Gastro- or Ulceration—Harrison-MacLean Stomach Powder, costing 2/-, at any Chemist, will give you most internal calm, healthful appetite, more restful sleep, sweeter breath, and, naturally, an improved feeling of all-round fitness. If any difficulty in procuring, order from Amalgamated Laboratories, Australia House, Sydney.



By
OUR HOME
DECORATOR

AN ATTRACTIVE room opening on to a sleep-out. Here, the young student could dispense hospitality to his pals and feel intensely grown-up!

JWONDER why it so often happens that all the old and odd things of the household — the squeaky bed, unwanted pictures, the faded and threadbare carpet, old books that nobody ever reads—all find their way to the boy's room?

But why should any old thing be good enough for our boys? Why should the ugliest furnishing equipment that the home possesses be allotted them?... As a matter of fact, nothing is too good for them so long as it is sturdy, comfortable, and reasonably bright.

I HAVE been in numerous homes where there are boys and girls. Betty's room might be a vision of feminine daintiness with its pink-and-white frilly curtains, its tattered bedspread, its cosy rug, and soft discoloured walls... but an invited (and welcome) glance into Jack's and Harry's room is another story. An old iron bedstead and a stretcher; inadequate cupboard spaces—a corner wardrobe—hooks behind the door lead to breaking-point, shabby lino and a threadbare rug.

I beg of you—all you little home

decorators who read these pages of mine, who are mothers of young sons—to remember this: The things on which a child's eyes fall last thing at night and first thing on waking are the things which memory retains the best.

So let us give our boys rooms of their own that they will feel proud of and look back on with affection in the years to come.

Australian mothers are wonderful beings. They are versatile. They can do much on very little, and will sacrifice much in order that their sons may be well-dressed and well-educated. In order, then, to help them still further, get them interested in their rooms...

Do Much Under Guidance

A YOUNGSTER likes to wield the paint brush just as much as we do. Only his interest generally lags sooner!

Many of our lads are receiving manual training at school and they're clever with fretsaw and the like. Under your guidance (or father's) they could do much with workable tools and materials. And why worry if funds do not permit of buying a chest or cupboard? The young handyman could utilise the time after school hours and on Saturday mornings in the planning and making of many needed articles for his room.

Again, careful inspection of second-hand shops will often reveal an old-fashioned chest of drawers with perfectly functioning — easy-sliding — drawers. It may only need repolishing or it may need stripping. In this case it can be painted a color to match the furnishing scheme. Boys like color as much as anyone, but it should be rich and strong against a neutral background.

Keep in mind in the redecoration of the room that boys intensely dislike fuzzy fabrics, elaborate curtains, or much braid. What each boy would like is a flat desk with plenty of drawer space. Here, in his own room, he can get through his homework undisturbed by the family. How children are able to work in dining-room or kitchen at night and get through their examinations with honors is always a puzzle to me. The noise of an average healthy household, plus bellowing wireless with its interludes of "thrillers," would be anathema to me if I were after an "A" pass in mathematics or Greek.

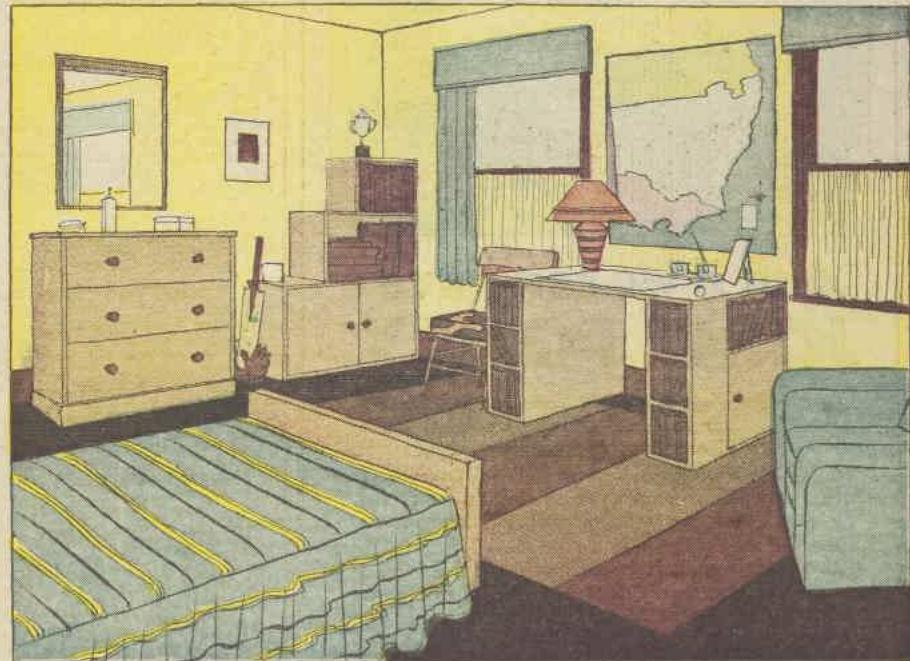
Boys Together

IF possible, when two boys occupy one room, there should be two beds, two desks, two chests of drawers, and at least two comfortable chairs.

This does not necessarily mean that the cost of this furniture must be heavy. There should be space, too, for books

Boys like nice rooms, too!

Sturdily masculine, of course, and comfortable, with plenty of room and drawer space for things...



A home-made bookcase is the easiest thing to make, and second-hand timber can often be picked up for a "song." Placed against the wall it does not require backing. Inch-thick uprights, 15in. wide and about 4ft. in length, will hold four shelves.

Bed-covers should take the place of quilts. Striped or patterned cretonne will serve. Curtains should match. Incidentally, those made from hessian, dyed blue, wood-brown, or dark green, are not only inexpensive, but definitely durable.

Pictures need only be few and far between. The public school lad fancies a pennant or two around, trophies, his sporting requisites, and the like.

A large world-map is a favorite with the student, and this could go comfortably above the desk.

No, Not a Workshop!

THE youth who likes tinkering around with wireless coils and condensers may have his set with him, but we unto your efforts, if he wishes to turn the place into a workshop; or, chemically inclined, greatly desires to experiment with chemicals.

I have seen the disastrous effects of the latter upon the contents of a room—and know! Of a certain little Bobbie-boo, who one day surreptitiously visited his big brother's room to experiment in his brother's way with the harmless-looking but evil-smelling quantities housed in fascinating tubes and bottles...

But to get back...

On this page I have shown you two colorful sketches of rooms suitable for boys. These, though simple, are full of suggestions, so I would like you to study them. Either one is within reach of the average family purse—provided a little local carpentering of a sturdy character is possible.

It is quite feasible to combine painted pieces with the varnished or natural wood articles, as these serve as color accents.

Adequate Lighting

ANOTHER important point to remember in the equipping of the room is lighting. This must be adequate. It has been proved that insufficient lighting is a deterrent to the efficiency of youngsters. You might remember reading in this section some weeks back this pertinent scrap of information to the effect that comparative tests made recently in America during the winter months showed that pupils working under adequate light obtained others struggling along in semi-darkness.

A cruel test, perhaps, but illuminating.

Many a country child is still forced to do his homework in the flickering light of an oil lamp or lantern. Thinking mothers, however, will not allow this to continue.—E.G.O.

SKIN TROUBLES

Beware of Septic Poison



Get Germolene
for BAD LEGS, ULCERS,
PSORIASIS, CUTS, BURNS,
SCALDS, SORES, ECZEMA

Obtainable from all CHEMISTS & STORES

Germolene
SKIN OINTMENT 1/9 4/- Per Tin



TEMPTING LIPS

All Day Long

Those lips of yours! Are they fresh, ripe, inviting? Michel will keep them so all day long, for Michel lipstick is truly indelible. So flattering in shade, so soft, so appealing, it makes you feel and look ravishing.

The name Michel adds that essential little touch of social distinction, for it is used almost exclusively by fashionable women throughout the world.

Be sure to get the genuine Michel lipstick with the word "MICHEL" engraved on the case.

micel

OBTAIABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES



"Ask if we can have a JOINT POLICY"

O THE wisdom of the young wife who sees that her husband gets in touch with the A.M.P. early in their married life!

"Ask if we can have a Joint Policy," one young and practical wife will urge, meaning a policy the proceeds of which would be paid to either one on the death of the other.

"Ask if we can have a policy that will give us a thousand pounds when you are fifty," a second will say.

"Ask if we can have a policy on which we won't have to pay premiums after you're 50," may be the urging of a third, with an eye on her husband's early retirement.

There are many different A.M.P. policies. They are planned to meet different needs. A solicitor took out one last week that will give his aged mother an income of £25 a month as long as she lives. A chemist recently took out one that will give him and his wife £20 a month as long as they live, and his wife £10 a month for her lifetime should she survive him. A young wife took out a policy to ensure to her baby boy a three years' course at the University seventeen years hence.

Different needs call for different policies. The wise thing for men and women to do is to ask the nearest A.M.P. office to send a counsellor so that he may talk over their needs and advise them. His visit and advice will impose no obligation whatever.

Ring, or write to, the nearest A.M.P. office to-day. If you live too far away for the office to send a counsellor, it will find a way of getting in touch with you.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

C. A. ELLIOTT, F.I.A.
Actuary.

A. W. SNEDDON, F.I.A.
General Manager.

Head Office:
87 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

Branch Offices at:
Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, and Hobart

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ATHLETIC SPRAINS



Every athlete should carry a bottle of SLOAN'S in his kit bag to ease stretched or torn ligaments, aching limbs, bruises or swollen joints.

After the game, just pat SLOAN'S on. It stimulates the circulation, sends fresh purified blood to the injured spot, builds up broken-down tissues, clears away fatigue poisons and quickly frees you from soreness and pain.

SLOAN'S PENETRATES WITHOUT RUBBING
All Sizes and Chemicals.



WOMEN Who Run AWAY

Continued from Page 26

BARBARA, highly colored now, stood firm. Her dark brown hair was pushed back behind her ears; her lips were as expressive as they had ever been: her feet were set apart.

"And they've been questioning you?"

"Yes, I said I knew nothing."

"Well," said Barbara, "the swine!"

"Quite, yes, but how's that going to help? You can't say 'swine' in court or you get kicked out. In court they only want the facts. That's if it goes to court. The only other way is to go back and see him."

"That's what he wants. Did he send you? I bet he thinks you know where I am. Suppose he followed you?"

"No man ever follows me without my knowing it. In fact, they don't follow me enough."

Said Barbara, "I'm one too good for him. I can prove that I never went back to the place at all while he was out. I happen to have," she said, tilting her chin with great self-righteousness, "an alibi!"

"What sort of alibi?"

"I spent from 5.15 to 6.30 with a man."

"What? Eh? What man? And what for?"

"Because I was afraid of Herman coming after me to make a scene while I was waiting for you, and because this man was large and looked as though he could be trusted. And so he could."

"Well, then, who is the man? Where does he live?"

Barbara's expression changed again. She stood looking past the other girl and staring into vacancy.

"Well, that is where I wasn't quite so clever. I wouldn't let him tell me his name and I wouldn't let him tell me his. I don't know where he lives. Nor does he know where I do. I did on purpose to be safe from all men for the rest of my life."

"And now," said Freda pungently, "you want him. How like a woman. Well, you've never taken anyone's advice yet, mine least of all. I'll leave you to it. I only thought I'd come and tell you what was happening; besides it was my half-day and I wanted to see what sort of place you've got, and what you looked like in those trousers."

Freda pointed to impress her next point firmly.

"Here's one idea. You think you've hidden yourself. The police will find you quick enough. The one who's really hidden is the man you were with, and if you profit by experience you'll know that the only way to find him will be through the police, too. You'd better make some charge against him. They'll soon smell him out."

"I don't suppose," said Barbara, "I'll have to find him. If he's the man I think he is, he'll find me."

"You told him not to. You came down here and hid."

"He won't be put off by that. A man ought to know when a girl means it, and when she doesn't. He saw through most of what I said. He'll probably see through the rest."

If you ask me," said Freda, "you're putting too high a premium on masculine intelligence."

"You don't know this man."

"Oh, you're a funny kid."

"Ever since we parted I've been wishing I hadn't been so firm about it. But there wasn't any excuse for being otherwise, and it seemed so absurd to be running away because I was fed up with one man, and then to meet an altogether new man on my way and weaken."

"You'd save a lot of trouble if you advertised in all the morning papers for him."

"I'd have to say how he could find me. Herman would see it first, and the police would go to the papers and find out from them what address I gave. Anyway, he's not the sort of man who reads the personal column."

"What sort is he, then?"

"He is the sort," said Barbara, "who looks in the advertisements for ladies' hats, and then looks up and sees me in front of him."

"I do wish you would let me have a cup of tea," said Freda. "If you are going to tell me you're in love, a cup of tea will go well with it."

"I simply say," repeated Barbara, "that man will find me somehow."

"You make it sound," said Freda, "like the title of a dance tune."

Barry was sitting, lovesick, forlorn, and irritable, at the very table at which he had sat when he had looked up and seen Barbara.

He was there because, as the criminal returns to the scene of his crime, and the soldier to the field of battle, so the lover goes back to the table at which he used to bid his love good-night.

Barry, following the same impulse in his own way, sat there with a paper open on his lap. It was open at the decorative advertisements of hats, and

NO MORE NIGHTS OF SKIN TORTURE

Thousands brought to the verge of nervous breakdown by sleepless nights have been saved by the unrivalled healing power of Cuticura treatment. Not only does it arrest the maddening itch instantly, but it eradicates the most stubborn Eczema, Pruritus, Psoriasis and other torturing skin diseases.

Kept Awake at Night

"I had been greatly troubled with pimples scattered over my face and back. Every night I would scratch and they would keep me awake. They became red and inflamed and at last they went to eruptions. I suffered about five months and tried several ointments before I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I noticed a difference immediately after using, so I bought more, and in three months I was completely healed. (Signed) Miss S. O'Brien, Pheasant Creek, Kinglake, Vic."

How Cuticura Heals

Wash the affected part daily with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Dry gently and apply Cuticura Ointment. This daily treatment relieves itching and allays inflammation at once. The soothing, healing, antiseptic Cuticura penetrates to the depths of the eruption. It destroys the lurking germs which keep the disease active, it heals the festering sores and steadily establishes a healthy condition of the skin which leads to complete recovery.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores

Cuticura OINTMENT



CONSTIPATION

Wrecks Children's Health

CONSTIPATION weakens the child's system at a critical age. It locks up poisonous waste matter that should pass out of the system. You can keep your child regular and safeguard his health with NYAL FIGSEN. Neglect this—and serious trouble can result.

Give NYAL FIGSEN to the kiddy. Children take it willingly—it is pleasant to the taste. It eliminates poisonous waste from the system without purging or griping. It gives natural relief from Constipation—but does not form a habit. Every mother should keep NYAL FIGSEN in the family medicine chest because it is as good for adults as it is for the little ones. Buy NYAL FIGSEN from your chemist to-day—1/3 a tin.

NYAL FIGSEN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Figen to The Nyal Company, 433B, Glebe Pt., Ad. Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

WW. 2177/35





MAKE THIS very distinctive golfing sweater and be as trim and smart as artist Petrov's model. Directions for making, given on this page, can be followed with all confidence.

ANOTHER ASSET to your SPORTS OUTFIT

A Trim Hand-Knitted Sweater

*C*JUST your time, plus the small cost of wool (and you can be courageously gay in your choice) will give you this meticulously-trim sweater. It will give you additional smartness on the links and serve you long and faithfully.

But it was not designed exclusively for the golfing enthusiast. The tennis girl, the hiking girl, the girl who just dotes on riding (and even the cyclist) will find it almost indispensable—a cosy, smart asset to her outfit.

ASIMPLE twisted ribbing, obtained by knitting into the back of every plain stitch, makes this distinctive golf sweater. The collar, cuffs and yoke are knitted on finer needles, ensuring a perfect fit.

The pocket is large enough to hold handkerchiefs and tees, and the front features a separate ribbed band which runs half-way down the front, ending in a peak.

Here are the directions:

Materials: 10 skeins of scarlet 3-ply wool, pair of No. 12 and pair of No. 9 needles, 5 wooden buttons.

Measurements: Bust 32 inches, length from shoulder to lower edge 18 inches, sleeve seam 18 inches.

Pattern: The jumper is knitted throughout in a ribbing of k. l. p. i. The waist, yoke, collar, pocket flap, front facing and wrists are worked in plain ribbing, and the body and sleeves in a fancy ribbing, made by knitting into the back of every plain stitch.

THE BACK

CAST on 100 sts. on No. 12 needles. Work 3 inches plain rib. Change to No. 9 needles and work in fancy rib, increasing two sts. in every 8th st. by working into the front, then the back, and then the front of the stitch. This is done in order to keep the ribbing running evenly.

CAST on 120 sts. on No. 12 needles. Work 3 inches plain rib. Change to No. 9 needles and fancy rib, increasing 2 sts. in every 8th st. as for the back. Knit until work measures 7 inches from beginning, increasing as for the back.

Divide For Front Opening.—Right front. Work 77 sts., place others on a stitch-holder. Work on these 77 sts.

until the work measures 12 inches from beginning. Shape for armholes.

Cast off 3 sts. at outside edge of needle. Next row, work without decreasing. Repeat these two rows twice. Work without decreasing for 24 inches. Change to No.

12 needles and plain rib. Work 3 inches.

New shape for neck. Cast off 25 sts. at neck edge and decrease 1 st. at neck edge on the next 5 rows. Work until armhole measures 7 1/2 inches. Shape the shoulder as for the back.

Pick up the sts. for the left front, to-

gether with 3 extra ones at back of right front. (N.B.—This means 28 sts. must be cast off at neck edge, not 25.) Work this to correspond with right front except for the pocket opening. On the last row of fancy rib, work 26 sts., cast off 23 sts., work 26 sts. Change to No. 12 needles and plain rib. Work 26 sts., cast on 23 sts., work 26 sts.

THE SLEEVES

CAST on 60 sts. on No. 12 needles. Work 3 inches in plain rib. Change to No. 9 needles and fancy rib. Increase 1 st. each end of needle every 4th row until there are 100 sts. Continue working until the sleeve measures 18 inches from the beginning. Now cast off 3 sts. at the beginning of every row until there are only 16 sts. left. Cast off. Both sleeves are worked alike.

THE COLLAR

CAST on 150 sts. on No. 12 needles. Knit in plain rib increasing 1 st. each end of needle every 3rd row until work measures 4 inches. Cast off. (Stretch the collar well when sewing to neck of jumper.)

Front Facing.—Cast on 14 sts. on No. 12 needles. Knit in plain rib. Make 1st buttonhole in the 4th row by knitting 4 sts., cast off 6 sts., knit 4. Next row, knit 4 sts., cast on 6 sts., knit 4. Make the strip 10 inches long, working buttonholes at intervals of 2 1/2 inches. Then decrease 1 st. each end of needle until all the sts. have gone. Sew to right front with point to the bottom.

POCKET FLAP

CAST on 3 sts. on No. 12 needles. Knit in plain rib. Increase 1 st. each end of needle every row until there are 30 sts. Then make buttonhole by knitting 12 sts., cast off 6 sts., knit 12. Next row, knit 12 sts., cast on 6 sts., knit 12. Work 10 more rows. Cast off. Sew to the wrong side of pocket opening.

To make the pocket lining, cast on 26 sts. on No. 9 needles and work 3 inches of stocking-stitch (one row plain, one row pur). Sew to the wrong side of jumper.

TO MAKE UP

PRESS each piece of the work with a damp cloth and fairly hot iron, slightly stretching the fancy ribbing. Do not press the waist ribbing. Then, when the jumper is sewn together, press all seams.

Vegetable Growing as a Pleasant and Profitable Hobby

By the OLD GARDENER

VEGETABLE-GROWING is considered by most housewives as rather expensive, and, consequently, the vegetable patch is often merely a plot of unkempt mint, wildly-growing parsley with, perhaps, in late summer pumpkin-vines in complete and untidy possession of the portion near the fence... But you may grow vegetables in a scientific way, carefully manipulating so that you always have sufficient for the table, but not too great an abundance. This is the time you will find vegetable-growing not only absolutely absorbing, but very cheap.

TO-DAY we go into the vegetable question thoroughly—for vegetables are fascinating things to grow.

Firstly, keep vegetable beds clean, and turn over well before planting.

In a corner sow carrots. Early Horn is a good variety. A spot that has been well-manured for last season's crop is ideal for root crops.

Parsnips do well. Transplant lettuce and grow them quickly. Remember that cabbages are heavy feeders, so keep the blood and bone up to them. Sprinkle it between the rows, then hoe the soil well up around them. Water them well, and note the change in them in a few days.

Let me give you a good tip on how to grow cabbage for the home, so that they do not all mature at the same time. Commence on the first row. Just as they are beginning to form tiny hearts, commence to feed them with sulphate of ammonia, one dessertspoon to every gallon of water, once a week. Since the sulphate is a quick-acting fertilizer, the cabbage thrives on it right from the start. Then, as these cabbages come to maturity, and are fit for the table, go on to the next row, and so on. By this method cabbages are ready at different periods, just when you require them.

Do the same with lettuce, commencing on the first row, and they will

Removing Paint Stains From Clothing

TO remove paint stains that have got on clothing, soak them well with a mixture composed of equal parts of ammonia and spirits of turpentine. If the stains are very obstinate, it may be necessary to repeat the application two or three times. Finally wash out in soapy water.

weather. You understand, the frost always comes from the south. So, if they are planted facing the north-east, with a protection from the south, they will thrive and you will have very early tomatoes.

As they grow, nip the laterals which appear between the branches and main stem. Keep the tomato bush to one stem and the tomatoes will all come down the base of the single stem. Bone dust and superphosphate mixed in equal proportions, is a good fertilizer. Bone dust, being slow to act, is ready for use when the tomatoes are maturing. An application of potash from time to time gives vigor and color.

And Why Not These?

IT'S time to prepare beds for cucumbers, rock melons, water melons, squash, marrows, and pumpkins.

When preparing for them, dig out the holes and fill in with well-rotted manure or compost. Sprinkle blood-and-bone, mix thoroughly. Return the soil and turn over thoroughly. Plant the seed, putting three seeds to every hole.

Plant out onions, sow radish, eschalot bulbs should go in at once.

Prepare the herb bed for parsley, thyme, sage, and marjoram.

Top-dress the mint bed, and cut away all old foliage. Prepare all beds ready for 'sun' and runner beans. Put in choko and artichokes. Plant out summer rhubarb.

FLU

Freedom From Wretched After Effects

Don't think FLU is a finished with you when it's heavy. It's only a temporary feeling leaves you. Its after-effects often show themselves in various affections of the heart or in a general run-down and of a prostrated condition. That is why you should take a good BIDOMAK.

BIDOMAK increases the supply of red and white corpuscles in the blood, and restores the body and nerve tissues which have been depressed by substances by illness, over-work, or worry.

BIDOMAK contains no narcotics, alcohol or dangerous drugs. It is safe for even the tiniest children, who take it readily because it tastes good.

A big box contains 100 tablets and costs 1/- at any chemist, or

direct from the Douglas Drug Co., Australia House, 122 Castlereagh St., S. E. Park, Manager.

HERE'S HEALTH

Bidomak

BRAIN-BODY AND NERVE BUILDER

GOOD FOR CONVALESCENTS AIDS DIGESTION APPETITE IMPROVER STIMULATES UP THE WHOLE SYSTEM Being Monophosphated, it is good for the brain

DIRECTIONS

ADULTS

Dose—One dessertspoonful to a tablespoonful with equal quantity of water half hour before or after each meal.

CHILDREN

Dose (over five years)—One teaspoonful with equal quantity of water half hour before or after each meal.

Under five years—Half teaspoonful before or after each meal.

Preferred in the Laboratory of the DOUGLAS DRUG COMPANY ADELAIDE

Australia House,
122 Castlereagh St., S.E.
SYDNEY.

3/-

Walsh Chambers,
Bay Street,
PERTH.

BRICK BRADFORD

IN THE CITY
BENEATH
THE SEA



JUNE / JUNE!
I'VE KILLED HER - THE GIRL
THAT MEANS MORE TO ME
THAN LIFE!
BRICK, DID YOU
MEAN THAT?
JUNE / JUNE!

LEFT HIS PLANE -
MANCO! I'VE AN IDEA!
WE MAY STILL WIN
THIS BATTLE!
WIN? MY FRIEND,
IT IS HOPELESS,
WE ARE
OUTNUMBERED!

To be Continued.

Connie's Letter



MY DEAR PALE,
I know most of you can whistle, and perhaps some boys have practised the more ends by whistling the dots and dashes—short, long—
thinking that such a method of conversation is in any way—
In the Canary Islands, some of the shepherds who roam over wide tracts of country with their sheep have got within speaking distance of each other. To make the sound travel several miles in this way, they have contrivances.

They actually would be good to hear.

I'm sure, but I suppose even if we did get a chance to go to the Canary Islands we wouldn't be able to follow these whistling conversations because they would be Spanish.

The price of 5/- for the best letter of the week goes to JOAN TODHUNTER, Maguire, Warren (N.S.W.). Good luck next week.

From your Pal, CONNIE.

School Vacation

By M. McFARLANE

FREE, free at last, to roam about over the wide, wide world streams, in search of fun, and trills, and trout, just as we did in schoolroom dreams.

No bell rings at nine and one to summon us to school once more; we tramp, and play in the sunning sun, and care no more for rule or law.

Oh! the joy of youth when work is done, and the time comes to play away, oh! the joy of youth to run and romp all through a long, sweet, summer's day.

Price of 5/- to MOLLY McFARLANE, 25 Moultrie St., Summer Hill, N.S.W., for this original verse.

Fun For All

SAY, BOY," asked a workman, "why did the foreman send you yesterday?"

"Well, explained Bob, "the foreman is one who stands around and watches his men work."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, he got jealous of me. People thought I was the best workman in the shop."

Price Card to L. DELLA CA, St. Walrus Avenue, North Bondi (N.S.W.).

An American and an Englishman were talking, and the American said, "Oh, in our country we have to have a holiday in the street from the tapas in our houses."

"That's nothing," replied the Englishman.

"We have rings on the roofs of our houses."

"What's that?" asked the American.

"To let the monkeys in," was the reply.

Price Card to HOPE JUNG, Bidwell Murphy (Qld.).

Purchaser: What is the charge for this lottery?

Suspender: One and a half cents.

Purchaser: How much is that in English?

Price Card to R. H. GUSTARD, 13, Birch Grove Rd., Balmain (N.S.W.).

This is the simplest like the mail—because it's like the alphabet like the mail!

Price Card to JIM BREHANT, 218 Cresswick Rd., Ballarat (Vic.).

How To Write Invisibly

HERE is a method of conveying a message to friends in the secret so that, if the message falls into the hands of others, it appears to be nothing but a blank piece of paper. First soak your paper in water, and place it on a sheet of glass. Then place a dry piece of paper over it, and write your message on that with a pencil. When you have finished, lay it over again soaking the paper. The price of 5/- for the best letter of the week goes to REN DODDRELL, 8 Baldry St., Chatswood (N.S.W.).

About Competitions

Each week Cash Prizes and Price Cards are awarded for good entries. All work with the exception of jokes, riddles, and poems must be original. Work must be under the age of 18. Price Cards, 1/- price, will be awarded. Each fortnightly competition will be held in the Australian Women's Weekly. A prize of 5/- will be given for the best effort. Any private individual or firm may enter, and our offices within 21 days after the competition date. Mark envelope "Painting Competition."

Address all letters and contributions to "Pal Connies Box 1561, G.P.O., Sydney."

"Hunger," by Mrs. Bone.

"Winking stones," by Mrs. Living.

"Family thermometer," by Sidney Bridge.

"Singing stones," by Mrs. Wynn Moyer.

"Keeping healthy," by Dr. G. H. G. G.

Price Card to SHIRLEY KIPPING, 41 Glen-

aire Avenue, Hawthorn (Vic.).

Insist: Now, my boy, tell me, do you know

what your nasal organ is?

Buddy: No, sir.

Price Card to DOROTHY WILKES, Edith-

burgh (S.A.).

Insist: Now, my boy, tell me, do you know

what your nasal organ is?

Buddy: No, sir.

Price Card to MARGARET GUN-

NEY, of Laguna House, North Head. Is in-

terested in music, dancing, tennis, reading and

swimming.

As soon as Wunderlust is off, Fred

himself got a book out of the library

and proceeded to read. He had half

an hour to wait before the play

would be broadcast.

SEE-SAW. Price of 5/- to JOHN MALBY, 2 Sunderland St.,

Mayfield, Newcastle (N.S.W.).

JUST CHATTER



HERE you see BRIAN MORRISON, of Chel-

sea, Garrah (N.S.W.), who has just returned

home after a long holiday in Sy-

dney.

PAT BLANCHE, of Roseville (N.S.W.), writes

a very interesting letter. AUDREY ROYALS, of Tullahers (S.A.), paints pictures

very nicely. ELTON HITCHCOCK, of Mt.

Chester (S.A.), is fond of sketching. DAVID

COLLUM, of Gladstone (N.S.W.), is ten years

of age.

LOLA PHILLIPS, of Lenova West, via Wunder-

land (Vic.), is fond of cycling. HELEN

DAVISON, of Eumundi (Qld.), lives fifty

miles from Australia. HANNAH REILLY, of St

Elizabeth St., Redfern (N.S.W.), has a

little girl pal about 12 years of age to cor-

respond with her.

MURIEL BROADFOOT, of Mona Vale (N.S.W.),

is a new girl. FARELL NELSON, of Glen-

ville (Vic.), likes painting. JAMES HOPES

Mooch, via Dally (Qld.), went away last year

to Australia and had a very enjoyable time.

W. PAUL, of Black's Point, via Brighton,

South Island (N.Z.), has a new pal, MILLIE CARR, of Budget Studios, via Wellington (N.Z.), would like a pen friend in some

other State. JEAN DICKIN, of Erskineville

(N.S.W.), is very fond of our section and reads

it every week.

MURIEL MORRIS, of South Broken Hill,

(N.S.W.), wants to be an author when she

grows up. JEAN ROSE, of Balaklava (Vic.),

is a great animal lover. MELLIE WEBB, of May-

field (N.S.W.), is a keen golfer.

RONA BULLOCK, of Eungella, via Townsville

(Qld.), has a new pal, a koala, and an

albino lizard for her pets.

JOHN MORIN, of Hill St., Shepparton

town, has a new pal, a koala.

MAX WATSON, of Wau, via Dimboola,

has two new pals, a porcupine and a por-

cupine dove for her pets.

MARGARET GUNNEY, of Laguna House, Noosa Heads, is in-

terested in music, dancing, tennis, reading and

swimming.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

By C. MARSHALL

At last the half hour was up, and Fred

tuned-in to Station 2XYZ.

The beginning of the play was rather

drawn out, and after a while Fred went

off to dreamland. However, he didn't

remain in this state for long, as loud

screams for "help" rent the air.

Fred awoke with a start and looked

about him. Again "help, help!" was

screamed in his ear, and then there

was dead silence!

"The wireless," said Fred half aloud,

"no reason to be alarmed."

He waited for the cry to continue, but it didn't—

not a sound came from the radio.

A strong smell of burning rubber was

in the air. Fred quickly turned off the

radio and looked behind it to see what

was the matter.

There was Wunderlust's cherrywood

pipe on the floor resting on the aerial

wire, which was now burnt in one place.

By this time Wunderlust had got out

of bed and was in the room.

Fred soon told him how his pipe must

have over-balanced or something and

fallen behind the radio.

It certainly was all very strange, and

Fred went off to bed marvelling at the

wonderful coincidence that the cry of

"help!" should have come from the radio

just when it was being threatened by fire.

"If the radio could have spoken

itself it would not have done better!" thought Fred.

Wunderlust smiled. He could read

what was passing through his mind.

"I don't want you ever to do anything

you don't want to do," he said good-

naturedly. "If you want to listen to

"Torture," you listen to it."

Again he smiled. He could read

what was passing through his mind.

"I don't want you ever to do anything

you don't want to do," he said good-

naturedly. "If you want to listen to

"Torture," you listen to it."

Again he smiled.

He then rose from his chair and pinched

his pipe on the radio. "I'm taking

my book to bed with me. I'll leave

you to the play."

As soon as Wunderlust is off, Fred

himself got a book out of the library

and proceeded to read.

He had half

an hour to wait before the play

would be broadcast.

SEE-SAW. Price of 5/- to JOHN MALBY, 2 Sunderland St.,

Mayfield, Newcastle (N.S.W.).

**MRS. CLARK'S NEIGHBOUR
JOINS THE RANKS OF THE MILLIONS**



THIS TEST WILL SHOW YOU ANOTHER REASON WHY GIBBS DENTIFRICE IS

better than toothpaste!

LOOK AT THIS
TOOTHBRUSH
AFTER USING
TOOTHPASTE

This is toothpaste that has failed to do its job! It clings to the brush and is wasted. It collects germs which are eventually introduced into the mouth and also ruin the brush. It is both unhygienic and uneconomical!

AND THIS,
AFTER USING
GIBBS
DENTIFRICE

No sign of the dentifrice remains on the brush! Its antiseptic foam has done its work of cleansing and polishing the teeth and purifying the mouth. Only a little is needed because none of it clings to the brush!

MAKE SURE
YOU GET

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Gibbs Denture Tablets
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Small size 1/-
Large size 1/6
Refill for large size 1/3

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Listen in to Mr. McHugh's talk on Skin Diseases from Station 2SM every Wednesday evening at 7.15 p.m.

Take Tea from the World ... and What?

"Tea," said a famous doctor of the seventeenth century, "warms the stomach, clears the mind, strengthens the memory, befriends learning, and lends substantial aid to the acquirement of wisdom and piety... a supreme remedy for heaviness of spirit and melancholia... promotes sober and moderate cheerfulness."

NO famous doctor is required to substantiate that tribute in the twentieth century. We can do that for ourselves.

But what a debt we owe China! Ages before it was heard of in England the Chinese knew its worth. They spent centuries in nurturing and perfecting it on the great north-west mountain slopes.

It was not until the seventeenth century that tea was introduced to England, and, as it is known, it cost from £5 to £10 per lb. in those good old days. Despite taxation, despite repressions, it gained nation-wide affection.

We learn that Pepys drank his first cup in 1660, the tea costing a mere six pence per lb.

We learn, too, of many strange experiments with new beverages. Salt, ginger, nutmeg, or eggs were added in those early days to tea...

Housewives could not bring themselves to believe that anything that looked as good as a tealeaf should be unfit for consumption—in any form.

It is said that the Westminster schoolboys were given discarded tea-leaves spread on bread and dripping as a special treat. But one of the most amusing cases dished up to us in tea history is the story of the lady who, on receipt of a precious one pound gift, boiled and seasoned it, and then served the lot up to a curious but unhappy company as a vegetable!

Tea was hailed as a deliverer to a land that called for deliverance: a land of beef and ale, of heavy eating, of grey skies, and wintry winds... and the bubbling kettle and the fragrant breath of tea came to be part and parcel of British life.

No wonder! It would be hard to com-

plete existence without tea, nothing can take its place—and as far as we know, nothing will.

Which reminds me. At a function the other evening a trim waitress asked a gentleman beside me whether he would take tea. His answer intrigued me rather: "Tea?" he said, "Ah, that's music to the ear!"

"Music to the ear"—that phrase just sums up the magic of tea... It symbolises for us stimulation, refreshment, contentment, warmth, intimacy, kindness, good cheer and friendship.

Hint On the Making

AND now, after reading this, and before you rush off to satisfy that urge for a steaming, fragrant cup, let me give you a hint on getting the best from your tea."

Freshly-boiled water is essential. And make sure it is still boiling when poured into the teapot. Warm the teapot itself first, either by pouring in a little hot



water, or by standing it in a warm place.

For the medium cup of tea allow a level teaspoon of tea for each person, and an extra one—for the pot! This should be varied according to the strength you require, and according to the tea itself. Usually the cheaper teas are less economical, and require more.

Then allow it to draw for a few minutes before pouring. And here's a young plantation owner's hint: Warm the pot and make the tea with boiling water in the usual way. But after the pot has been filled with boiling water, add one teaspoonful of cold water. This tiny drop of cold water, he avers, brings out the full flavor of the tea!—F.E.G.

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New Drugless Reducing Method

"I lost 50 pounds in 10 weeks," says Ruth... Reduced my hips 9 inches, lost 10 inches. Lost 100 pounds... 100 years younger... Mail order. For full addresses on request. BonKora, the new drugless Reducing Treatment, takes off fat the easy way—no diet, no exercise, Triple Action, triple speed. Take BonKora. Eat big meals as explained in package.

No dangerous drugs in BonKora. This treatment builds health while reducing fat.

Don't let ugly fat ruin your charm. Get BonKora from chemist, 10-day, 8.8 per bottle. If your chemist cannot supply BonKora, send a telegram to Dr. Schaffar, 22 Commandry, Box No. 2020, G.P.O., Sydney, and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you. Paid Free in plain wrappings.

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To advertise these new stockings the manufacturers of "Shalimar" Hosiery offer this new dull silk with special suspender to your particular stocking. All the newest shades. Fully guaranteed. Mail orders postage free. State size and color when ordering. Keep number of pair note till you hear from us.

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Kindly mention
this paper.

ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA'S FAIR! ...

Decked in buttons and bangles... artistically produced by her own countrymen.

With increasing interest we have watched the growth in importance of the once humble but-



ton. Not so very many years ago, buttons were considered merely as a necessity for fastening one's clothes. Gradually they assumed more important dimensions until they took the status of a lovely ornament.

NOW they often form the very motif of one's attire—frock and accessories subordinated to the beauty of buttons and matching bangle.

HOST HOBROOK says: Spread Hobrook's Anthony Paste on hot buttered toast. Remove crust, cut into strips. Add a few

With the growth in the interest in buttons we must hear with pride of button-production and button-engraving by hand in Australia—a new industry, and a very promising one.

And who would believe that such materials as synthetic resins, herculite, and other casein products could be used to such decorative advantage?

All sorts of buttons—all shapes and sizes—are being made, each engraved by hand, each a delightful little cameo of perfect artistry. Each bracelet a matching circle, perfectly carved...

Have you noticed the extraordinary emphasis on button-ornament yourself this winter? For overcoats, there are special large-size buttons in a particularly attractive futuristic design, most exquisitely engraved, in answer to fashion's demands.

Colors are exquisite—thirty or forty in the Australian heraldic.

Both bangles and buttons are made in two-color toning and, in many cases, as many as four different colors are blended together by highly qualified artists. All the cmentation required for these color combinations is a matter of skilled handiwork, and can only be carried out by skilled men who are experts in the intricate process involved. The high efficiency reached is the product of long and intensive experimental research work.

WHEN OUT-OF-SORTS

Don't Experiment!

If you are feeling out of sorts try BEECHAM'S PILLS. In a safe and natural manner they regulate, purify and cleanse the stomach, liver, bowels and kidneys and remove the cause of many forms of poor health.

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— By —

ANTHONY ABBOT

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WOMEN'S
WEEKLY

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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

THIS
SUPPLEMENT
MUST NOT
BE SOLD
SEPARATELY

CHAPTER 1.

THE disappearance of Geraldine Foster was first reported to the authorities on the third day after Christmas, several years ago.

Only a desk lamp was burning in the famous private office at the north end of the second floor of Police Headquarters at 240 Centre Street, New York City. The rest of the commissioner's room was darkened with the premature shadows of a raw and gusty winter afternoon. Brooding over a shuffle of blue prints, Thatcher Colt sat at his desk, engrossed with the traffic puzzle of a great city.

Finally he glanced up at me quizzically. "You can go, Tony," he said. "You've done enough work for one secretary today."

"Captain Henry wants to see you, but I told him you didn't wish to be disturbed," I replied.

"Oh, well—send him right in."

Captain—now Deputy-Inspector—Israel Henry was in charge of the cluster of offices surrounding the private room of the Police Commissioner of New York City. In this capacity he was the guardian of Thatcher Colt's privacy and all visitors had to see him first.

Responding to my call, Henry marched into the office, a heavy-set, silver-haired police captain, and saluting laid an opened envelope before Thatcher Colt.

"Young lady brought this in. Been waiting an hour. Says she won't go away until you've looked at it yourself."

Thatcher Colt read the letter with deep attention. Under the lamplight the commissioner was a striking figure, with his huge and powerful frame and soldier's face. He was the best dressed man in public life, and regarded by the more frivolous newspapers as a flaneur or, at best, a dilettante in crime, yet not since the days of Theodore Roosevelt had the department known a chief of such strength, courage and decision. His black hair was crisp and closely cut, his brown eyes sombre and resolved and in his firm features lived action and authority.

Having read the letter, Thatcher Colt picked up the telephone.

"Is Captain Laird still in the building? Hello, Captain . . . Young lady in my office—sent to me by one of my oldest friends. Mind if we talk with her together? Come right up."

Meanwhile, Captain Henry had led in the girl, whom he introduced as Miss Betty Canfield. She had an attractive and

piquant face and exceedingly large brown eyes, and she was becomingly dressed in a squirrel coat, saucy blue hat, and the smallest snakeskin shoes I had ever seen. As I brought forward a chair, Thatcher Colt greeted her pleasantly.

"So you are the niece of Frank Canfield," he began. "It will be a pleasure to do anything I can for you. Do I understand one of your friends is missing?"

"My room-mate," said Betty Canfield, with a catch in her voice.

The door opened then to admit Captain Laird, a tall, slender keen-eyed officer in middle years. Laird was one of the first University men to choose a career in the Police Department. At Dartmouth he had been a track star and now the thirty-four detective sergeants under his command were all athletes. Addressing Betty Canfield, Thatcher Colt explained:

"Captain Laird is the chief of our Missing Persons Bureau. More than three thousand disappearance cases are reported to his office every year, and he manages to account for an average of 98 per cent. of them—so you've come to the right place."

BETTY CANFIELD'S glance toward Captain Laird was full of appeal.

"However, our most difficult cases," admitted Thatcher Colt, "are those in which the family or friends give only a part of the truth, and not all. So tell us everything."

With admirable directness, Betty Canfield related a curious story. For three years she had been sharing a small apartment on Morningside Heights with Geraldine Foster, a girl of about her own age, who worked in a doctor's office in Washington Square. Recently the two girls had agreed to separate, because Geraldine was planning to be married, the date having been set for January 2. The last time the two had been together was around noon on the previous Saturday, which was Christmas Eve, when they lunched at the Hotel Brevoort and then looked at a one-room apartment in East Tenth Street which Betty had decided to lease.

"I said good-bye to Geraldine at the south-east corner of Fifth Avenue and Tenth Street. Suddenly she leaned forward and kissed me and she said, 'If I don't come home for supper, Betty, don't be worried—I'll be doing my Christmas shopping.' And before I could answer she had crossed the avenue and was walking down toward Washington Square."

"And you haven't heard from her since?" asked Thatcher Colt, riling his pipe.

"I talked with her later that afternoon

over the telephone and, Mr. Colt, it was that last conversation which makes me feel so frightened."

"Why, how is that?"

"I called Geraldine to tell her about a Christmas bonus that our firm had given to the employees. I waited for an hour, because Geraldine had said the doctor would be out at that time. I could tell by her voice that she had been crying and I asked her what was the matter. She admitted that she and Doctor Maskell had quarrelled. But she wouldn't tell me why."

"Doctor Maskell!" reflected Colt aloud.

"Is he related to George Maskell, the criminal lawyer?"

"I understand they are brothers," said Betty.

A VERY distinguished family," interposed Captain Laird. "And a queer one. George Maskell is the Robin Hood of the radicals—he and his wife, who is his law partner, represent rich clients at enormous fees, and then work for radicals for nothing. They were also associated with Clarence Darrow and Arthur Garfield Hayes in the Greco-Carillo murder case."

"I remember," nodded Colt. "Doctor Maskell must be a rich man."

"Geraldine told me he will be rich when his father dies," explained Betty Canfield. "The two sons will inherit millions then. But neither of them has much now, I understand."

"About what time was it when you had this telephone conversation with your room-mate?"

"It was exactly three o'clock."

"What makes you so precise on that point?"

"I waited until that exact time to telephone, so that I could avoid talking to Doctor Maskell—I have never liked the man."

"Still, you haven't told me how you knew when it got to be three."

"Oh! There is a little clock on my desk—Geraldine gave it to me last Christmas—I was looking at the dial all the time I was waiting for the number to answer."

"I see. Now tell me what was said further between yourself and Geraldine, over the telephone."

"After Geraldine said she had been quarrelling, I didn't have the heart to talk about the bonus, but I told her if she would come home to supper I would go out shopping with her. But all she answered was, 'Christmas doesn't hold anything for me now, Betty. I wish to God I was dead, And I guess I soon will be. Betty, you may never see me again as long as you live.'

And then she burst out laughing and said she knew she was acting like a fool and promised to be home early."

CHAPTER 2.

BUT she did not come home?"

Betty Canfield shook her head and swallowed hard.

"No! But I wasn't much worried because she often stayed away from the apartment for week-ends and holidays without telling me in advance. I supposed she had gone over to her folks in New Jersey."

"What time did you leave your office on Christmas Eve?" asked Colt.

"About four o'clock."

"And where did you go then?"

"From one shop to another—why?"

"It is possible then that Geraldine might have tried to telephone you later and failed to connect—isn't it?"

"Yes. I figured just that way. But when Monday came and I hadn't heard from her, I telephoned her mother in Millbrook, New Jersey. Mrs. Foster told me she had expected her for Christmas dinner, and was surprised when she did not even telephone. A week before they had arranged the plan for her to spend the holiday with the family. But they weren't really worried, either. She was an impulsive creature and had often disappointed them. They supposed she went to Boston to spend Christmas with the family of her fiance, Harry Armstrong. Well, I telephoned Harry, only to find out that he hadn't heard from her, either, not since Friday night when he said good-bye to her in Grand Central Station and took the train for Boston. Then I called up Doctor Maskell. He says that when he returned to his office on Christmas Eve he found the rooms locked up. Geraldine had left without any note or message of explanation to him and without waiting for her salary."

"What did her parents say about that?" asked Thatcher Colt, with an intent glance.

"They kept expecting to hear from her in every mail. But old Mr. Foster began to feel upset when I called again yesterday, and this afternoon, when there was still no word, he became really alarmed. He is on his way to New York now, and will be at my apartment to-night. I told him I was coming down here and he asked me to tell you that he would offer a thousand dollars reward if you thought that would help."

Thatcher Colt lit his pipe and sat back in his chair.

"We have many cases where nice and sensible girls act queerly just before their marriage," he mused. "How old is Geraldine?"

"Twenty-two."

"Have you a picture of her?"

Opening her purse, Betty laid before the Police Commissioner a cabinet photograph in a decorative folder. Captain Laird and my chief studied it intently, and from my chair beside the desk I also could see it easily—the face of a good-humored, intelligent, and quite lovely girl.

Still studying the portrait attentively, Thatcher Colt asked for a detailed description, always a difficult thing to obtain.

GERALDINE FOSTER was five feet five inches tall and weighed 130 pounds. She had light brown hair, running to reddish, and blue-grey eyes. One of her notable characteristics were long, slender, and beautifully-kept hands. On the fourth finger of her left hand she wore a diamond engagement ring. When last seen by Miss Canfield, she was wearing a brown beaver coat, a close-fitting orange-and-brown toque, flesh-colored stockings, brown shoes, brown gloves and bag.

Having jotted down these data, Thatcher Colt asked:

"Were any of Miss Foster's clothes, suit-

cases, or other effects missing from your apartment?"

"No, sir. Wherever Geraldine went, she took nothing with her. As a matter of fact—"

Betty stood up and came nearer to Thatcher Colt.

"It may not have any significance," she said, "but it struck me as awfully queer. The night before Christmas Eve—Friday night—Geraldine had gone to the theatre with Harry Armstrong, the young man she is going to marry. After the show she came home very low in spirits, and sat down on her trunk and suddenly she said to me that she was sick of the sight of her honeymoon clothes."

"That was odd! Do you think she was the sort of a girl who might get despondent and—"

"Never, Mr. Colt. Geraldine had a peculiar horror of death. She would cross the street rather than walk by an undertaker's. I think her mother had something to do with that. The old lady considers herself a spirit medium. She spends hours in the dark making the parlor table bounce around."

Captain Laird looked at his watch.

"It is now 5.30," he said. "I shall get started on this at once."

"Please tell me what you are going to do," asked Betty earnestly.

"We will check up on all the current reports in the Bureau of Information downstairs. In that way we can see if any unidentified girls have met with accidents since Christmas Eve. Also whether any girl was arrested and gave a false name and address. Then we will also check up on the hospitals for reports of amnesia and aphasia cases."

But Captain Laird refrained from telling Betty Canfield that his men would also be peering down through the icy sheaves of the morgue.

"Thanks, Captain Laird," said the girl gratefully, as the tall officer bowed and left the room.

THATCHER COLT was

reloading his pipe.

"What time do you expect Geraldine's parents at your apartment?" he asked.

"Around nine o'clock. I can bring them here if—"

"No. Instead, I would like to pay a visit to your apartment to-night, if you don't mind. You see, I take a more personal interest in this case because of my long friendship with your uncle. If you don't object, I'd like to look over your premises a bit. Mind?"

"Not at all," answered Betty. "I am happy that—"

"Now, this doctor that Geraldine worked for. What was his full name and address?"

"Doctor Humphrey Maskell. His office is at 182 Washington Square, North, but he lives at an hotel on lower Fifth Avenue."

"What did Geraldine do in Dr. Maskell's office? Was she a nurse?"

"No. She was a reception clerk for his patients, kept his account books, mailed out his bills—"

"I see. One more question. Mind?"

"I'll tell you everything I can."

"Who was Geraldine's dentist?"

Betty Canfield's face was full of bewilderment as she replied that Geraldine's teeth were cared for by a certain Doctor Morton, in West End Avenue. I could see that she had no inkling as to the purpose of Thatcher Colt's question. Dead bodies, so decomposed as to be unrecognisable, are often identified by dental signs and tokens.

CHAPTER 3.

WHY didn't you like Geraldine's employer?" asked Thatcher Colt, suddenly.

Betty's dark eyes flashed.

"The reason why I cannot tell," she quoted from the old rime about Doctor Fell. "I mean I dislike him instinctively."

—without any real reason whatever. But there must be something wrong with a man whose own father and mother won't have anything to do with him!"

"Thanks, Miss Canfield. Stop worrying and we'll try to find your friend. Give my best to your uncle—and expect us about eight to-night. The address?"

She gave the number of the esplanade, an apartment house on Morningside Drive, and had reached the door when Thatcher Colt called out:

"Miss Canfield, would you mind telling me what you and Geraldine had for lunch on Christmas Eve at the Brevoort?"

The girl's eyes held a startled gleam as she considered for a moment. Had she possibly divined the gruesome import of the commissioner's question? Then she answered:

"We had snails, Mr. Colt. Why do you ask?"

"Thanks, and au revoir," and Thatcher Colt picked up his desk telephone.

Betty Canfield gave me an inquiring glance, for which I was deeply grateful. It was the first time she had looked in my direction. Then she turned and the door of Thatcher Colt's office closed behind her.

The commissioner was talking on the telephone.

"Doctor Humphrey Maskell? This is the Police Commissioner speaking. Could you arrange to be in your office if I dropped in around ten o'clock to-night? Mind? Thank you."

Turning from the telephone, Thatcher Colt said to me:

"Pretty little thing, that Betty Canfield, eh, Tony?"

"Looks like a little beaver with those bright eyes."

"But she didn't tell us all she knows, Tony," added the commissioner with a sigh. "Nice, sweet girl, from a good family, but she comes down here and tells me lies. That's too bad."

"But, chief, how did she—"

Thatcher Colt waved my question aside, Bending again over his traffic blue-prints he added:

"Get your dinner, Tony, and meet me at the garage in an hour. I noticed how you admired my friend's niece, so I am taking you up there with me to-night."

What had made Thatcher Colt believe that Betty Canfield had lied to him?

OVER my solitary dinner in a Pearl Street lunch-room I puzzled over that question with knitted brows, but came no nearer to the answer. It was generally that way when I tried to follow the strange thoughtways of the police commissioner. In all the years that I had known him he had invariably baffled me and yet I was closer to him than any other person.

More than anything else in the world Thatcher Colt was afraid of being exposed in his true personality as a sentimentalist. He could sit at his desk and deride all human feelings as glandular and depraved, and at that very moment have in his pocket a just-composed sonnet to the red-headed girl who had ditched him for a duke while he was fighting in France. I had known him some years before that disastrous romance, having met him first when I was a reporter on the staff of the old "Sun." Later, I served under him in the Argonne. But for many years after the demobilisation we did not see each other. I had returned to newspaper work and Thatcher Colt was travelling in the Orient. As soon as he came back to New York he was appointed Police Commissioner and promptly made me his secretary.

All this I recalled at dinner, but as later I hurried through a particularly dark and unpleasant night back to headquarters, I confess that I was also beguiled with musings about the pretty girl who a few hours before had come to the office with her strange story. Would Thatcher Colt be

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able to solve the mystery she had laid before him?

In the garage, I found Nell McMahon, the commissioner's chauffeur, seated at the wheel of that powerful motor car which a great manufacturer recently presented to the department in gratitude for one of the unpublished exploits of Thatcher Colt. It is an extraordinary machine, equipped with many secret devices from the triplex non-shatterable glass of its windows and windshields to the two concealed sub-calibre Thompson machine guns.

Soon we were joined by the commissioner, and Nell drove us out into Broome Street.

Exactly at eight o'clock Thatcher Colt and I reached the *Esplanade Apartments*. The apartment we sought was in the rear of the fourth floor, and Betty Canfield opened the door.

"Have you heard anything?" was her first question.

Told that it was too early to hope for any results from the police inquiries, she at once led us down the tiny entrance corridor.

CHAPTER 4.

THE apartment was a pleasant and homelike place with its two bedrooms, living-room, kitchenette, and bath. I noticed the gay chintzes, the nice prints, the good-humored touches of novelty and color in odd and unexpected nooks and corners. Then I remembered that I was a stranger intruding here, where one had waked and slept and dreamed of her wedding day, had gone out, and had now mysteriously disappeared.

Returning to the living-room, after roaming from front to back, Thatcher Colt sat down on the edge of the couch and, leaning on his walking-stick, shook his head and stared around him with thoughtful eyes as if seeking the truth about Geraldine Foster through clairvoyance. Then he began to question Betty Canfield. For half an hour they chatted on, and at the close Thatcher Colt said:

"I think I have what I want now, Betty—a psychological portrait of Geraldine Foster. A reception clerk in a doctor's office, and why?—Because she wanted to be in the big city instead of the little town where her parents lived.

"Loyal to the man she intended to marry," continued Thatcher Colt, checking off the points of characterisation he had drawn forth by his questions. "Sends little presents home to the family every week, although her salary is small and her father is worth perhaps fifty thousand dollars. A girl who is kind to her mother, father, brother. Within a few days of her marriage, and poof! she disappears, after that curious conversation you had with her over the telephone."

"Oh, there must be some way of tracing her!" exclaimed Betty, with a quiver of her lovely eyes.

"Easy does it, Betty. I've only just started—and I want to go right on. Mind? Now, this afternoon you referred to your friend's employer, Doctor Humphrey Maskell."

"They call him 'the laughing doctor of Washington Square,'" said Betty, with a toss of her head.

"Who calls him that?"

"His patients and his friends. Geraldine told me."

Thatcher Colt was refilling his pipe.

"Do you think Doctor Maskell has any idea where Geraldine is?" he asked amiably.

"She was quarrelling with him before I called up. And I wouldn't put anything past him. I think I told you his own family won't speak to him."

"Sometimes that is a compliment," said Thatcher Colt, "but not in this instance. There is not a better trial lawyer in New York City than George Maskell. The father is a retired architect, designed the Tabla-

ture Building and three or four others—made millions—why, Betty, it's a very fine family."

"All fine families have their dark mutton," declared Betty. "I believe he could tell us about Geraldine this minute if he chose."

"But that's just a hunch?"

"Of course."

"Maybe it is the doctor who won't have anything to do with the rest of the family—the boot may be on the other foot," suggested Thatcher Colt. "Anyway, there's nothing so far to confirm your hunch, Betty, or to connect Doctor Maskell with the matter in any way—actually?"

SHE admitted there was not, and he sat back thoughtfully.

"Betty," he remarked, "I have the impolite feeling that you are not being entirely frank with me about Doctor Maskell."

She flushed slightly.

"I am trying to tell you everything. All that I know is what Geraldine told me. She was very anxious about him. She would come home and tell me how he raved against his own family, because they shut him out—calling his sister-in-law a money-grabbing bantam, making fun of her drawing and singing, and calling his own father a deceived old man. Geraldine used to feel badly about it. And when Mrs. Maskell—the doctor's sister-in-law—went to Europe last summer, I think the doctor tried to make it up with George. But it didn't work, and the doctor cursed around the office so that again I tried to make Geraldine resign."

"And she wouldn't?"

"No—she liked him as much as I disliked him!"

Colt nodded thoughtfully.

"Betty," he said suddenly. "You mentioned that your room-mate sometimes stayed away on week-ends and holidays."

"Occasionally."

"Did she always confide in you about her personal matters?"

"She used to, but not lately; she often talked with me about the jealousy of Harry Armstrong, her fiance, for instance, but for the last few months she has grown quite secretive. Ever since she began to talk about having royal blood in her veins."

Thatcher Colt leaned forward.

"What made her say that, Betty?"

"Someone had written to her about her family tree."

"I see. She stopped telling you her secrets then?"

"I don't mean there was any connection. But she did keep her business to herself most of the time."

"Perhaps you may save her life, you know, by telling everything you know—or suspect."

"I don't know anything. And besides—suppose she were to come back this minute and find me telling you—"

Grotesquely enough there came a ring at the doorbell just then. Betty admitted into the living-room a well-dressed elderly couple who seemed surprised to find us there. Old Edmund L. Foster, father of the missing girl, was a tall, bent man, with a shrewd blue eyes and large, red, gnarled hands which clanged at his sides and gave him a helpless air. His wife was almost as tall as he, but quite stout; her round face was wrinkled and her eyes sparkled excitedly behind double-lensed glasses.

After the introduction Thatcher Colt explained to the old couple the steps that were being taken to look for their daughter.

CHAPTER 5.

MRS. COLT," pleaded her mother, with an energetic shake of her head, "there won't any of this get into the papers, will there?"

Thatcher Colt explained that if Geraldine

continued absent, the help of the Press would be invaluable.

"It ruins a girl's reputation to run away," said old Mr. Foster, his voice rumbling in his throat. "And I want you to understand right from the start that Gerry was a good girl. She never got herself into any trouble and never would. There's never been any reflection on our family name, and there never will be."

Thatcher Colt expressed his full confidence in this declaration. He then began interrogating Mr. and Mrs. Foster, and soon was obtaining a verbal picture of the family, their background and history, and all about their former residence in the mountains of Western Maryland, where Mr. Foster had made a substantial fortune in his band instrument factory. Thatcher Colt asked some questions about their son, Bruce, and then inquired why he remained behind at such a time.

"Oh," said Mrs. Foster, with a proud roll of her eyes, "he didn't stay home. Bruce thinks he knows where she is, and he's gone out to look for her himself."

"Where does the young man think she is?" asked the commissioner quickly.

"We couldn't drag it out of him," explained old Mr. Foster. "He just told us he was going and he wasn't coming back without his sister."

"When was that?"

"This afternoon."

The investigator expressed his thanks for this information.

"Now, I would like to have your permission," he said, "to make a search of your daughter's private effects. We might find something—"

"Go ahead," said the father. "You won't find anything to her discredit, I'll promise you that."

The old man and woman sat in two easy chairs, looking at each other, but saying nothing at all, while Betty guided the commissioner in his search, and I, with my notebook followed them.

"Geraldine always used to say she hated the tyranny of things," explained Betty, leading us into the bedroom, "so there isn't much to look at. The new trunk there contains most of her trousseau."

But our search of those garments, scented sweetly for a honeymoon, gave us no information.

"May I see Geraldine's comb?" asked the commissioner presently. Betty handed him an amber comb which Thatcher Colt looked at with a brief glance of discouragement.

"Not a tiny strand of hair left in it," he remarked disconsolately. "Has she a used hair net left lying around?"

Betty vanished into a closet and returned with a net cap which she said Geraldine sometimes wore after she had treated her hair. Clinging to it were several strands of fine, brown hair which Thatcher Colt removed with great care. In the breast pocket of his coat he found an envelope into which he dropped the hairs, and then sealed the flap. On the outside of the envelope, the commissioner wrote in his small, precise hand, "Samples of the hair of Geraldine Foster."

Having tucked this in his pocket he turned to a closet door and opened it, revealing a clothes' closet.

"Was this her coat?" asked Thatcher Colt, taking down a tweed jacket, the skirt of which was hanging nearby. As Betty nodded, the commissioner began fingering through the patch pockets and presently he drew forth a key.

"Is this for your front door?" he asked.

Betty said it was not. Nor did she know what lock it fitted. Thatcher Colt stepped out of the closet and examined the key closely. It was a large one, of greenish metal, with an elliptical bow, a long stem, thick shoulders and a bit composed of a number of irregular projections—a key to fit an intricate and old-fashioned lock. Through the bow was knotted a piece of blue ribbon, as if it had been worn on a

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loop—perhaps against the bosom of the missing Geraldine.

I PUT the key in my pocket while Colt asked the parents if they recognised the key. They flatly declared that they did not. With eyes more sombre than ever, the commissioner then resumed his investigation. Betty led the way, pointing out the objects that had belonged to Geraldine.

"We shared this desk—the two left-hand drawers were Geraldine's."

Finding them unlocked, Thatcher Colt removed the drawers and spilled their contents on the couch. Piece by piece he examined the papers. One letter was found from the father, thanking her for a new necklace. A little later the commissioner found a message that had come by special delivery: "Dear Sis, for the love of Mike wire me twenty-five bucks, will you? Your loving brother, Bruce." Perhaps there were two hundred separate papers in this disordly jumble.

"Do you know of any other place where Geraldine might have kept important papers?" asked Thatcher Colt.

"She always boasted she kept only harmless things and destroyed the dangerous ones," replied Betty.

"Everything connected with my daughter was harmless," asserted Edmund L. Foster firmly.

At that moment Thatcher Colt was bending over, on the point of pushing the second drawer of the desk back into place when suddenly he stopped and thrust his hand and arm deep into the dark recess. Presently he drew out into the light a fragment of green notepaper on which some words were written in ink. When Thatcher Colt handed the scrap of paper to Betty she instantly exclaimed:

"That is Geraldine's handwriting"—and in a low voice she read aloud:

"I will never show the white feather. You tell me it is right. Something tells me it is very wrong. Very wicked. Once in your sleep I heard you utter her name. I am getting married and I need the money. I must have four thousand dollars from you or—"

A deep silence followed her reading of that cryptic fragment of a letter, and especially that last, deeply significant clause. Geraldine Foster a blackmailer? And who had talked in sleep, in the hearing of this pretty girl who could not be found? There was a strange look in the old father's eyes as he kept his gaze fixed on the calm, inscrutable face of his wife—a look of determined, obstinate refusal to believe.

At last Thatcher Colt spoke.

"This is all very different from the mental portrait you gave me of Geraldine," he protested. "The girl you painted for me was not a criminal."

"No! Never!" cried Betty.

The mother and father nodded to each other reassuringly, but said nothing.

CHAPTER 6.

YOU are sure it is Geraldine's handwriting?" asked Colt.

"Yes. I saw Geraldine when she wrote that note. It was on the morning of Christmas Eve. It was my turn to get breakfast, and she was sitting at the desk writing. All at once she tore up her unfinished letter and threw the pieces into the waste-basket. Then she wrote another letter and later mailed it."

"But how did this fragment get way back there, behind the desk drawer?"

For this Betty had no answer, and Thatcher Colt lifted the ornamental waste basket behind the escritoire.

"When did you empty this basket last?" he asked.

"This morning. I am sure those torn-up pieces were still in there—it hadn't been touched since last Saturday."

Thatcher Colt stalked to the telephone,

fixed on the wall of the little entrance corridor, and called the switchboard operator in the Esplanade lobby.

"Please tell the janitor to come up to Apartment 4-D at once. Tell him the police want to see him."

While he was waiting, Thatcher Colt stood moodily in the centre of the living-room, the fragrant of paper in his hand, while his eyes studied the inked letters with brooding interest. Familiar with the symptoms of his manner, I watched him eagerly. Something had occurred to him that we had not noticed. Slowly he turned and walked over to the desk, sat down, studied a memorandum Betty had left there, then lifted the desk fountain-pen from its swivel holder and began to write on a blank sheet of notepaper lying near his hand.

Then he lifted it and held it close to his eyes, slanting the paper to an oblique position, looking sharply askance at his own writing, and then comparing it with the torn fragment.

"How long have you been using this kind of ink, Betty?" he asked.

"We have a bottle of it—I think we've had it at least a month."

"Any other ink in the apartment?"

"None that I know of."

Thatcher Colt turned and looked at the girl sombrely.

"Think carefully and tell me," he said, "did Geraldine have a special ink-bottle of her own?"

"No, sir. Is there anything wrong with that ink?"

Thatcher shrugged.

"I don't know. But I am puzzled at one circumstance. The ink with which I have just written is not the same ink with which Geraldine Foster wrote that note, although both are purple. Geraldine's handwriting seems to me to be in Waterman's ink—certainly it is different from the fluid now in this fountain-pen—the metallic glutten of this dried writing of mine shows conclusively that I wrote with what is known as Sheaffer's 'Skrip'—they call it 'washable purple'."

Without speaking, Betty turned to a closet and came back almost instantly with a bottle of ink in her hand.

"How amazing!" she exclaimed. "That is exactly the name on the label—Skrip!" Thatcher Colt smiled grimly.

"That isn't the amazing part," he said.

"What is truly extraordinary is that these notes are written in different ink but with the same pen."

"What would that mean, Mr. Colt?"

Before the commissioner could answer, the doorbell rang loudly.

I admitted the janitor, a sleepy Lithuanian in a ragged shirt. Standing in front of the commissioner, his whole body sagged, as if he were sitting on an invisible stool.

"Is to-day's wastepaper still down in the cellar?" asked the commissioner.

"To-morrow morning they will take it all away," declared the janitor defensively.

"Then it's still here!" cried Thatcher Colt to me with a sigh of triumph. "Tony, I ordered Sergeant Burke to report to me at my car in front of this house. He ought to be down there now. Show Burke this scrap of torn note, and tell him to go through all the wastepaper in the cellar if it takes a week, until he finds the rest of the pieces."

WITH a single electric bulb burning, I left Detective-Sergeant Burke seated on a stool in front of two immense bales of wastepaper gathered from twelve floors of apartments in the Esplanade. Knowing that this would be, at least, an all night job, I started back to the apartment on the fourth floor. But I never got there, for I found Thatcher Colt impatiently waiting for me in the lobby. As we hastened out to the sidewalk, I told him that Burke had started on his task.

Before we could say more, we were at the commissioner's car, and Neil McFahion saluted and announced he had something of interest to impart. Neil's actual words were:

"Chief, I got some dirt for you on the Foster case."

"Well?"

"I just got it from the janitor. He was telling me that on or about 11.10 on the morning of December 24, the said Foster dame and the said Geraldine dame were having one hell of a row upstairs. The janitor happened to be in the hallway, and he heard it. He don't know what the said girls were fighting about, but he reports that said fight was a lalapalooza."

"Thanks, Neil. Let's go."

Thatcher Colt got into the car, and leaning far back, he began to fill his pipe. As we started down the shelf-like street that runs along the brink of Mornington the chief remarked:

"Now, why didn't that charming Betty tell us about that quarrel, Tony? And why didn't she tell us that she was once engaged to Geraldine's brother, Bruce?"

"How did you learn that?" I asked quickly.

"From the father, while you were down in the cellar. I got some crumbs from him. But he is not disposed to be communicative."

In silence we drove down town until we reached the place of our appointment on the north side of Washington Square.

Doctor Humphrey Maskell had rented the first floor of one of those old-fashioned houses that line the north side of the park, and had made the lower floor into an office suite. As we approached the signs we saw that a light was burning behind the drawn shades of the office windows. The doctor's brass plate was fixed into the bricks beside the front door.

CHAPTER 7.

UPON ringing, we were promptly admitted into the hallway and found Dr. Maskell in a white linen jacket standing at the entrance to his offices and smiling affably.

A tall, rather good-looking man was Dr. Humphrey Maskell, broad of shoulder and strong of muscle; a wolf of a man Thatcher Colt said later. He was in his late thirties, there was a precocious patch of grey in the thick brown hair at his temples, he was recently and expertly barbed, and his expression was agreeable and yet—or so it seemed to me—with an intangible suggestion of the picaresque. His jaws were set in long, strong line, and his eyes were bright and restless.

"Good evening, Mr. Commissioner," he said pleasantly, his voice deep and resonant. "Will you step in?" and as we followed him into the reception-room he added: "I suppose you want to talk to me about the girl in my office? Yes, certainly," and to that last phrase Doctor Maskell answered his question for himself.

The doors of the suite were thrown open so that we could see the lay-out of the rooms at once. The front room was furnished with many chairs for waiting patients, a table draped with magazines and a few etchings on the papered walls. A partition separated this from the doctor's private consultation-room, in which I saw out a desk, an examination-table in white enamel, a light-ray apparatus, and other therapeutic paraphernalia. Beyond this was a closed door which, as we learned later, opened into small storage-room at the back, with a window looking upon the rear yard of the house.

The doctor invited us to be seated, lit a cigarette, and waited for Thatcher Colt to speak.

Thatcher Colt had inclined his head forward as if he were studying the physician's knees.

"I remember you in the war," he said in

a low voice. "They called you the 'fighting doctor'?"

Humphrey Maskell laughed.

"Yes, certainly," he agreed.

"Tell me what you know about the disappearance of Miss Foster," suggested Thatcher Colt, abruptly.

"I don't know anything about it at all," replied Doctor Maskell in a reasoning tone. "I wish I did. Geraldine was going to leave me to be married, but this sudden disappearance and unexplained absence makes one feel quite alarmed."

"When did you last see her?" asked Thatcher Colt, leaning forward on his stick and peering around the room.

"At two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, Christmas Eve."

"Two o'clock, did you say?" asked Thatcher Colt, with sudden interest.

"Yes."

"How was that?"

"Well, I shall have to explain to you that every year I make a practice of giving presents to my regular patients. I like to deliver them in person, the day before Christmas. Last week I observed the custom. All during Saturday morning, Geraldine was here in the office, helping me wrap the bundles and attach the cards. Around noon she went out to lunch, but she came back a few minutes after one. She helped me load the first batch of presents into my car, and I drove off."

"Was she with you?"

"No," replied the doctor with a broad smile. "I had another lady with me. She was Miss Doris Morgan, a little girl eleven years old who lives with her mother and father and grandmother on the floor above these offices. She came with me to help distribute the little presents. We called it helping Santa Claus."

"What time did you get back here?"

"About 1.45, I should judge. We drove to about a dozen houses in the Village district and then we came back here for more presents."

THATCHER COLT

nodded, closed his eyes, and leaned back against the wall.

"You filled your car with more presents, then?"

"Yes."

"And when did you leave on your second trip?"

"At two o'clock. And that was the last time I saw Geraldine Foster."

Thatcher Colt's eyes closed even more tightly, and he smoked for a moment in silence.

"Now, Doctor," he said evenly, "let me get this picture straight in my mind. You left this office for your second trip at two o'clock on the afternoon of December 24?"

"Yes, certainly. But why all these questions about—"

"Where did you go on that second trip?"

"All over town."

"And when did you get back?"

"Oh, it was dark. Well, after four o'clock—nearly five I should say."

Again Thatcher Colt closed his eyes.

"What happened when you came home?" he asked.

"Mr. Colt," said the physician, "a very remarkable thing happened when I came home. I am sure it could have no bearing on this matter. Yet I suppose I ought to tell you."

Thatcher Colt opened his eyes and studied the doctor calmly.

"Better tell me everything," he said dryly.

"I was holding Doris by the hand, and we were both laughing, as I came through the front door into the hallway out there, just outside the door to this office. But as I stepped into the hallway I noticed a woman standing in front of my office door. The hall-lamp was not burning and I could see her only indistinctly. But I did make out that she was dressed in a dark coat, with the collar turned up, and that

she stood so that her face was turned away from us. I spoke to her and asked her if she wanted to see the doctor. She answered me by demanding to know why I did not keep someone in the office while I was away. I said there was a young lady inside, and the strange woman then insisted that she had been ringing for fifteen minutes and yet no one had opened the door. I thought this was very peculiar, for Geraldine was always most faithful and punctual about her duties. I tried the door, and to my surprise it was locked. I opened the door with my key, and walked in. Doris followed me, and so, without a word, did this woman."

CHAPTER 8.

THERE

were no lights on in my office, and I called out to Geraldine. No answer. Then, to my astonishment the strange woman pushed past me without asking my permission, and walked straight through this reception room yonder. Of course, I followed her, but before I reached her side, she had gone on farther and opened the rear door and looked into the little room at the back. That, too, was empty. I then asked her, rather peremptorily, what she was looking for, but she buried her chin in the collar of her coat, half-closed her eyes and said she was too late. Then she burst into tears. I tried to detain her, but she rushed past me, out into the hallway. I followed her, quite startled at her extraordinary behaviour, and then I noticed there was a taxicab before my door. She got into it and drove away.

"You didn't notice the license number on the taxi, I suppose?" asked Thatcher Colt.

Doctor Maskell had not.

"And that," said Doctor Maskell soberly, "is all that I know about it. At first I was rather inclined to think that Geraldine had played me a rather shabby trick—recently she has not been herself; talked about having Royal blood in her veins—but now, I confess, I don't know what to think."

"You have no idea who the woman was?"

"No."

"Was she young or old?"

"I had the impression that she was around middle-age."

"It could not have been Geraldine herself."

"Good Lord, no!"

Thatcher Colt emptied the dottle from his pipe into an ash tray and began refilling the bowl.

"Quer," he said musingly. "That mysterious lady might have been just a wandering person with a disorderly mind. On the other hand, she may yet prove to be of supreme importance in this case."

"Yes, certainly," agreed Doctor Maskell.

"I shall take a look through your establishment. Mind?" asked Thatcher Colt.

"Do you think Geraldine is still here?" asked the doctor, opening wide his eyes.

Without answering, the Police Commissioner rose and strode through the two rooms to the door at the back and through that into the rear room. I followed him, with Doctor Maskell marching at my heels. The sombre, brown eyes of Thatcher Colt were turning from one object to another in the clutter of stored material in that last room of the suite. Bending down, he fingered bottles and packages that lay loosely around and I noticed that over one large bottle he lingered. Stolidly the doctor watched as the commissioner removed the stout cork and sniffed at the neck of the bottle. Then, still without a word, Thatcher Colt left the bottle and went on prowling into the consultation room. He halted suddenly before a closed door.

"What is that?"

"A clothes closet," answered Doctor Maskell.

Thatcher Colt opened it and thrust his hand inside.

"May I ask," inquired Maskell, "what

you hope to find in there, Mr. Commissioner?"

Backing out of the closet, Thatcher Colt showed a brown fur coat in his hand.

"Did this belong to Geraldine Foster?" he asked, turning toward the doctor and staring at him with profound melancholy.

"Yes, certainly. I cannot imagine what it is doing in there. I did not know it was there. The closet has not been opened by me since Saturday."

"Was this the coat she wore to work on Christmas Eve?"

"I am certain that it was. I saw her with it on when she went out to lunch."

Thatcher Colt closed his eyes as he stood there with the girl's coat held against his chest.

"Christmas Eve was a cold day," he said in a low voice. "The air was damp, and raw, and piercing. If Geraldine were going out anywhere she would need her coat."

"And there is her bag, hanging on the same nail with her coat. Where can the owner be—if she went out with no coat and no purse?"

IN a strained silence we stood there while Thatcher Colt examined the purse, checking up on the small miscellany of its contents—compact, lipstick, a book of addresses, a roll of bills and a handful of silver. Putting the coat and bag into my hands the commissioner turned again to Doctor Maskell.

"Do you suppose the mysterious woman who accosted you brought back the coat and purse? Did you notice if she carried anything?"

"Why—why—no, I did not," answered the physician. "What makes you think about that?"

"I am sorry if I have inconvenienced you," replied Thatcher Colt gloomily. "And I am sorry to say that I may have to trouble you soon again. For the present, good-night."

"Yes, certainly," said Doctor Maskell, opening wide his door and bowing.

But at the threshold Thatcher Colt paused.

"Doctor," he said, "I am sorry to observe, on departing, that you have not been frank with me."

"What do you mean?" returned Maskell sharply.

"You failed to tell me that you and Geraldine quarrelled before you left on your errand of good cheer. You had a beastly quarrel, but you have kept quiet about it."

Doctor Maskell looked startled, then shrugged his shoulders.

"That is true," he admitted. "But it was a private matter. If Miss Foster returns she will not want me to discuss the subject."

"But the police do want you to discuss it. What did you quarrel about?"

Again the physician shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"About her engagement. She had broken it off. She told me about it. I told her she was a fool—that she should go through with the marriage. That is why we quarrelled."

"Why did she say she had broken off the engagement?"

"She did not tell me that."

The doctor was lying. Thatcher Colt knew that he was lying, and Maskell knew that he knew.

Without a word the commissioner turned his back on the physician, and I followed him out into the vestibule. Behind us the door of the Maskell office closed quietly, but with a click that told us also how securely it was shut against us.

CHAPTER 9.

IHAD started down the white marble steps of the house on Washington Square, North, when I was suddenly halted by a brief, tense word from

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Thatcher Colt. Looking back, I saw that he was standing in the vestibule, his pocket electric torch playing over the nameplates beside the doorbells. As I returned to his side he was pressing a button near the name "Gilbert Morgan."

Presently the familiar clicking of the latch was heard, and once again the front door yielded to my hand on the knob. Up the broad staircase I followed my chief to the second floor, where we found a woman standing at an open door, her face in shadow, but her blonde hair was radiant in the fall of yellow light from a lamp suspended above and behind her head.

"Is this Mrs. Morgan?" asked Colt promptly.

In spite of all that has since been said against her, I have always maintained that Mrs. Morgan was a beautiful woman. She was a young woman, and, I repeat, it was beautiful, but there was a lifetime of suffering in the watchful eyes, in the very tone which she greeted us.

"I am Felise Morgan," she replied. "What is it you wish?"

Briefly and naturally, Thatcher Colt explained who he was and why he was there. But at the very mention of Geraldine Foster's name a gleam flashed dangerously from the woman's blue eyes.

"I knew nothing about Geraldine Foster," she answered firmly.

Making no comment upon the evident spirit with which this statement was made, Thatcher Colt repeated to her the story that had just been told to him by Doctor Maskell. To all its details Mrs. Morgan nodded confirming. It was true that her little daughter, Doris, had helped the doctor with the distribution of his Christmas presents. It was true that they had been gone on their trip about the length of time fixed by Maskell.

"Might we talk to your daughter?" suggested Colt.

"She is asleep," protested the mother, upon which Thatcher Colt waved his hand, dismissing the notion. But Mrs. Morgan agreed that Thatcher Colt might question the little girl if it ever became necessary, unless her father objected. Mr. Morgan was not then at home.

For the second time that night we left the house and returned to the street. There were a dozen questions clamoring in my mind, but the mood of Thatcher Colt forbade any inquiry just then.

"A honest of a woman, that Felise Morgan," was his only comment.

All the way to Headquarters he was silent and contemplative, smoking his pipe as he lounged back in the car. Center Street was deserted when we reached the grim old department building, with its marble trim and its ornamental iron, very massive and Georgian in the December night. I was glad to get inside, for there was a raw, pneumonia wind abroad.

On the commissioner's desk lay a stack of reports, and, from a mass of these documents, he picked up a lay-out for a police circular, prepared by Captain Laird, to broadcast the search for Geraldine Foster. It was ready to go to the printer, and a few days later was being displayed all over the country. With a pen. Thatcher Colt made a few swift corrections.

I sat down at the typewriter and began to transcribe my notes. In my book, I had complete records of all that had been told us by Betty Canfield, the Foster, Mrs. Morgan, and Doctor Humphrey Maskell. As I reduced the potbooks to typewritten sheets, it seemed to me—that God knows, with no sense of disloyalty—that all of Thatcher Colt's questions, his groping for evidence and witnesses had led him only into an increasing mystery and darkness, instead of nearer to the light.

By noon of the following day, there was still no word of Geraldine Foster. Thatcher Colt had spent most of the morning at the

Police College, across the street from Headquarters. Not all of his morning, however, was spent in the college. While waiting for his first caller, he explained to me that he had done some solitary prowling in Washington Square, just after breakfast, and had learned two interesting facts.

"I talked with a girl named Lizzie Clark," he explained, with a glint of amusement reminiscence in his eye. "She is a nurse-maid for an Italian family living in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Lizzie remembers seeing two women leave the house, where Maskell has his office, on the afternoon of Christmas Eve. What fixed it in her mind was that each of the women carried a large bottle almost the size of a jug."

"Can you be certain one of them was Geraldine Foster?" I inquired.

"No," admitted the Commissioner, with a sigh. "But there was a large jug-like bottle in Maskell's office last night—and near it some wrapping paper with a tag showing three bottles to be delivered before 3 p.m. on Christmas Eve."

He spoke lightly and yet I could tell there was a worried note in his voice.

"Also," added the commissioner, "Doctor Maskell has left town."

"Where on earth—?"

"Right you are! Where on earth? No one seems to know. The smiling doctor of Washington Square has decamped. He eluded my man an hour after he began to tail him. But why shouldn't he go away? There are no charges against him."

I was alert to ask for more details, but Captain Laird arrived and I went back to my notes.

The chief of the Bureau of Missing Persons promptly stated, as his theory, that the girl was alive and in deliberate hiding. He pointed out that she had remained away before for days at a time.

"So far, it is just like any one of a number of such cases," argued Captain Laird. "We have them all the time. I am certain the girl will return."

"I hope you are right," said the chief emphatically. "But there are elements in this disappearance which make me sceptical—her remarks over the telephone and in that fragment of a note—also the curious mystery of the fur coat and the purse. And now Maskell has run out on us. Makes me remember other cases that were not so simple, Captain. I tell you, the unexplained absence of a beautiful girl is to me a danger signal. It has always been so, ever since Elsie Siegel was chopped up and packed in a Chinaman's trunk. We must find Geraldine Foster, dead or alive!"

CHAPTER 10.

JUST then, Captain Henry came in, saluted, and announced that Sergeant Burke wanted to talk to the commissioner.

"Bring him in at once."

Burke marched into the office, his hat in his hand. The detective's face was red and his eyes were rolling.

"I have the honor to report that I have been through all the bales and I have not found the missing pieces, Mr. Commissioner," he said lugubriously.

Thatcher Colt glared at the detective.

"And you call yourself a detective, Burke?"

To our surprise, Burke replied by laying a handful of green paper fragments before the commissioner.

"What's this, Burke? You just told me you couldn't find them."

"I couldn't, sir," pleaded the detective. "But I found these instead. They are pieces of a note written by the Foster girl—but they don't belong to the piece you showed me."

Hastily, Thatcher Colt fitted the pieces together and read the letter aloud:

"Dear Harry—

After what has happened, I can never marry you. This is the end of it. You could not love me and take the position

you do. I love you—the you I knew before—but I shall never see you again. Geraldine."

For a moment, there was a complete silence in the commissioner's office. At length it was broken by Captain Laird.

"Who is Harry?" he asked.

"Harry Armstrong—the boy she was to marry, of course. This is odd! Did she tear up two letters—where in heaven's name are the missing pieces of the other one?"

Burke held up his right hand as if taking the oath and avouched that he had personally examined every scrap.

"Go back and try again!" said Thatcher Colt, and Burke, rolling his eyes until only the whites could be seen, departed from the office. As Captain Laird and I stood beside the desk, the commissioner leaned over the torn pieces of paper and said:

"Don't you see that this note is written with the household 'ink' in the girl's apartment—this makes the other note—the blackmail one—even more curious. I wonder if I have sent Burke on a wild goose chase?"

IN fact, he had, as the offended Burke will continue to tell his grandchildren. Indeed, the whole nationwide quest for the missing Geraldine seemed to be fruitless, as day followed day without results. Seven times, during those busy days, Geraldine Foster was reported found, but all were frauds. Such disappointments are an inevitable part of all such girl-hunts, for no far-seeming clue can be ignored.

But Thatcher Colt, at times neglecting other important duties, stuck to the case. What clues there were seemed inadequate and confusing. There was, for example, what Thatcher Colt referred to as the "Clue of Ephraim Foster." This was unearthed in some of the letters which Geraldine had written home, and which the commissioner studied with great care. Among them, he found the reason why Geraldine had taken to telling her friends she had royal blood in her veins. She got the idea from letters written to her by one Ephraim Foster, of Willoughby, Kansas. This Mr. Foster was tracing the genealogical history of the Foster family, writing to everyone by the name of Foster he could find, and intended to write a book on the subject.

"We come from the groins of kings," wrote the old gentleman to Geraldine in a letter which the girl had sent proudly home to her parents.

I greatly admired the precision and despatch with which Colt acted on that seemingly trivial clue. He called six detective-sergeants into his office, read them the letter, and showed them the open pages of a telephone book.

"Divide up the Fosters among yourselves," ordered Colt. "Call on them and find out how many received similar letters."

BY five o'clock the next afternoon, we knew that none of the several hundred Fosters living in New York had received such a letter. Apparently the ancestor-enthusiast, Ephraim Foster, had written only to the girl who now could not be found. A set expression was in my chief's eyes as he dictated a wire to the Chief of Police of Willoughby, Kansas, asking for information about Ephraim Foster. I remember that I sent the telegram on the night of January 6. The reply that came the following morning greatly astonished us:

"Ephraim Foster had post-office box here last summer. Understand not a man but a woman. Did not live in town but drove in from some other town to get her mail. Anything we can do?"

Chief of Police Dewyre."

Keenly aroused by this unexpected development, Thatcher Colt wired him to follow any trace as far as possible. While he

realised that this might have no relation to the disappearance, it looked sufficiently peculiar to follow through. But before we had heard again from the West, there came a new development that drove all other matters temporarily from our minds.

This new development was the finding of the fragments of the second—which I have called the blackmail—note of Geraldine Foster. It was just at the noon hour of January 7, Betty Canfield called the office and talked to Thatcher Colt. Presently he turned from the telephone, his face glowing with excitement.

"Betty Canfield has found the missing pieces of that note. They were behind the desk drawer," he exclaimed. "Funny—I looked there, too. Get on the telephone extension, Tony, and take down the contents of the message in shorthand while she reads it to me."

Two seconds later, I was listening in and copying down the following:

"My dear Casanova:—

There is nothing you can do about it. If I tell, your happiness will be destroyed. What is the small amount I need compared with your happiness? I think I am letting you off very easily. Particularly as I do not approve of your romance and cannot be scared by your threats. I will never show the white feather. You tell me it is right. Something tells me it is very wrong. Very wicked. Once in your sleep I heard you utter her name. I am getting married, and I need the money. I must have four thousand dollars from you or I will tell about the house on Peddler's Road. Thank God I have—"

There, Betty told us, the note abruptly finished.

Instantly saying good-bye to her, with a promise that he would send for her later, Colt turned from the regulation to the inter-office telephone. To another division of that immense department which he loved to call the "Standing Army of the City of New York," he put a question:

"Hello, Brampton? Is there such a place in the five boroughs as Peddler's Road? What? All right. I'll hold on."

He turned and looked sombrely at me.

"That note sounds bad," he said. "Who was Casanova?"

Then he spoke again into the phone and listened to the crisp voice giving directions from the other end.

"Thanks," said Thatcher Colt finally, and turned to me as he replaced the receiver. I knew what my chief would do. He would telephone to the Precinct Captain in the neighborhood wherever Peddler's Road might lie and give his instructions. The Precinct Captain would "turn on the light." The patrolman on the beat, within ten or fifteen minutes, would be near the patrolbox and observe the signal light flashing. He would telephone to the station-house and be told to find out what he could about the houses on Peddler's Road.

"Chief," I said, "I wish you would let me do that job. I'm all up on my work here."

Thatcher Colt smiled.

"All right," he said. "Peddler's Road is on Manhattan Island, although I confess I have never heard of it before. Brampton tells me it is a small lane, running across some undeveloped property behind Riverside Drive near the Dyckman Street ferry up on the hill there, near the Rockefeller property. I don't know that there is much chance of finding anything important, but you could hop up there right off and take a look around. Mind? This note says the 'house on Peddler's Road' and Brampton says it is just a block in length, so you won't have far to look. Report right back here—Captain Laird and I are having lunch to talk over the case."

CHAPTER 11.

I WAS already in my overcoat and on my way.

But here I must confess to an act of mine which may have seemed like carelessness.

ness. There was no intention of disloyalty on my part whatever, but it did not seem to me then that an hour's time would make an important difference. The fact was that in the morning I had telephoned Betty Canfield at the Esplanade Apartments and invited her to lunch with me to discuss the disappearance of her friend.

I did not think it necessary to break the engagement in order to carry out instructions—an hour or so either way would make no difference.

Accordingly I met Betty at a Portuguese

restaurant on Broad Street, and I found her a very charming luncheon companion. Of course, we talked about the fragments of the note she had found, but at first I tried to avoid a discussion of the case. Instead, I got her to tell me about herself. Her family still lived in Wingsboro, a little mountain town, where they had been neighbors of the Fosters. Betty and Geraldine had come to New York about the same time. Geraldine was studying night courses in accountancy while Betty was learning interior decoration in which she was now highly successful, having a good position with a firm on Madison Avenue. At no time did Betty refer to her engagement to Bruce Foster, the brother of the missing girl, and I did not have the effrontery to ask her about it, much as I wished to know if it still existed.

Presently she asked me to tell her about my work, which I did, quite willingly, and we lingered over the table while I talked authoritatively of the police department and my devotion to Thatcher Colt.

"I think you are a good detective yourself," smiled Betty. "But I suppose that comes from your newspaper training."

"How did you know I was a reporter?" I asked.

She laughed.

"I know more than that," she said. "You were in the war, and served with your old friend, the commissioner, and you were never afraid of anybody but him, and the only thing you want in the world is another war, and I hope you never get it, and you're proud of your drinking capacity, aren't you?"

I stared across at her in amazement.

"You must be a detective yourself," I stammered. "Who told you all that about me?"

But she only laughed and said she always liked to know something in advance about people with whom she had lunch.

I saw then that she had talked with Thatcher Colt when I was not present.

Then Betty begged me to tell her more about what Thatcher Colt was doing to find her room-mate. So interested was she in the search that I then and there confided to her my assignment, whereupon she pleaded to let her accompany me up town.

In this request, I saw no real harm. Betty's interest in the case was so keen, and her knowledge of Geraldine Foster so valuable that I was glad to have her. It was about half-past two o'clock when I telephoned for a department car, and we started our long drive from the lower part of the island into Upper Manhattan, near the frontier line of the Harlem River.

At Dyckman Street we left the car, and after some search climbed a narrow path that started from Broadway and tolled up a steep slope into a region strangely at variance with the built-up streets that hemmed it all around. Like an oasis of forgotten country, this stretch of land hid itself in the midst of a region filled with apartment houses, stores and garages, with the ferry slip and the river only a few thousand feet away. Old trees were growing there, and a few quaint and abandoned frame houses, now falling to pieces.

I remember that as we trudged forward up the hill, a small sallow-faced boy passed us, and I called to him, "Where is Peddler's Road?"

"Up there by the haunted house where you can see the——ghost."

"What's that? Come here!" I cried.

but the boy ran down the steep slope, and was almost instantly lost to sight. Betty and I looked at each other, and then laughed, for the encounter then seemed odd and yet absurd, and our own lost situation somewhat ridiculous.

"I think this must be the place," said Betty, pointing to a turn into a wider sort of road, but in no better condition, a few feet beyond. There were a few large old trees, whose bare boughs scraped and cried in the wind of that bleak afternoon, and skirting these we came suddenly upon a lonely house—the only dwelling on what we learned later was really Peddler's Road.

WHAT we had come upon was a two-story wooden house, called a portable, or assembled house, manufactured in sections and often sold through the mail. This was a charming one, in good condition, newly painted white with green windows and door sills. Its green pitch roof and the white scrim curtains produced a pleasing and home-like impression.

"Perhaps," I said, "there is someone home, and we can make inquiries. But first, let's take a look around."

Leading the way, I passed to the rear of the house, where at first I found nothing unusual, except one broken kitchen window. I detected no signs of life, but instead, in the next minute, I came upon startling evidence of death.

Seven pigeons lay dead on the ground almost at my feet. Such a collection of dead birds was sufficiently unusual to make me stop and look more closely and, while Betty turned away, I picked up one of the pigeons, only to let it fall in sudden dismay. What I had seen had greatly startled me—the breast feathers of the dead bird were smeared with red; a scarlet splash against the white breast of the dead creature. The next moment, regretting my weakness, I picked it up and examined it more closely, wondering if someone had been heartless enough to kill all these pigeons out of sheer wantonness. But I could find no wound upon the bird, nor any evidence of violence. One after another I took the remaining birds into my hands, only to find the same scarlet daubs upon their feathers, and no signs of injury.

"I am sorry, Betty," I said, "but all this is very peculiar. What are these red stains on the poor birds? Have they been drinking red paint and poisoned themselves or—"

I stopped, struck with a fantastic notion. Those stains on the breast—could they be bloodstains? How had they come there? Was there some open stream nearby where the pigeons flew to drink? Had they drunk from a brook that ran red with human blood?

CHAPTER 12.

THEN I told myself that my mind was making up horror tales. Yet the feeling persisted and it was with deep misgivings I left the birds and followed Betty to the front of the house and without another word rapped on the door. There was no answer, although I knocked repeatedly. Fantastic fears filled my mind—but I told myself they were probably unreasonable. Why should the sight of those dead pigeons so stir up my imagination? Again and again I knocked upon the door but without result, and finally I impatiently tried the knob. To my surprise it yielded and the door opened at a slight push of my hand.

I stepped inside and then stood, arrested and appalled, rooted at the threshold. My first glance around the living-room into which I had walked told me that a terrible crime had been committed there. Everything seemed bedaubed with blood. I have never seen such a spectacle of fury

let loose within four walls. Tables, chairs, bookcases, all were flung around, top-heavy and helter-skelter, as if overturned in some life and death struggle. Even in the shadows I could see that blood was smeared everywhere, staining the drapes, spotting the walls, and slopped and clotted in dried patches on the floor.

"For God's sake don't come in here, Betty," I called.

I glanced over my shoulder and got a glimpse of her drawn and frightened face. She had seen, and now she stood there in the winter sunlight with her gloved hands lifted against her cheeks and her eyes closing with fear. Then I turned back to the room. My hand was groping for an electric switch-button when I suddenly stopped.

I heard a noise—the sound of a footstep on the stairs. Only a slight and inconsequential sound it was, merely the scraping of a shoe. But it was the sound of something moving and alive in this house where murder, foul, barbarous, and hideous, had recently been committed.

Had I been mistaken? Was the noise only the delusion of an overwrought imagination? But no—the sound came again. There were certainly footsteps descending a staircase into this very room.

I drew my revolver and waited. Then, suddenly, I heard a well-remembered voice, yet sharpened with an unfamiliar choler.

"Put down your gun," said the voice. "It is a fancy weapon, I see, a Smith and Wesson, .38 calibre, blue steel and four-inch barrel. And I suppose you took it from a pocket holster with the fastest draw and surest lock. All very impressive to the young lady. But you won't shoot. You're no cop—you're too busy taking girls to lunch to be a policeman."

I put down the gun and stood, shamed and guilty, as Thatcher Colt walked into the room.

As the Police Commissioner pressed a button the lights in the wall-bracket lamps glowed softly over the shocking confusion of the room. But I had no eyes then for these evidences of ferocity. Instead, I looked at Thatcher Colt, wondering how and why he was here.

"Tony," he said. "I caught an accidental glimpse of you and your lady friend at luncheon. While you were chatting over a table with a girl, I came up here and made the discovery that could have been yours—and would have made you a reputation."

"I'm sorry, Chief, I—"

He waved aside my contrition.

"The girl we have been looking for was most probably murdered in this room. You remember that I carried away from her apartment a sample of her hair? Well, in this room I have found other samples—soaked with blood, true, but from the same head. I feel convinced. I found them clinging to the blade of this."

FROM the shadows of a corner behind him there, Thatcher Colt lifted an ugly implement—an axe with a short handle, a double-bladed affair, that gleamed in the light. On the steel blade were dark red stains. You will find that axe to-day, exposed in a glass case, in the Crime Museum that is on the sixth floor of the Police College, across the street from Police Headquarters.

"Good God!" I said involuntarily, as Thatcher Colt swung the axe above his head until it whistled through the air.

"Geraldine Foster has been hacked to death," he said sombrely. "Somewhere near this house we shall find her body—buried, because I found a garden spade in the kitchen, apparently used quite lately. The murderer wore silk gloves, leaving thumb and finger prints on the handle of both the axe and the spade, but no loops, no whorls, no real identification. Moreover, the person who committed this crime

was five feet eleven inches tall, exceptionally strong."

I gazed at my chief amazed.

"That is clear to me because once the axe blade in a particularly vicious swing struck the wall—the mark over there is plain—we can at least guess at the height from that."

As he talked, he kept nodding his head and looking from one corner to another.

"Moreover," he said, "the lock on the front door has recently been repaired, the kitchen window broken, and the house burglarised through the broken window—either by a midget or a small boy. The footprints in the dust show that much. Further, Tony, the house has had some feathered burglars. Since the kitchen window glass was smashed, pigeons have taken to roosting within these walls—they even drank of warm human blood, and then, struggling to get into the open air, they died. One could not make it—I found the little corpse in the kitchen."

"It is extraordinary how you can know these things," I gasped.

Thatcher Colt's eyes were still roaming stealthily around the room.

"There is much more to be learned," he replied irritably. "I am inclined to believe that a boy with a sallow face and buck teeth actually saw a part, at least, of the murderer. But he thinks he saw a ghost. Fortunately I have his name and address. I didn't have time to stop then and question him fully."

What a bungler Thatcher Colt would justly have thought me, if I had told him the truth—how the same boy had crossed my path, and I had let him run off. But of this I said nothing until long afterwards.

WHILE he was talking, the commissioner was prowling and roaming back and forth, bending to examine the edge of a table, even the rungs in the back of a chair.

Suddenly I heard him give a low whistle and drop to his knees. From the floor he lifted what seemed to be a hair or else a thin strand of some fabric, about four inches long.

"Just a straw, Tony," he said. "A straw to show the way the wind blows. A piece of human hair—golden hair—that might belong to some innocent person—yet which might have dropped from the head of the murderer."

From his pocket he produced one of his inevitable blank envelopes, put the hair carefully away and marked it on the outside for future identification.

"The brutality of this crime," he informed me, "is the best promise of its solution. I am already convinced that the method employed was not the adventurous result of sudden fury. It was neither casual nor accidental. This deed was planned. I knew that after I had walked up the stairs. The bathroom smelt strangely of the bark of pine trees. When we find out why, Tony, I fancy we shall unearth a peculiar fleshiness behind this murderer."

Suddenly the door knob rattled, and the front door was pushed open without ceremony. Thatcher Colt sprang around, and we both faced the entrance only to find Betty Canfield staring in at us. She looked pale and ill.

"Chief, it's all my fault," I pleaded. "May I send Miss Canfield home?"

"In the investigation of a suspicious death," he said sarcastically, "it is the duty of the police to prevent unauthorised persons from entering upon the scene of a crime until a member of the detective division appears. All that is clearly set forth in the Manual of Police Procedure and Practice. But it is also stated in that excellent treatise that it is essential for a proper identification of the body of the deceased to be made. Now, under the one rule, I can't admit you in the house, Betty, but under the other I must ask you to remain nearby."

IS words and manner seemed unnecessarily harsh to me, and yet I could appreciate how he resented my lingering to lunch with Betty when I should have obeyed his instructions to the letter.

"All right," said Betty. "I shall wait outside until you call me."

"One moment," said Thatcher Colt, and, striding toward her, held out his hand. On his palm he laid an object wrapped in a handkerchief, and as he drew back the folds I saw it was a platinum wrist watch.

"It's Geraldine's," ejaculated Betty, with a low gasp.

"Observe," said Thatcher Colt, "that the crystal is broken, and the hands and case dented. It was undoubtedly struck by one of those blows with the axe. If they have not been hampered with or moved, the hands indicate the hour of death—8.10 p.m."

"Where did you find it, Mr. Colt?" asked Betty, with a piteous glance at me.

"In the bath tub," answered Thatcher Colt.

He put away the watch in his vest pocket and laid a fatherly hand on the girl's shoulder. His jaw was thrust out, his lips separated, his fine teeth exposed.

"Brace up, child," he said, not unkindly. "I am afraid you have a hard job ahead of you, and Tony and I count on you for the next few hours. It looks as if your room-mate was the victim of some insatiable, brutal, mad, and yet clever criminal. Clever, indeed—yet there are clues here that sooner or later will lead me to the guilty one."

He turned from the girl, who still lingered in the shadows of the doorway, and began emptying his pockets.

"Take these objects, Tony," he said, "and handle them gently—they may point us to the murderer. Sixty-seven per cent of our unsolved murders are committed indoors, but this one I'm going to clear up or—"

Betty turned away as he put into my hands the watch, wrapped in a handkerchief, two envelopes, on each of which the word "hair" had been scribbled, and finally a white face-cloth on which I observed two horrible scarlet stains.

"I found that face-cloth in the bathroom, too," explained Thatcher Colt.

"Handle it with all care—I have a hunch I will use that to good purpose in court some day. Or rather, District Attorney Dougherty, most likely."

He dug deeper into his pockets until satisfied that all his findings were accounted for.

"I'll have more for you later on," promised Thatcher Colt. "Just now I want to—"

He did not finish the sentence for suddenly Neil McMahon, the commissioner's chauffeur, towered in the doorway, his moon-like face pale and expressionless as ever. But in his eyes I observed a gleam come and go like northern lights.

"I have found the grave, Mr. Commissioner," he announced simply.

WITHOUT a word, Thatcher Colt followed the chauffeur out of the house. Presently we came to a little open space in the trees, and Neil McMahon played his flashlight on what seemed to be a curious and sinister mound. We stood together, the three of us, and looked down upon a pile of earth, covered with dried leaves.

Thatcher Colt, who was wearing a top-coat grey-striped trousers and gloves, knelt and moved his hands among the leaves, feeling his way like a doctor reaching under a garment to touch flesh that is in pain. Swiftly then he pushed aside entire handfuls of leaves, scattering them off into the darkness. They made a gentle, sibilant, murmuring sound as they were dispersed through the air. The earth laid bare to

our gaze seemed soft and loose, though everything around was frozen and stiff in the grip of winter.

I proposed to run back to the house and fetch the shovel, but Thatcher Colt shook his head disapprovingly.

"I would prefer not to use that spade just now," he said.

Saying this, Thatcher Colt took off his topcoat and gloves. In another moment, the most immaculate dresser in the whole city administration was on the knees of his grey-striped trousers, his fingers spread out, clawing up whole handfuls of the earth. Quickly Neil McMahon and I followed suit, the chauffeur at the head, and I at the foot, and Thatcher Colt at one side of the grave, scooping up with palms and fingers the clods of earth. Suddenly I gave a cry, for my right hand had touched something cold and white and stiff—the bare foot of a human body.

Now that we had found the infernal sepulchre we were seeking, ages seemed to pass before all the earth was taken from it and we could stand up, as we did stand up, panting and gasping, and sick with horror, and look down upon that illuminated trench.

What we had unearthed was the nude form of a girl, its head covered with a pillow case stained with earth and blood, the whole body hideously hacked, and most awfully slain. On one slim finger glistened the diamond of an engagement ring. After the first long, appalling scrutiny, we turned away from that eerie sight, as if by common consent.

But our hesitancy was only for a moment. Thatcher Colt's own flashlight was suddenly turned on the grave, and he knelt on the rim of the shallow pit. Reaching down into the grave, with little, jerky movements, he pulled away the pillow case that shrouded the head. The cruelly battered face looked up at him with its distended sightless eyes.

CHAPTER 14.

THE commissioner gently brushed the dirt and hardened blood from the face and scrutinised it intently. Was this the body of Geraldine Foster? The resemblance to the photograph was undeniable.

"The body is nude," cried Thatcher Colt suddenly, "and yet—"

He put his finger on one cruel wound in the right shoulder. Very carefully he disengaged a tenuous piece of thread, imbedded deeply in the flesh.

"There are these almost invisible traces of cloth in several of the axe cuts," he called back over his shoulder. "Evidently she was fully clothed when she was attacked, and stripped after she was dead. Now why was that?"

The commissioner, still on his knees, next became interested in the pillow case. He held the case close to him, playing the rays of the spotlight on it.

"The pillow case is wet," he said aloud, "but not with blood."

For a moment he muttered grimly to himself, and finally said distinctly:

"And this is dry ground. Very dry ground. We have had a prolonged dry spell. What is water doing in this grave? And the smell of pine trees all around? There are no pine trees growing nearby."

He reached in, fumbling about in the earth that lay under the stiff form. He put one hand on the knee and then on the shoulder, and drew it away with a low murmur of wonder.

"The body, too, is wet," he muttered.

Suddenly he rose, turned to me, and said, brusquely:

"Tony, I want you to stay here and guard the body. McMahon, come with me."

I watched the two figures retreat through the trees, and I stood there alone, with the wind muttering in the dry branches, and the open grave with its dreadful burden exposed at my feet. It was full dark

now, and I will confess that I was very cold and lonely.

The commissioner had taken the pillow-case with him. What could he mean by all these mysterious comments? Why had a pillow-case been put over the head of the corpse, leaving all the rest of the tortured body nude? Did this betray a weakness in the killer? I wondered if the explanation was that he could not bear to look upon the mutilated face of his victim.

"Ah, no, Tony," I was later to hear Thatcher Colt assure me. "The pillow-case was not weakness—it was strength. It was used deliberately and with diabolical intent."

SUDDENLY I listened. Not far away I had heard the rustle of footsteps, and a light gleamed fitfully through the trees.

"Who is there?" I called.

"It is me," said Neil McMahon and a moment later the commissioner's chauffeur covered me in the glare of his hand torch. With some astonishment I observed that he was carrying a small bottle in his right hand.

"What is that for?" I asked.

Without replying, he passed me his flashlight and then dropped into the tenebrous shadows that hovered over the open grave. Lying flat on his stomach, Neil uncorked his bottle and lowered it out of sight. I heard a gurgling sound, and then saw him lift a bottle, half-filled with some fluid, and carefully cork it. You can see that bottle, too, exhibited to-day in the department's crime museum.

As Neil stood up, I was about to repeat my question, when a sudden interruption prevented me. So absorbed had I been in his operations that I had not noticed the approach of others, and now to my astonishment I saw Thatcher Colt approaching with Betty Canfield walking by his side. She threw me a glance of horror and apprehension, but she did not speak.

"Just take one look and tell me," said Thatcher Colt, and he put his arm around the girl as they stood together on the brink of the grave. At the sight of the dead body no loud cry came from Betty, but the low moan of anguish that rose from her lips was as poignant and pitiful as it was conclusive.

"It is Geraldine!" she wailed, and the next moment Thatcher Colt was leading her, almost dragging her away from the grave, with Neil hastening after them. Crucial, but a necessary performance.

For more than half an hour after that, I kept my lonely vigil over the body of Geraldine Foster. Meanwhile I could guess a part, at least, of what was afoot in the house. Neil McMahon, acting on the orders of his chief, had telephoned headquarters.

Already the word had gone forth through the various channels of the grisesome find Colt had turned up. Meanwhile, as he awaited the coming battalions, I knew that Thatcher Colt returned to his solitary quest, carefully noting all the existing conditions, the signs of the struggle, the weapon—the hunter, was already ready on a private trail which was eventually to lead him into incredible discoveries.

THOUGH it was only half an hour, it seemed to me that I had stood guard for hours before I saw, far down through the trees, the flashing of lights and heard the rumble of many voices. Thatcher Colt strode forward, leading a procession of officials, patrolmen, plain-clothes men and others from the department. A photographer was setting up his camera and focusing, and soon blast after blast of lighted smoke flashed up in acrid plumes through the trees as the flashlight pictures were taken from various angles of the body. The photographer then left

us to take pictures of the wreckage within the house.

Under Colt's orders, some of the detectives began a meticulous search of the surrounding land, not waiting until dawn but prowling with flashlights in organised sections. Still others were delegated to repeat the commissioner's search of the house. Meanwhile, two patrolmen were hoisting the body from the grave. They carried it back to the house and heaved it up on a white enamelled table in the kitchen. There at the request of Thatcher Colt the assistant-medical examiner agreed to make a preliminary examination.

"How long do you think she has been dead?" asked Thatcher Colt, after we had waited in silence for perhaps five minutes.

Doctor Multooler looked around over his shoulder and replied:

"I can only guess until I make an autopsy. But I should say not more than thirty-six hours."

Thatcher Colt's face expressed the deepest amazement.

"Thirty-six hours!" he repeated. "That seems impossible!"

CHAPTER 15.

THE doctor smiled with an air of superior knowledge.

"Impossible, Mr. Commissioner? The state of the body tells me it has not been dead more than forty-eight hours at the utmost."

Thatcher Colt made no reply, but his sombre eyes staring into space seemed to be contemplating some infernal mystery that puzzled and horrified him.

He remained there, while a detective, at his orders, scraped the refuse from under the dead girl's finger-nails and deposited it in separate envelopes, each marked to identify the finger and hand from which it had been taken. This procedure, a piece of modern police technique, has helped in the solution of many baffling crimes, but in no case did it play a more erratic part than in the curious mystery in which we were now enmeshed. Then Sergeant Wickes, from the Statistical and Criminal Identification Bureau, inked the dead girl's fingerprints and took the black impression of her whorls and loops.

Meanwhile, Neil McMahon had been filling in the blank spaces on a tag known in the department as U.F. No. 95, which is placed on the wrist or great toe of all dead bodies in homicide cases.

Finally, the body was carried out to a patrol wagon waiting to carry it downtown, and Doctor Multooler proposed at once to follow it.

"When can I have your final report?" asked Thatcher Colt, as the doctor was departing.

"Some time before morning. Shall I send it to you and not to the District Attorney?"

"Please send it to my office at Headquarters. I shall be waiting for it."

The assistant-medical examiner looked a little bewildered, but bowed and departed.

We heard the two cars snorting and driving off down the narrow descent of Fiddler's Road, while Thatcher Colt and I stood in the kitchen and waited for reports. Already the hunt was organised with that skilful military precision which Thatcher Colt had brought into the department. Just as the woods were being searched, so every detail of the house was also being gone over. Some of the men were making notes of the surroundings, with special regard to the distance and relative position of house and grave, trees and road. Maps were actually being drawn of these things, some day to be enlarged and shown to a jury; maps of the position of the house, the lay-out of the rooms, even the position of the furniture—encyclopaedic details of the crime and its locale were being assembled.

One of the first results of this systematic search was the finding of two large bottles, several hundred feet distant from the grave. They were brought in by Detectives

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tive Schwaab, and Thatcher Colt received them with great interest.

"Remember," he said, "that Geraldine Foster—or at least a girl resembling her—was seen leaving the house in Washington Square, in company with another woman—and both carried large bottles just like this, and also just like another in the back room of Maskell's suite of offices. We should give more thought to those bottles later, Tony."

He paused and smiled at me. "For your peace of mind," he disclosed, "I have sent Betty Canfield down to Headquarters to wait for us. There are some questions she will have to answer to-night. I am sorry to say that I had to procure her attendance for the autopsy, so that she can identify the body, and I have also telephoned for the poor parents of the dead girl for the same purpose. I shall also have to question them. Meanwhile, I think I hear the stentorian boom of a familiar voice."

THE next moment there came through the doorway a huge man, with curly hair, large, bold, blue eyes, and prognathous jaw. The newcomer shook hands grimly with the police commissioner. He was that vital and magnetic Merle Dougherty, who was such a firebrand while he was District Attorney. "Hotspur" was Thatcher Colt's adjective for him. The two men disagreed on almost every known subject, with the exception of their liking for certain German beers and their admiration for each other.

I soon learned that Dougherty had kept himself informed about the police search for Geraldine Foster, and was fairly familiar with many details of the case.

"Well, Colt," he said, "your hunch was right. It was murder—and a pretty messy one. I have decided to take personal charge of the affair, and you mark my words, I shall bring the murderer to the electric chair so quickly that it will be a lesson to the whole world."

Thatcher Colt emptied his pipe and proceeded to refill it as he replied:

"I shall certainly be glad to have your cooperation, Dougherty."

"What do you mean by that?" blurted the District Attorney.

"I thought I might take a hand in solving this business myself," drawled Thatcher Colt.

"Conflict of authority?" barked Dougherty.

"Not at all, old fellow. As the ranking head of the force, I am merely doing my constitutional duty. Never forget that it is written in the book, the commanding officer shall be held responsible for the completeness of the investigation."

"You know it isn't done, though," protested the District Attorney. "However, I shall be glad to have your help. Now, what's what?"

"Isn't Hogan with you?" asked Colt.

"Sure!"—and a little man, with a bald, ovoid head, stepped quickly through the door. He was Dougherty's favorite detective, a county detective with more than ordinary wit, assigned to the District Attorney's office. In his hands I noticed that he held a white package tied with red ribbon.

"Hogan might as well listen, too," explained Colt, and then, in a brisk and magnificently compressed statement, gave the District Attorney a complete conspectus of the crime, from the first appearance of Betty Canfield at Headquarters down to the finding of the corpse.

CHAPTER 16.

SOME lover of hers did it," said Dougherty promptly. "He probably got the girl in trouble, then lured her up here and killed her. There's too much of this sort of thing going on—too many crimes of passion."

"Perhaps," murmured Thatcher Colt. "Plain as the nose on your face," declared Dougherty. "All we have to do is

to find who owns this house and have a talk with some of her boy friends."

Thatcher Colt lit his pipe.

"Yes," he said. "And by the way, Hogan, I know you think you have a clue in that package you have there. Is that a Christmas present you have found?"

"Yes, it is—it's a silk muffler," said Hogan. "I found it under the sofa. I would like to hang on to it for a while, if you don't mind."

"Not at all—I've already had a look at it," answered Colt agreeably. "Also, I have telephoned downtown and found that this house is owned by a Mrs. Haberhorn, who rents it out. It will be as you say, simple to find out the name of her tenant—if the tenant gave her his real name. And, by the way, I am temporarily removing some evidence from the scene."

He lifted the pillow-case and flung it over his shoulder.

"What's inside the bag?" asked Dougherty promptly.

"Seven dead pigeons," answered Thatcher Colt. "About midnight join me at headquarters will you, Dougherty, and we will go over what we have. Mind?"

"Okay," said Dougherty, and added after a moment's thoughtful pause. "If I haven't arrested the murderer before then."

"You won't!" chuckled the commissioner, and with a nod to me, he led the way down to the street.

Having eluded the ambush of a squad of newspaper reporters, waiting to obtain Thatcher Colt's personal version of the Peddler's Road affair, we hurried on toward the commissioner's office. As we entered the octagonal reception room, with its old-fashioned woodwork and its transoms of stained glass, a curious sight met our eyes.

Most of the people concerned in the mystery of Geraldine Foster were gathered before us, their haggard eyes staring up into our faces. For the moment, I was startled at the sight of such an organised and appropriate convocation. Then I realised that by the telephoned orders of Thatcher Colt all these people had been quickly brought to headquarters. Seeing

the commissioner, the father and mother of the murdered girl stood up with pathetic promptness. They guessed the truth without having been told. Thatcher Colt spoke to them briefly and in low tones, while my glance leaped around the room. Among

the others gathered in the waiting-room were two young men whom I judged to be Bruce Foster and Harry Armstrong. Neither resembled Geraldine, so I could not tell which was the brother and which the lover. Aloof from these others and looking pale and worn, sat Betty Canfield.

WITH another reassuring word to the parents, Thatcher Colt hastened on into his private office and I followed him. On the desk he laid the pillow-case with the dead pigeons.

For the next few minutes I was busy on the telephone, calling various officers for the commissioner. Presently the deputy-chief inspector arrived, followed by Doctor Clesiek, one of the most scholarly chemists attached to the office of the medical examiner.

Without parley, Thatcher Colt issued a series of crisp, precise orders. He wanted the owner of the house on Peddler's Road found at once and brought downtown. A detective must also be sent to Wisner's, a chemist's shop on Madison Avenue, to find out what was contained in three large bottles sent upon the urgent request of Doctor Maskell on Christmas Eve.

"Funny thing," added Thatcher Colt. "Damned funny thing. You might add that those bottles smell like the bark of pine trees."

Without pausing for comment, he then gave instructions for examining the refuse

paged from under the nails of the corpse and the hair contained in two envelopes.

Colt next made a most extraordinary re-

quest of Dr. Clesiek.

"In the pillow-case on my desk are some

dead pigeons, Doctor," he said. "Can you examine dead pigeons and make a guess as to how long they have been dead?"

"An autopsy on pigeons?"

"Mind?"

"No," sighed Dr. Clesiek, "I'll do my best as always."

Following the officers, Clesiek, his arms full of dead birds, left the room.

"Ah, Tony," Colt cried, "I wonder if those blundering fellows up on Peddler's Road have found Geraldine's clothes yet. I assigned three of them just for that job. Now let me see. The deputy-chief inspector took the envelope with the parings from her nails. They will show us something, too, I hope."

His eyes were gleaming with the zest of the hunter, as he sat at his desk and lit his pipe.

"Ask that poor old couple to come in, Tony."

Mr. and Mrs. Foster trudged into the office and sat in chairs before the commissioner's desk. They were making a great effort to hold on to their composure. Very gently Thatcher Colt gave them a part of the story. Then he began urging upon them the importance of their remaining calm in the face of the tragedy, and giving what help they could to the department.

"Mr. Colt," rumbled old Edmund L. Foster, raising his red hands over his head, "whatever happens my daughter was a good girl, and don't forget that!"

HIS voice was deep and vibrating with great feeling. His wife did not look at him. With her two hands laid against her breasts, she stared fixedly through her glasses. But there were no tears on the strained face of the mother.

"I am sure that Geraldine was a good girl," returned Thatcher Colt earnestly. "But, Mr. Foster, you remember the key that we found in her pocket. Are you sure that you know nothing of that key?"

"Nothing," avouched Mr. Foster in his impassioned bass.

Thatcher Colt then explained that the key fitted the house on Peddler's Road. He questioned the father about the friends and acquaintances of his daughter. Mr. Foster liked them all. He thought Betty Canfield was a sweet little girl. Harry Armstrong was a smart fellow, and, as for Doctor Maskell, he had treated Geraldine as fine as any girl could want.

"Was Geraldine in any financial distress?"

"Bosh and bunk!" thundered the father. "I am not a poor man. I have one hundred thousand dollars to my name and half of it would have gone to my girl when I died. She must have been crazy when she wrote that note you found. Why, she knew I was going to give her ten thousand as a wedding present. And she knew she could come to her old father for anything. But now she's gone, and she will never enjoy a penny or all that money."

After a moment of silence, Thatcher Colt inquired:

"Who will inherit her share?"

"All of it goes to my boy, Bruce, now. Every cent," declared Foster with a wave of his immense red hands.

"Was Bruce your first child, Mrs. Foster?" asked Thatcher Colt.

The old woman clapped her hands quickly together, as one does who is taken by surprise, and her crumpled cheeks quivered with sudden inexplicable emotion.

"Bruce is not my first child," she said hastily, rolling her unhappy eyes.

Just then a knock sounded on the door and Captain Henry announced that the medical examiner had sent for the parents of the dead girl. The commissioner shook hands with them, promising to see them the next day, and sent them forth on one of the saddest errands that can come to mortal kind.

CHAPTER 17.

WELL, Tony, if you are looking for motives for the murder, you have two now."

"Two Chief? I don't get you."

"Yes. There is the possibility of the Virginius motive."

"Virginia?"

"Yes—the father who places such store on chastity that he would kill a violated daughter. Rare in these days—but you have heard Edmund L. Foster speak twice for himself."

"I hadn't thought of that—it doesn't sound reasonable—and yet—"

"Ah, yes, Tony! There is always that 'and yet'!"

"But the other motive?"

Bruce Foster might have killed the girl to get her share of the inheritance. He would not be the first brother to do such a thing."

"That is a horrible thought—a brother to kill a sister for money!"

Instead of replying, my chief told me to bring Bruce Foster into the office.

The young man who stalked in so boldly was tall and thin, but he looked strong. He had sandy hair, ruddy complexion, and challenging, blue eyes. In his very walk there was an air of truculence as if he were determined to prove to the world that he was not afraid of it. As the door swung shut behind him, he thrust forward his head, exposing his teeth, and said to Thatcher Colt:

"This is a deuce of a way to treat white people. You send my father and mother to the morgue to look at the body of Gerry, before they cut her up with their damned knives, but you won't let me go alone to stand by and catch them when they fall. Talk about Prussianism!"

"Sit down," said Thatcher Colt crisply.

Bruce Foster flung himself into the chair and stared defiance at the commissioner. "Your sister has been murdered," said Thatcher Colt, "and you are needed right here. I know it is hard on your parents, but the police need you right now."

"What for?"

"I want you to tell me what you know. What I know? I don't know anything."

Thatcher Colt shook his head.

"We'll never get anywhere that way," he remonstrated.

"Why? Do you accuse me of holding anything back?"

"You thought your sister was having an affair. You didn't want your father to know. So you started to settle the matter for yourself. Whom did you think she had an affair with?"

The ruddy cheeks of the young man turned pale.

"Who told you that?" he demanded.

"I guessed it," said Thatcher Colt truthfully. "Whom did you suspect, Bruce?"

The boy shrugged his shoulders.

"You guessed wrong," he answered stubbornly.

"Where did you go when you wouldn't tell your father and mother where you would search for your sister?" insisted Thatcher Colt.

I WAS just a fool," said Bruce bitterly. "I've a bad temper and I know it. But I will tell you all about it. I knew that things hadn't been going well between Gerry and the fellow she was going to marry. The wedding was almost here, and the nearer it came the more miserable she seemed. But she wouldn't tell me what the trouble was, nor pop, nor mom. She would make it up with Harry and everything would be all right, and then the next time we saw her she was sad and blue. On Christmas Eve I was in New York, and I called her up. I was going to take her home with me for Christmas. But she was crying over the phone and said she didn't care what happened to her. I said I would come right up, but she told me not to."

"What time was that?" asked Colt casually.

"A little after two o'clock in the afternoon."

"What did you do then?"

"I just walked around the town looking in the shop windows, and I took in a movie, trying to cheer myself up."

"Did you buy anything?"

"No, sir."

"And when you learned that your sister was really missing, where did you go to look for her? This is the third time I've asked you that question!"

"I went to Harry Armstrong's apartment. That was the day pop and mom came into New York and talked with you. I suspected Harry. I didn't know what might have happened to Gerry. I was ready to have it out with him. But I couldn't locate him. And since I've talked with pop and mom, I know I was a big fool. There wasn't anything wrong between Gerry and Harry. I'm ashamed ever to have thought such a thing. How did you know I did?"

Thatcher Colt replied with a question: "Whom else did you question about it?"

A look of surprise flushed Bruce's face as he asked:

"Betty!"

CHAPTER 18.

BEFORE Thatcher Colt could proceed, a rap came at the door, and Captain Henry came in, carrying a small envelope, which he laid very carefully on the desk.

"From Doctor Multooler," he said. "You asked for them he says. From the dead girl's mouth."

Bruce Foster averted his gaze as Thatcher Colt gingerly opened the envelope. He peered inside and I was close enough also to see that the envelope contained some minute particles of some dried red, faky substance.

"Take these to Cieslak," ordered the commissioner. "Tell him I want the brand established at the earliest possible moment."

Captain Henry saluted and retired, carrying the envelope far out from him at the tips of his pudgy fingers. While I was wondering at this strange incident, Thatcher Colt turned back to Bruce Foster.

"Maybe you are not telling me everything?" he asked, with a melancholy glance. "Anyway, you will, sooner or later. Now, Bruce, I want you to get your mother and father and take them home. Give them something to make them sleep to-night. But I want you back here to-morrow morning."

Bruce promised and left the room, considerably chastened. Thatcher Colt's eyes now turned to mine, held a cryptic expression.

"Tony," he said, shaking his head, as if by that motion to throw from his soul the shadow of an evil influence, "let's forget that boy just now. I am sometimes a telepathist. I now hereby read your mind and know that you wish I would talk to Betty Canfield next and get through with her so that the young lady can go home."

"Right," I exclaimed, and bounded for the door. My heart smote me at the sight of the weebegone little figure that I saw slumped in the chair. But the brisk way she stood up and the sad smile of friendliness she gave me quickened my admiration.

Thatcher Colt received her with a pleasant wave of his hand.

"Betty," he began, "I am coming right to the point with you. You have not been frank with me from the start, child, but now you must realize that you have to be. Why did you and Geraldine quarrel the day before she disappeared?"

Her shocked expression betrayed how greatly taken by surprise she was. But Thatcher Colt gave her no time.

"No evasions. What was it about?"

"It's murder."

"Even so, I can't tell you."

"Then let me tell you," said Thatcher

Colt. "One of your neighbors overheard you and told one of my men. It was about Bruce Foster and his suspicions of his sister's morals. Was it not?"

Betty would not speak. Even though she was disobeying my chief, I had to admire her loyalty to her dead friend, and so, I think, did Thatcher Colt.

"Bruce thought Geraldine had an affair with Harry Armstrong—and that he had thrown her over and refused to marry her. He first came to you about it. You told Geraldine—and that started the quarrel."

T

HANKFULLY Betty Canfield looked up at the commissioner.

"Now, Betty, can you tell me Geraldine was innocent?"

"Absolutely."

"But the engagement was broken?"

"Yes—they kept meeting, trying to patch up whatever it was they quarrelled about."

"Do you know what it was?"

"No."

"All right. We'll pass all that. Have you a lease on your apartment on Morningside Heights?"

"Yes."

"How long does it run?"

"Until next May."

"Then you intend to sublet it?"

"Yes, I have been trying for the last two months."

"Who exhibits the apartment when you are at work?"

"The janitor, or one of the elevator boys."

Dropping this, Thatcher Colt asked:

"When was the last time Harry Armstrong telephoned your apartment?"

"Harry telephoned twice about three o'clock on Saturday morning," she answered.

"You mean the early morning hours of Christmas Eve?"

"Yes."

"But how is that possible? Where did he telephone from? He was supposed to be on the night train to Boston."

"That's odd. You know I hadn't thought of that before Mr. Colt."

Thatcher Colt lit his pipe, which had gone out. Dismissing the former line of questions, he resumed:

"Now tell me the real reason why you meet Doctor Maskell with the frappe glace and the glace manner? You fibbed to me the last time you were down here. You said you didn't like him, but didn't know why. But I doubted that yarn, Betty. What makes you dislike the doctor?"

She stood up and held out her hand.

"If I tell you, will you let me go home?"

"Promise!"

"Because Doctor Maskell often told Geraldine that he believed murder justified under certain circumstances. By the way she repeated it, I think he meant it, and since I heard that I could never bear the sight of him."

"Indeed!" said Thatcher Colt softly.

With one backward glance at me, Betty left the office. Thatcher Colt remained moodily at his desk, toying with the blue ribbon of the key.

"Our motives accumulate, Tony," he remarked.

"Are there any that I hadn't noticed?"

"Plenty of them. Now let's have a look at Harry Armstrong."

The face of the murdered Geraldine was a young man of medium height, with greenish-blue eyes, curly brown hair, and a slightly supercilious air. It was quite evident that he resented being called to Police Headquarters. But in spite of the rather top-lofty attitude that Armstrong assumed, it was easy to see and appraise the tragic, wounded expression that glowed in his handsome eyes.

As always, Thatcher Colt began by trying to win his confidence. In a murderer mystery such as this, the commissioner explained, the police placed their chief reliance on the frankness of the

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friends of the slain person. He hoped he might count on Mr. Armstrong to answer all questions freely.

"You may," said the young man laconically, but with sharp emphasis.

"Your parents live in Boston?"

"My mother lives there."

"Father dead?"

"Yes."

"All right," he said. "Now, tell me about yourself."

Armstrong was a bond salesman with Fisher and Clark, a large securities firm in the Wall Street district. He had first met Geraldine two years before at a dance. Their friendship ripened until they finally became engaged. They had made their plans to be married on the day after New Year's.

"Had you made any preparations for your new living quarters?" asked Thatcher Colt. "Of course. Ever since I have been in New York I have lived in two old-fashioned rooms in a house on East Sixty-ninth Street. Geraldine and I had decided to go right on living there."

Thatcher Colt fixed his sombre dark eyes on the young man.

"Were there intimate pre-marital arrangements between you and Geraldine Foster?" he asked.

"Bruce Foster has been talking to you!" cried Armstrong angrily.

With great deliberation, Thatcher Colt emptied his pipe, and slowly re-filled it before speaking again.

"You know Armstrong," he said. "I am glad to find such old-fashioned sensitiveness about such matters. Lots of people today consider trial marriage and things like that wholly respectable. But apparently that isn't true of Bruce Foster, old Mr. Foster, or yourself."

"Or Geraldine!" exclaimed Armstrong simply and vigorously.

"Suppose she had been intimate with another man?" said Thatcher Colt suddenly. A deep pallor crossed the young face, and beads of milky perspiration stood on his brow.

"I won't discuss that," he said huskily.

"Good!" agreed Thatcher Colt. "Now I want to ask you about your own movements recently. On Friday night, December 23, you took the midnight train out of Grand Central Station. Is that correct?"

"It is."

"Yet I understand that you telephoned Geraldine a few hours later. Is that correct?"

"Yes, that's correct, too."

"Where did you telephone from, Armstrong?"

"From Hartford."

"You left the train at Hartford?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I was worried."

CHAPTER 19.

THATCHER COLT threw up his hands.

"Armstrong," he remonstrated, "are you going to make me drag every fact out of you? Tell me what happened, for the love of God, and stop being so hostile."

Armstrong shrugged his shoulders, folded his arms and sat up a little straighter.

"Well, Geraldine and I had several little misunderstandings," he admitted. "I finally decided I was all wrong, and so I got off the train, called up and suggested that we go off and elope and show up Christmas morning at my mother's house as man and wife."

"And she refused? Why?"

"Because she was still angry. I hung up. Then I got lonesome and morbid. I had a few drinks and it made me feel very angry. I had to prove that Geraldine loved me. So I called her apartment again and we had the whole argument all over again."

"And she still refused?"

"Yes," said Harry Armstrong bitterly.

"she did. If she hadn't, she might be alive to-day."

"Quite correct," agreed Thatcher Colt. "Now what did you do after the telephone call?"

"I found a speak-easy," confessed the young man, "and I drank myself into insensibility."

"Well, where were you when you regained your senses?"

"In New York City, in Grand Central Station."

"When was that?"

"Christmas Eve, around six o'clock."

"What had you been doing meanwhile?"

"I don't know."

Thatcher Colt sat up straighter and looked sharply at the young man.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said, "that you cannot account for your movements from the time you had the telephone call with Geraldine, and six o'clock Christmas Eve?"

"That is correct, Mr. Colt."

"Do you realise," said the commissioner, "that the girl vanished within that time?"

"I certainly do."

Harry Armstrong then lit a cigarette, and added:

"But can you think of any sensible reason why I should kill the girl I loved?"

The commissioner's face was contracted to thoughtful ridges for a moment.

"Well, Armstrong," he said, "I am sorry you cannot give a clearer account of your movements. It makes it difficult for you and for me, too. What was the cause of your disagreement with Geraldine?"

"I can't answer that."

"But you will have to before you get through."

"Nevertheless, I refuse. I will only tell you this. Bruce Foster is not Geraldine's brother. I quarrelled with Geraldine because I was a snob, and I regret it. Bruce is an adopted child."

Thatcher Colt looked at the young man inscrutably.

"You are not telling me the whole truth!"

"No—and I don't intend to."

"Then I am sorry—I shall have to turn you over to some of our men for a long night of questioning."

"The third degree?" asked Harry Armstrong, in a low voice.

"Some people call it that."

"I'm not afraid of being beaten up."

"Good," said Thatcher Colt, pressing the buzzer, and then talking into the silent inter-office phone. Soon Captain Henry Harry Armstrong away.

As soon as we were left alone, Thatcher Colt was on the telephone calling the chief of police of Wincoboro, Maryland. I waited while he held a long conversation, during which I caught the name of Bruce Foster. The commissioner, who is always like lightning on the telephone, lingered during the conversation, and when he finally turned to me, it was evident that he expected to learn something of importance. Presently, there was a lull and he turned to me.

"We are in luck," he said. "The chief of police has a brother who knew the Foster family well when they lived in that town. He is getting the brother to the telephone. Get on the extension phone and listen in."

This is what I heard:

"Hello, Mr. Colt... I've found out all you want to know about the Foster family adopting that child... They named him Bruce... Yeah, that's right... Well, his own mother died when he was born. His father was hung down here—I saw him hung—what's that? Oh what for? For an axe murder down here—one of the worst murders in the whole history of this here now State... Yeah! Another thing people down here always said old Mr. Foster was the boy's real father... Anything else..."

"Thanks, nothing else," said Thatcher

Colt, brushing the back of his hand across his forehead as he hung up the receiver. His sombre eyes were very grave as he turned and groped for his pipe.

I was about to ask Thatcher Colt several questions that bedevilled my mind almost beyond endurance when we were again interrupted by the entrance of Captain Henry. The elderly officer seemed rather excited.

"The woman who owns the house on Pedder's Road is found and here," he announced, and at a quick nod from the commissioner he turned and hastened to admit her.

Mrs. Haberhorn was a shabbily-dressed old woman, with a voice like a tugboat captain's, and a breath like a still. But she did her best in public to be a perfect lady. Her hair, probably grey, had recently been dyed a rich brown, and her blue eyes glittered suspiciously.

Blinking up at the commissioner, she said:

"You can't hold me for anything. You don't expect I can ask for the marriage license of everybody I do business with, do you? All I want is my money, and if you don't think I am an honest person, ask any of the policemen on our beat. They'll tell you."

After we had calmed her down, we learned that Mrs. Haberhorn kept a rooming house on W. 122d St. Apparently she was a miserly person who dressed poorly to hide her affluence. She also owned the plot of ground on Pedder's Road, which she had held for twelve years as an investment. Two years ago she had rented the ground to a tenant who put up the portable house in which Geraldine Foster had been slain.

"What was the name of the tenant of your property, Mrs. Haberhorn?" asked Thatcher Colt.

"He said he was a Mr. Bigbee. But why don't you ask him yourself? He's right outside your office this very minute."

"Here!" cried Thatcher Colt, springing to his feet. "Show him to me!"

CHAPTER 20.

WE followed Mrs. Haberhorn to the door and through it she pointed to a man, smiling blandly at us from his chair in the outer room.

He was the missing Doctor Humphrey Maskell.

In spite of the grimly controlled expression on the face of my chief, I knew instinctively that Thatcher Colt was taken by surprise, almost as much as I. Not for a moment had I suspected that the "laughing physician of Washington Square" had returned to New York.

Apparently Doctor Maskell did not realize the seriousness of the identification just made of him by his landlady.

"Good evening, Mrs. Haberhorn," he said urbanely. "You seemed as if you did not want to recognize me when you passed me going in just now."

"I shall want to talk with you in just a minute, Doctor," said Thatcher Colt.

"I feel sure of it," replied Maskell, with a wide and complaisant smile.

Without answering, the Police Commissioner backed into his office, and Mrs. Haberhorn followed him.

"How long did you say that man had rented your place, Mrs. Haberhorn?"

"About two years."

"What does he use the house for?"

"What should he use it for?" countered the landlady indignantly. "What's he done wrong up there? Not arson, for the love of Heaven!"

"No—not arson, just a little murder. Pretty girl chopped up with an axe. You don't want to get mixed up in that, do you?"

Mrs. Haberhorn got very red in the face, then as suddenly paled. She threw out her hands and fell backward in a stupor on the floor. Captain Henry and I had to carry Mrs. Haberhorn out, a proceeding

which Doctor Maskell watched with lofty curiosity. Leaving Mrs. Haberhorn with the captain, and instructing him to restore her, but to keep her in the building until further orders, I hurried back to the office. There I found that the immediate questioning of Doctor Maskell was for the moment delayed. Thatcher Colt was shaking hands with Marie Dougherty, whose face was now almost as red as his own, and who seemed bursting with some concealed excitement. Behind the district attorney stood the bald-headed Hogan, smiling secretively, but his eyes seemed to say that he was only biding his time.

"I've gone over pretty nearly everything up at the house," announced Dougherty, rubbing his hands as if he were congratulating himself. "You remember the package wrapped in red ribbon and white paper?"

"The muffler that was so obviously a Christmas present?"

"Yes, sir. Well, I examined that parcel and found that it came from Dittery and Flux, the Fifth Avenue haberdashers. At once I shot Hogan out on the job, while I sought other clues on the scene of the crime. Hogan traced the manager of the store, had the store opened up, traced the sales slips and found the name of the purchaser of that identical silk muffler! Now, Mr. Colt, is that quick work, or isn't it?"

DOUGHERTY'S eyes were glittering with triumph, and he took a few steps back and forth, making also a slight inclination of his head, as if bowing in acknowledgement of plaudits to his own superior detective powers.

"And the name was Humphrey Maskell," supplemented Thatcher Colt softly.

Dougherty stopped instantly in his walk and glared sideways at the police commissioner.

"Who told you that?" he demanded.

"There was a card attached to the package, signed by Doctor Maskell, and wishing one of his patients a very Merry Christmas. If you had only mentioned it—"

Taking the card from his vest pocket, he commissioner tossed it carelessly on his table.

"Hell and hot water!" shouted Dougherty. "Is this what you call co-operation? Why didn't you tell us about that card?"

"Because I first wanted to find out what it meant," answered Colt, with a sharp glance at his old friend.

"It means that the doctor was on the scene—and it probably means he is as ruddy as red hell!"

Thatcher Colt lifted a gently deprecating hand.

"Perhaps he is. At least there is much more evidence besides your muffler to point that way."

"For instance?" snapped Dougherty.

The door opened to admit an attendant, who spread out on a side table the damp prints of the official photographs, taken a few hours before at the grave and in the house. Thatcher Colt stood beside Dougherty, his hand on the shoulder of his impetuous friend, as they studied together those grisly scenes.

"Bear with me, Dougherty," pleaded Thatcher Colt. "I am beginning to believe this is a crime far more awful than we have for one instant supposed. We must not be in a hurry this time."

"Tell me what you have found out," proposed Dougherty, his voice slightly less resolute, as he sat down and lit a fresh cigar.

"I can't tell you everything just yet," stipulated Colt, and then with his singular genius for condensation he gave the district attorney, including with his glances also the sullen Hogan, a résumé of what had happened since our return to headquarters. When the summary of Bruce Foster's interview was told to Dougherty, and especially the coincidence of his father's axe murder in the mountains of

Maryland, the district attorney put his head on the side and half-closed one eye. Then he learned about Harry Armstrong, the quarrel with Geraldine, and the fact that the murdered girl's fiance could not account for his movements during the mysterious hours of Christmas Eve. For a moment, the district attorney looked interested, but then his face grew sceptical.

"The muffler is the real clue," he said. "If we could only find Maskell."

"Besides," put in Hogan, with withering sarcasm, "the boy's ignorance of where he was on Christmas Eve has nothing to do with this case. The girl has been dead only 48 hours at the longest. You heard the medical examiner say that. What the district attorney's office wants to know is who was the Armstrong guy during the last 48 hours?"

With his sombre brown eyes, Colt cast upon Hogan a melancholy glance. He was Hogan's chief, but since the detective had been assigned to the district attorney's office, Hogan felt himself almost ready to be admitted to the bar. The commissioner smiled forgivingly.

The police commissioner's office, however, will want to know what Geraldine Foster did, where she went, and with whom, from the moment she left Washington Square on the afternoon of December until she died," he stated crisply.

"Maskell can tell you all that. Why don't you find him?" Why don't you at least find for him!" cried Dougherty, with his beefy hands tearing at his curly hair.

Thatcher Colt leaned forward and stared earnestly at his impulsive friend.

"I know we can build a case against Maskell," he conceded—"most likely we shall have to. But if you act hastily, you may soon wish you had waited. Now, Dougherty, if you go after the doctor, you will get your best evidence from me, anyhow. But on the other hand—"

Thatcher Colt got up from his desk, came around and put his hand on the district attorney's shoulder. "Stand by and let me finish the rest of the job. If Maskell is guilty, let's cinch the case."

"How long do you want?"

"Twenty-four hours."

CHAPTER 21.

ILP Maskell was under surveillance, I wouldn't mind delaying but—"

"All right, Dougherty. Would you like to talk to him?"

"When?"

"Where?"

"Here. Tony, bring in Doctor Humphrey Maskell."

Into Thatcher Colt's office I led the "laughing physician of Washington Square," while Dougherty stared in dumb amazement.

"Sit down, Doctor," invited Thatcher Colt, in a colorless tone, after presenting him to the grim Dougherty and the particularly threatening Hogan.

The physician sank easily, almost with affected carelessness, into a chair, and crossed his legs. Thatcher Colt began to question him with disarming mildness.

"You know that Geraldine Foster is dead?"

"I heard some talk while I was waiting outside. I gathered that she was murdered, the poor girl. But I have no details. Will you tell me how she was killed and where she was found?"

"Do you know anything about it at all?"

"No—certainly not!"

"Haven't you any suspicions?"

"None," answered the doctor heartily.

"Where have you been since the night I talked to you in your office?"

"Away from New York."

"Where?"

"I was travelling in the west."

"When did you get back?"

"Two days ago."

"So you left town on Thursday. Do-

cember 29, and returned on Thursday, January 5."

"Yes—two days ago, as I told you. But I have been visiting my father in Scarsdale. To-night I returned home and found a detective who told me I should come here—that something had happened."

"Can you account for your time since your return?"

"Surely."

"Please do then—here and now."

Maskell glanced with a superior air from Dougherty's red and frankly sceptical face to Hogan's shrewd, pale countenance, and then, with a sigh something akin to relief, he turned back to the commissioner.

"I arrived in town early on Thursday morning, and went to my office. All day I was busy with my patients. But about three o'clock in the afternoon I received a telephone call that gave me the shock of my life."

"From whom was that?"

"Mr. Colt," declared Doctor Maskell, his voice vibrating with a ring of conviction. "I talked with Geraldine Foster."

"Geraldine Foster!"

DOUGHERTY'S voice was a squeal of surprise. We were all astonished. The only person who seemed to regard it without emotion was the doctor himself.

"She said it was, and it sounded like her voice," he added calmly. "But the connection was bad."

"Go on," urged Colt. "What happened?" "She informed me she was in some terrible trouble, but she could not tell me about it over the telephone, so she begged me to come to her at once, which I tried to do."

"You tried to do," snarled Hogan. "What did you do?"

"Geraldine asked me to meet her at the entrance of Bronx Park on the Pelham Parkway. I drove out there alone, parked near the entrance, waited two hours, and saw nothing of her. Then I came home."

"Did anybody who knew you see you there?" asked Thatcher Colt.

"Nobody. I am sorry to say."

"And when was that?"

"This was Thursday last, January 5, in the afternoon."

"The time she was murdered," thundered Dougherty. "And that is your alibi!"

"How does that affect me?" countered the doctor. But Thatcher Colt was not answering questions; he was asking them.

"You knew the police were looking for Geraldine Foster," he resumed. "Why didn't you come and tell me about that telephone call?"

"Geraldine told me she was in trouble of a private character. I wanted to talk with her first."

Dougherty snorted and winked at Hogan, as Colt veered to another tack.

"Doctor, you have an office in Washington Square and an apartment on Fifth Avenue. Do you rent or own any other property?"

"A good deal."

"Mind telling me where?"

Doctor Maskell then enumerated some farming land that he owned in upper New York State, a house on the west side which he rented out, and a fishing shack down on the eastern shore of Maryland.

"Well, but don't you and I both know that you also have a bungalow on Pedlar's Road?"

Maskell was plainly taken aback at this.

"Right you are," he admitted. "I guessed you knew when I saw Mrs. Haberhorn. Why do you bring that up now?"

I noticed that a fugitive note of anxiety was in his voice.

"What did you use that house for—way off there in the woods?" asked Thatcher Colt.

Doctor Maskell cleared his throat heavily.

"You needn't be embarrassed with me," pursued the commissioner. "Did you have

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it as a hide-away for week-ends that required privacy?"

Doctor Maskell shook his head.

"No. I hope that you do not assume—"

Thatcher Colt held up his hands in protest.

"I am not assuming anything, Doctor Maskell," he assured him. "Did you ever take Geraldine Foster to that place?"

"Absolutely never," said Doctor Maskell.

"Not even for a short visit?"

"Never."

"Did she know of its existence?"

"I—well, I don't think so."

The two men looked at each other in silence for a moment.

CHAPTER 22.

"**D**OCTOR," suddenly barked the commissioner, "do you realise that you are in a nasty fix right about now?"

Maskell drew himself up with dignity.

"Will you tell me what my property on Peddler's Road has to do with all this?"

"Did you keep an axe on that place?"

"An axe?"

"Yes—a short-handled axe, with a double blade."

"Why, yes, certainly, yes, I did."

"What did you use the axe for, Doctor Maskell?"

"For firewood."

"Nothing else?"

"What else?"

"Someone used it for something else, Doctor."

"I am not good at enigmas."

"Doctor Maskell, this is a fact—Geraldine Foster was murdered, hacked to pieces, and the crime was done in your house, and with your axe."

Doctor Maskell leaped to his feet. If he was acting it was magnificent.

"This is a trick," he shouted. "You are trying to scare me."

For reply, Thatcher Colt thrust near the man's face a photograph still wet, and showing the girl's nude body stiff in the grave.

All laughter was wiped away from the doctor's broad mouth as he glared at the print lying flat on his palms.

"Poor Geraldine," he muttered.

His voice grew stronger, his face crimson, as he turned on the commissioner. "Who was the monster that would commit a crime like that—and on my property, my little house?"

"Never mind all that," snapped Thatcher Colt. "You must realise now that you have a lot to explain."

"When was she killed?" gasped Doctor Maskell, looking strangely around the room.

"I am asking the questions, Doctor."

"It does not matter. I shall prove my innocence."

"If you can do that, fine—in the face of what we can bring against you."

"Nevertheless," cried Doctor Maskell, "you will be unable to bring a single witness to place me on the scene of the murder. And surely someone will come forward to bear me out that I waited at the entrance to Bronx Park for a girl I believed to be alive. I am not afraid!"

As he was speaking the door was opening, and a patrolman stamped in with a sheaf of notes. Colt received them with unconcealed eagerness.

"Just a moment," he murmured. "These are the reports from the eight autopsies."

"Eight!" exclaimed Dougherty. "What do you mean—eight?"

"One girl and seven pigeons," explained Colt. "Ah, and here is Doctor Multooler himself."

The assistant-medical examiner nodded wearily as he stood just within the door and wiped his glasses.

"How long had those pigeons been dead, Multooler?"

"At least ten days, sir," replied the assistant-medical examiner.

"The girl was supposed to be dead two

days, but the pigeons were dead ten days, eh?"

"Well, sir, we don't suppose that any more."

"The autopsy changed your opinion?"

"Yes, it did," replied the examiner. "Somebody tried to fool us. The girl had also been killed about ten days ago."

Maskell boldly, "don't you see that only a feeble-minded person would think of such a scheme as that?"

"Feeble-minded? I think you consider yourself a master mind," cried the district attorney. "Our next job is to find out who has bought a quantity of tannic acid recently."

Maskell ignored the last thrust.

"The alibi would be no good for the murderer for the last 48 hours, unless he had an accomplice," he asserted. "Don't you realise somebody had to go up there and bury the body?"

"Well?"

"Well, that's as serious as if he did the murder. He was on the scene. It would take as much time to bury the body as it did to kill it—maybe more. So such an alibi would be worthless to me or anyone else."

But Dougherty was not to be out-faced by the calm reasoning of this barking physician.

"Who would know about tannic acid, except you—a doctor? Who bought the muffler we found in the house? You—the doctor. By God, you're guilty," shouted Dougherty, leaping frantically to his feet. "Of course, you're guilty! You're guilty!"

"You can't prove it," replied the doctor with determined calm. "On Christmas Eve I was distributing gifts to my patients. I was accompanied by my chauffeur and little Doris Morgan, who lives upstairs. For Christmas Eve I have a perfect alibi!"

"Good!" said Thatcher Colt emphatically. "You have the rest of the night to prove it."

A haggard look crept across the face of Maskell.

"The third degree for me, eh?" he exclaimed, his eyes searching our faces. Hogan nodded. Dougherty nodded. Maskell forced a chuckle that seemed compounded of defiance, confidence, or else great malevolence. I could not tell whether he was supremely brave, or supremely cocksure of himself.

CHAPTER 23.

DOCTOR MASKELL was subjected to the ordeal of a third degree that is still considered a classic in headquarters.

He was not under arrest, although there was more than sufficient evidence to hold him under a short affidavit, or to gaoil him in the House of Detention as a material witness. No forcible persuasion was necessary. He willingly consented to the almost inhuman treatment to which he was now exposed.

The attack upon him began at once, launched by three of the most experienced men in the department. But the dark hours passed and a calm man, with ready answers, still faced the onslaught of hard and snarling investigators, grimly intent on a breakdown. At 3 a.m., when Thatcher Colt, Dougherty and I joined them they had got nowhere. They could not seem to break this man's iron nerve. Maskell had answered all their questions over and over again, and not once had they tripped him.

Meanwhile, detectives were checking up on all the stories that he told. It was at this time that Thatcher Colt had a long and whispered conference with Mervin Dougherty, and a messenger was despatched to the building in which the doctor maintained his offices.

But Thatcher Colt was not ready to give up. He knew that when all seemed lost victory might be within a hand's reach. Again, and still again, he made Doctor Maskell re-tell his story. He was resorting to the oldest and one of the most effective devices known to the operating police of the world—the trapping effect of repetition. Make the suspect tell the same story often enough, in wearying repetition, until he is sick of the very lies that he is telling, and eventually often, I think, by

THE commissioner laughed softly. It was like Dougherty, the hotspur, to take another man's theory, and in two minutes come to believe it was his very own.

"My dear Mr. Dougherty," said Doctor

the sheer rebellion of the outraged subconscious, he lets fall some significant little detail which, seized upon and followed up, may break his story altogether. That was what Thatcher Colt was hoping to do with Maskell. He tried to reach him from a different angle.

Do you believe in justice, Doctor Maskell?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe in God—or, let us say, a Supreme Being?"

"Yes," he replied boldly.

"And do you want to see justice done in this case?"

"Yes, certainly. But what is justice?"

Upon this, Thatcher Colt criticised him bitterly. He told him he was overbearing and conceited. Most of the people who knew him disliked him, and the commissioner told him so. Then did begin to get under the suspect's skin. Maskell wanted to be popular—and he never had been unpopular. The dislike of people affected him painfully. So Thatcher Colt harped on that.

"If you want to know how you stand," the commissioner told him, "you let me call Betty Canfield in here. She will tell you quickly enough. She believes you chopped up that beautiful girl with an axe."

Maskell paled, but made no answer.

He was still in thorough command of himself, though he looked a bit weary when a new detail of smiling, well-slept detectives came in to take over the job of questioning him.

No one but Thatcher Colt knew how long this grim inquisition would proceed and the commissioner was keeping his own counsel. A cock-sure, they were still at it, and the doctor was undaunted. The commissioner sent me back to the typewriter to transcribe my notes.

Presently, while I was pounding away at the keys, the sleepless Captain Henry came in with the astonishing announcement that some indignant kinfolk of Doctor Maskell were demanding to see the commissioner at once. They were Mr. and Mrs. George Maskell, the criminal lawyer and his wife.

As the vital and picturesque figure of George Maskell was ushered into Thatcher Colt's private office, I was again reminded of my chief's description of him, made some years ago—"A man with the face of an old war horse."

He smiled at me as he entered, but already my eyes had fled from his familiar face to study his companion. That was the first time I had ever seen Natalie Maskell. Often I had read of her, and listened to reporters' yarns, told in speak-easies. Her beauty had been variously reported. The one thing agreed upon in all quarters was that Natalie Maskell, in spite of her beauty, had one of the best legal minds before the bar. She and her husband were inseparable.

As he stood aside to permit her to enter, I rose and made them welcome. She was tall, pale and august—a woman with dark-red hair and lovely features, commanding in her softness and charm and with tragic eyes that seemed to have received unspeakable confessions. I do not think I have ever seen a sadder or more beautiful woman. She looked around inquiringly, and then her eyes came back to me, standing beside the desk of Thatcher Colt. I explained that I feared it was impossible to see either the Police Commissioner or the District Attorney at this time. Nodding sagely, George Maskell blew his nose, making a sound like the whinny of a horse.

"Nevertheless, they'll see me," he said confidently, his voice thick, husky, and yet not unpleasant. "You tell the commissioner I've come here to sit along side of my brother while he is being questioned."

CHAPTER 24.

DID Doctor Maskell send for you?" I inquired.

At this piece of impertinence, as they might have chosen to regard it, George Maskell looked at his wife with eyes that seemed to hold a conversation in a secret language.

More, it seemed to me that he had conveyed to his wife, without speech, the suggestion that she, better than he could prevail over an impressionable young man like myself.

"No, my brother-in-law did not send for us," she explained, with a friendly smile. "Mr. Maskell and I were starting off very early this morning on an auto tour to Florida. We bought the papers on the ferry, read about Doctor Maskell, and came right back."

One could not resist the gentle and earnest manner of Natalie Maskell. I do not regard myself as an impressionable person, but it did seem to me that it would be no more than my duty to let Thatcher Colt know they were in his office. I was just about to buzz for Captain Henry when the door opened and my chief came in, followed by Dougherty.

Briskly enough, Thatcher Colt walked in, with Dougherty, blotch-eyed and weary, trudging behind him. I could tell from the slump of the district attorney's shoulders that Maskell had not confessed. But at the sight of the other attorney and his beautiful companion, Dougherty straightened up and fumbled at his tie.

There was a moment's exchange of greetings and then George Maskell demanded to see his brother.

"Humphrey is quite innocent of any crime," he declared, "and I would appreciate it if you would let him know that we are here."

Thatcher Colt leaned across the desk and looked the lawyer squarely in the eye.

"I have always understood," he said, "that you did not approve of your brother."

"In a time like this, blood is thicker than water," replied George Maskell, with a gleam in his eyes.

Natalie Maskell took an impulsive step forward.

"Mayn't we leave him a note, at least?" she entreated, and Dougherty made her a gallant bow. Her husband sat in Colt's chair and scribbled hastily on a scratch pad:

"We are standing behind you. Send for us when you want us.

GEORGE AND NATALIE AND DAD."

No one spoke while the lawyer was writing, but Thatcher Colt seemed very nervous. He walked up and down the room, like a man possessed with impatience, resenting an intrusion. Suddenly he reached on a high shelf and pulled down two file boxes of old correspondence, raising a cloud of filthy dust at which Dougherty shouted indignantly. I must confess that I had never seen my chief perform so awkwardly. He was full of apologies, but Dougherty's face was discolored with dust, and Mrs. Maskell needed all the resources of her feminine arsenal to repair the ravages, pad:

IVE found it!" exclaimed Thatcher Colt, after opening the first file box. "Here is the letter of congratulation I wrote you, Mr. Maskell, on the Scopes trial. You never replied to it."

"Damned careless of me," said George Maskell, with a bleak glance. Indeed, the curious behaviour of the police commissioner had perplexed us all. But there was no further apology from Colt, as with great dignity the Maskells took their departure. The minute the door closed, Dougherty picked up his hat and threw it up into the air. After this undignified act, he exclaimed:

"What a trial this will be! Brother fighting for brother—but I will beat him, Colt—this is one time that all the genius

of George Maskell, and all the prettiness of his wife looking tragically toward the jury box, shall not avail to cheat justice."

"Oh, stop making speeches, for the love of heaven," said Thatcher Colt.

At that moment Hogan threw open the door and led Doctor Maskell into the office. The prisoner was haggard, dishevelled, his clothing disarrayed, but his eyes still indomitable.

"Did I see my brother down the hall?" he demanded, looking at Colt.

The commissioner told him frankly what had happened greatly to Dougherty's disgust. I am afraid. More, the commissioner added that from the far window of the office Maskell could see his callers in their car, still standing outside of police headquarters.

"I would like to get at least a glimpse of Natalie," said the doctor, with a strange glance at the commissioner.

"Come to this window," said Colt, ignoring Dougherty's glare. "There she is in the seat behind the wheel."

For a long, thoughtful moment, Doctor Humphrey Maskell stared down at his sister-in-law. Some powerful emotion, more moving and more troubling than all the dark questions hurled at him during the night, possessed his singular glances through that window. I found myself wondering. Did the doctor love the beautiful Natalie Maskell? Was it because of her that the brothers had quarrelled? And then came the incredible suspicion—could a woman have done this awful crime? Was there an illicit love affair between these two? Was Natalie Maskell jealous of Geraldine Foster? I admit these speculations were untrue, unfounded, and fantastic, but they show the uncertain state of mind, the unfixed nature of my suspicions, at this stage of the game.

CHAPTER 25.

NOW," said Thatcher

Colt, suddenly breaking the silence, "my dear doctor, I have taken the liberty of making some arrangements for our morning."

"Yes, certainly," said Doctor Maskell, turning from the window with a deep sigh.

"There is another car downstairs, in which you will find some of your friends. We are going on a journey."

"Without breakfast?" asked the physician.

"I am afraid so," replied the commissioner, while Dougherty laughed, shook hands with my chief, and promised to see him later in the day. Then he and Hogan departed, leaving the next stage of the investigation in our hands.

"If you think that extra little torment will help in breaking my nerves," said the doctor, "let me disabuse your mind. I have eaten no breakfast, except hot water, in twenty years, and, as a doctor, staying up all night is no great strain on me."

We descended into the fresh air of the young morning. At dawn, there had been a sun, but already banks of rain-cloud were massing in the heavens; the air was damp and cold; it was the beginning after an hour's interlude of another spell of dismal and cheerless weather.

In front of 240 Centre Street a maroon-colored Auburn car was drawn up at the kerb with that strange Checkles, the doctor's chauffeur, sitting at the wheel.

My chief explained to me, in an aside, that the inspector and some of the men had been talking with Checkles. The best they could get out of him was that he was with the doctor all through Christmas Eve afternoon. Beside Checkles in the car, smiling a little wanly, and as pale as a moon at dawn, Doctor Maskell took his place. Then he looked back and in the rear seat he saw a woman and a child. The mother, I recognised as Felize Morgan, and the little girl was Doris Morgan, the child companion of Doctor Maskell, his living alibi. She was quite pretty. Later I learned that she was ten years old. Her

golden hair and large blue eyes and colorful dress and hat gave her a rather spoiled and stay-at-home—she would expect her to grow up into a cinema star, if cinema stars ever do grow up. But what interested me most was the love and tenderness in Doctor Maskell's eyes when he looked at little Doris. I think the sight of her quite unmained him. He caught her to him as she rose with a squeal of joy at sight of him, and she kissed him in lively, intimate and trusting fashion.

"Hello, Doris! Hello, Checkles," called the commissioner, taking his place beside the child and motioning me to a folding seat in front of him.

"Good morning and good night, and good fellows and good gods," said Checkles. His head bent over the wheel of the car, and he pushed the horn button in the middle of the wheel with his long, peaked nose, so that the car cried out as if in fright at his behaviour.

Doris laughed.

"Isn't Checkles too funny for words?" she asked, with a grown-up glance at Thatcher Colt. "He always blows the horn with his nose."

The commissioner nodded, as he drew a slip of paper from his pocket, and read off the names and addresses of the patients of Doctor Maskell, to whom, so the suspect declared, he and Doris and Checkles had delivered the presents.

"All correct," said Maskell.

THEN we further delayed our start while the commissioner talked earnestly with Doris. He told her she was a very important person, and that she could help the great City of New York, and she must try to remember everything she could. She promised with the most grown-up and gracious smile imaginable.

"You were with the doctor every part of the time on Christmas Eve?" asked commissioner Colt.

"Yes, sir; every part," said Doris Morgan firmly.

"Now," continued Thatcher Colt, "according to my memorandum, you went first to an address on Patchin Place. Is that right?"

"Yes, certainly," replied the doctor in a hoarse voice. Colt gave Checkles his orders and immediately we started zigzagging up and across town, in the direction of Greenwich Village.

"Doris," said Thatcher Colt, "do you remember anything about your last visit here?"

"Oh, yes," said the child. "We brought a parcel, done up in paper and ribbon, to an old lady who lives in that third house over there."

As we started off again, Thatcher Colt began to question Mrs. Morgan.

"You were an intimate friend of Geraldine Foster?"

"Oh, no. Our apartment is over the doctor's office. Doris and Geraldine met in the halls. They became friendly. The doctor took a fancy to Doris and soon we all got to know each other."

From house to house we drove, from a broker in East Twelfth Street, to an actor who lived at the Chelsea Hotel.

I had to tell myself that so far the doctor's alibi had been consistently sustained. Then, at the next place we stopped, a small hotel apartment house near Central Park, we came upon a surprising piece of information. The patient to whom Doctor Maskell had delivered a present there was a Mrs. Westcock. She told the commissioner that, on Christmas Eve, before the doctor had reached her house, someone had called on her telephone and asked for the physician.

"It was a woman's voice," said Mrs. Westcock. "She seemed to be very anxious for me to get word to him. The message she left was: 'Please come at once to Peddler's Road. Something terrible has happened.'"

"She did not leave any name?"
"No, sir. Nor her telephone number."
"Did you give the doctor the message?"
"Yes, sir."
"What did he say?"

"He looked surprised, but all he said was 'Thanks!'"

This conversation took place in the Westcock apartment, and naturally Doctor Maskell did not hear it, for he remained in the car with Detective Burke guarding the whole party. Thatcher Colt did not tell the doctor about Mrs. Westcock's story. Soon the car had crossed Fifth Avenue, continuing east until Park Avenue, where finally we stopped in front of a large apartment house.

"Oh," exclaimed Doris, "here is where I had the ice cream."

Thatcher Colt had his hand on the door, but at this remark he settled back and looked gravely down at Doris. Watching Maskell, I saw that he did not seem concerned.

"Where did you have ice cream, Doris?" asked the commissioner, casually.

"Checkles and I had ice cream while Doctor Maskell delivered some presents by himself," answered Doris.

"Where?"

"Right there!"

The child pointed out of the car window to a confectioner's on the opposite corner.

"Did you have more than one plate of ice cream?" asked Thatcher Colt.

"Three! I had three!" cried Checkles gleefully, as he turned and looked at us over his shoulder. "But Doris is a lady and took only one. She had to wait for me, though—I had three."

CHAPTER 36

THATCHER COLT closed his eyes. I could almost follow the rapid calculations he was making in the isolation of blindness that he loved to impose upon his vision when he was thinking quickly. Perhaps Checkles and the child had been left in the place long enough—I could see the dangerous implications of this disclosure. When Thatcher Colt opened his eyes, I could also see that he had his finger on the first weak link in the chain of Doctor Maskell's perfect alibi.

"What were you doing, Doctor, when they were in the confectioner's?" he asked pointedly.

"I distributed seven presents in the neighborhood," replied the doctor promptly.

"That's right," said Doris innocently. "He wasn't there when we were finished eating—we had to wait for him a long time."

Again Thatcher Colt closed his eyes and considered the importance of this anachronism. "We had to wait for him a long time"—I could almost see the lightning of calculation, suspicion, leaping and flashing across the stormy sky of the commissioner's thoughts.

And still the doctor smiled, as if, telepathically, he knew what was passing in the commissioner's mind, and mine, smiling as if he exulted and rejoiced because he knew there was still something missing, before they could bind him to the crime.

"There are only seven more addresses on your list," remarked Thatcher Colt. "Were the seven presents you told us about the last?"

"Yes," said Doctor Maskell. "From here we went home."

"Can anyone identify you as having delivered these seven presents?"

"No. By that time I was late. I hurried. I merely dropped them on hall tables. I saw no one."

"Yet you took an hour to deliver them?"

"I do not know how much time I took."

"Well you must know this blows your alibi to smithereens."

Without another word, Thatcher Colt then sent Mrs. Morgan and Doris home in a taxi-cab. Burke went with them, agreeing to meet the commissioner at police headquarters later in the afternoon.

"Now, Checkles," said the commissioner,

"drive us up to the house on 'Peddler's Road'."

Checkles laughed, a low-pitched chortle of laughter, as he punched the auto siren with his nose and pulled the lever into gear.

"Peddler's Road!" he chuckled. "Whew."

IT was not, as Thatcher Colt explained to me later, with any hope of unmasking the doctor by horror, that we were taking him back to Peddler's Road. Instead, my chief had the idea that some sentimental remembrance might unexpectedly upset the poise of Maskell—another onslaught on human nature through emotion.

Avoiding the crowds of morbid sightseers by approaching from the rear, we climbed the hill, and as we approached the house Thatcher Colt said to Maskell:

"You know, Doctor, when we round the body, it had a pillow-case over the head, as if the murderer could not bear to look upon the dead face, after what he had done."

"Yes, certainly?" said Doctor Maskell, in a tone of inquiry.

"It was a pillow-case with silken rose-buds embroidered on it. I could not find its mate in your bungalow. Do you happen to know what happened to the other one?"

"I know nothing of that," replied Doctor Maskell disdainfully.

"Ah, well," said Thatcher Colt, "eventually we will find out about that pillow-case. Come in!"

The doctor removed his hat as he entered the door of his own little house. One glance his face showed me that he was profoundly moved. He looked at the disorder, and at the detectives still searching in the house—they had been there all night, and they were still there, ferring everywhere, the same area gone over three times by three different men. Colt was resolved that nothing should be lost. Maskell held his hat before his heart and looked miserably upon the wreckage, the carnage, the red stains.

"You can see, Doctor," said Thatcher Colt quietly, "that a great deal of blood was spilled. Your dissection practice partly prepared you for that, of course—but when you start to let it run out of a living person, there's a lot of it, isn't there, Doctor—a red Niagara coming from sweet young veins and arteries."

Maskell was about to light a cigarette, but Thatcher Colt, with his hand on his shoulder, commanded his attention, and his eye required an answer.

"Thatcher Colt," said Doctor Maskell, "I shall have to listen to you, but my mind cannot be shocked into a breakdown, or fake confession, or anything else."

"No," agreed Colt. "The forthright, downright, outright methods of a simple policeman like myself may seem very crude to your preconceived notions of how this thing should be done. But I do know one thing—that reason is the certain method that can appeal to you, Doctor."

"Right!" agreed Maskell.

"You know there is a perfect case against you."

"I have been told that."

"Opportunity."

"No. I had no opportunity to do all this."

WHERE were you then, when Checkles and Doris were eating their ice cream?"

"I told you."

"You told me a cock-and-bull story. Do you expect any jury to believe that?"

Instead of replying the doctor was looking mournfully around the room.

"I can't believe it!" he murmured.

"Neither will the jury," snapped Colt, accepting the non sequitur as a reply.

"Ah, haven't we talked enough? Do as

you please—only let me have some sleep now," cried Maskell with a shudder.

But Thatcher Colt only shook his head.

"The police won't sleep until we get our man," he replied.

Doctor Maskell forced a smile, and an unearthly chuckle.

"Trying the methods of the Spanish Inquisition?" he mocked. "No sleep for a suspected man, eh? Gentlemen—I shall be awake when you are all nodding and snoring. I am a doctor—and I never sleep when a patient needs me."

And he smiled mockingly.

Upon the orders of Thatcher Colt, I was sent home to snatch a few hours' sleep before another long night of inquisition that loomed ahead. However, I did not feel like sleep, but spent the late hours of the afternoon being bathed and shaved, and then having tea with Betty Canfield. Every time we broke bread together we liked each other better. In the course of our conversation, she assured me her engagement to Bruce was never really serious and was all ended now.

With a light heart I returned to headquarters. It was five o'clock when I reached the commissioner's office where I found Thatcher Colt in deep conversation with Dougherty. Neither the district attorney nor my chief had been in their beds since the case "broke," as we used to phrase it in the city room. There were no signs of weariness on either of their faces, nor did it seem to me that Dougherty's arrogance was in the smallest degree lessened.

From their conversation, I learned that Doctor Maskell had been permitted a few hours' sleep in his apartment, with a policeman guarding the doors. Meanwhile, Bruce Foster had returned to headquarters and Thatcher Colt had drawn from him a complete statement of his movements—the details of which were easily and simply checked and seemed to furnish him with a clear exoneration from all suspicion. At this time, Colt and Dougherty both regarded Bruce as eliminated from the case. The district attorney went further and declared that Armstrong, too, was above suspicion. But with this Thatcher Colt would not agree.

"There is a theory that may involve Armstrong," he declared.

"Why don't you spill the theory to me?" demanded Dougherty.

"Because you would disbelieve in it so much you might even block me from then on," said Colt. "No—give me the rest of this day, Dougherty."

"I promised until midnight," sighed Dougherty.

"And while I have all the evidence in the world to justify the arrest of Maskell, I'll live up to my word. The doctor is guilty as red-fire hell. Why don't you give up the agreement and let me go ahead?"

"I believe," replied Thatcher Colt, "that before midnight you will agree with me that there is something much more surprising yet to be found."

D

DOUGHERTY groaned with an air of conscious Christian fortitude.

"All right," he growled. "Where do we go from here?"

Thatcher Colt stood up, smiling mysteriously.

"To the private dwelling of the police commissioner of the City of New York," he divulged. "There we will get the truth out of Humphrey Maskell."

The district attorney shrugged his shoulders and gave his famulus, Hogan, a significant ogle as we left the office and descended to the street. Soon we were up town in the new Bohemia of the West Side—the neighborhood between the *Verdi* and *Dante* triangles—near which was the home of the commissioner. Some day I shall describe the singular rooms contained in that quiet and pretty little dwelling—the weapons chamber, the room where Thatcher Colt conducted his own original researches

into "ballistics," his poison room—but all these things played their parts in the detection of subsequent crimes. To-night we were led to the library of Thatcher Colt, a vast, immense room, running the entire stretch of one hundred and fifty feet on the third floor, and shelving a personally selected collection of more than fifteen thousand books on crime and its related topics, more than half of which would not be found together in any ordinary library in the world.

Waving us to comfortable chairs, Thatcher Colt retired. Dougherty and Hogan looked around them with an air of suspicion and bewilderment. Their very glances seemed to say that Thatcher Colt could not be a practical man, with all those books in his possession. Presently, the commissioner reappeared, wearing a dressing-gown of strong, rich silk, a flowered pedasus. From a covered recess in the library wall a small alcove above a table, he drew out a tray on which reposed glasses, and a bottle of old port. Withdrawing the cork, he called our attention to a filmy crust of scales of tartar on the top, the beeswing of a rare old wine.

"In this xerophiles land," said Thatcher Colt, "there is not much more wine like this. Gentlemen, your health!"

WE all felt very solemn and important as we drank that precious liquor. It warmed the inner lining of our souls. Then, leaning back in his chair, Thatcher Colt resumed:

"I must begin by explaining to you that this is wholly an extra-legal proceeding. I must also make that perfectly clear to Maskell. He has the right to decline to have anything to do with these experiments."

"What kind of bunk have you fallen for, Thatcher Colt?" As he asked the question, Dougherty almost hummed the words, while his hands, spread out on his knees, seemed itching to get hold of Maskell and pitch him into a cell.

"Two things," replied the commissioner, "the first is this!"

On a table, at his right hand, was an object covered with a cloth of green serge. Lifting this, Colt disclosed an odd affair, a drum-like electrical instrument.

"What the deuce is that?" mocked Dougherty, his hands in his pockets, as he leaned over at a rakish angle and surveyed the machine quizzically.

"It is called a pneumo-cardio-sphygmometer," answered Thatcher Colt.

Dougherty blinked in over-done astonishment at his friend. The district attorney was a well-educated man, but for so long had he cultivated his public pose of roughness and readiness that he had almost convinced himself he was an illiterate.

"A what, Mr. Commissioner?" he purred, with suchunction that I was sure he regretted the absence of an audience to laugh at his comedy.

"It is commonly called a lie detector," explained Thatcher Colt.

Dougherty clapped his hands together and laughed immoderately.

"Have you fallen for that piffle?" he cried.

"My gosh, you'll be using New Thought on your prisoners next. What is the police department of the City of New York coming to, I want to know?"

Thatcher Colt remained imperturbable.

"You are in ignorance of the facts, Dougherty," he remonstrated quietly. "This machine is in almost daily use in the Illinois Penitentiary at Joliet. Moreover, it is employed by the police of many other cities—it has been used in more than five thousand criminal cases in the Berkeley, California, Police Department alone."

CHAPTER 27.

D

DOUGHERTY sniffed in audible contempt.

"Whoever got up such a fool machine as that?" he asked, shaking his head heavily.

"It is the invention of one of my old friends, Captain August Vollmer."

"And you actually think this contraption will help us in breaking the tale of Doctor Maskell?"

"It will get us the truth," insisted Thatcher Colt. "I have no hesitation in saying that I consider this little box and the other invention which we may have to use to-night on the doctor, the two greatest steps forward in criminological work since the adoption of the Bertillon system and the fingerprint identification."

"Well, you'll have to show me," said Dougherty, lighting a fresh cigar, sitting down and leaning back.

"Very well," said Thatcher Colt. He opened a door in the rear of the room and led in a good-looking young man, slender and serious.

"Let me present Mr. Carl E. Leonard one of the assistant state criminologists for Illinois. Mr. Leonard flew here in one of their departmental airplanes at my personal request, just so that we could go through with this test. Vollmer recommended Mr. Leonard to me as an expert who could get the best results out of the machine. It does have a special technique of its own."

"I think it's childish," said Dougherty frankly. The young expert from Chicago only smiled and nodded his head as if he fully understood the district attorney's scepticism. Thatcher Colt pressed a knob on the edge of the chair which registered its signal in some distant part of the house. By the time Colt had relighted his pipe the door was opened and two uniformed men led in Doctor Maskell.

With the wraith of his familiar smile playing over his pale and haggard face Doctor Maskell glanced at the table on which the lie detector lay exposed.

"Do you know what that machine is?" asked Thatcher Colt. Doctor Maskell's face expressed manifest contempt.

"Fake scientific apparatus," he jeered.

"I've heard all about it. It is just about as scientific as the Abrams blood detector machine. I can guess what it is by the look of it."

Again the blonde young man smiled.

"It is not recognised in the New York Department," explained Thatcher Colt frankly. "So you do not have to submit to its use. Nor can you be bound in any way by any conclusions we may arrive at by its use. But it may break your story and give us clues by which we can finish our case against you."

"Yes, certainly," acquiesced Doctor Maskell, with magnificent indifference. I saw the look that passed between Dougherty and Thatcher Colt. Plainly the doctor's readiness only increased the district attorney's suspicions. Dr. Maskell, in his opinion, like many another criminal, regarded himself as a superman. He was such an egoist that he felt confident that he could beat the machine.

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"I took very little time

to adjust the apparatus to his chest and bare arm, as he sat in his shirt-sleeves. Then Thatcher Colt began asking again the same questions with which Maskell had been battered for so long. For an hour Colt talked to Maskell calmly about his journey—the same old story of giving out the Christmas presents, returning, and meeting the mysterious woman at his office door. But after that first hour the tone, the pace, the very accent of the questions changed.

The voice of Thatcher Colt became brittle, harsh, commanding, with an under-thrust of malice in its tones. He stood, towering above the doctor, as if he held in his grasp the lightning of the electric chair. The very air of the room became tense and charged.

"What are you most afraid of in life, Doctor Maskell?"

"I am afraid of nothing."

"What are you most ashamed of in your life?"

"At this apparently simple question we

THE MYSTERY OF GERALDINE

SUPPLEMENT TO
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

could almost hear the agitation of the electric pens, recording on the running ribbons of paper the heart and blood secrets of this erect and defiant man.

Both Dougherty and Thatcher Colt were studying the tape-like stream of paper emerging from the drum with the tell-tale graphs drawn upon them. Until this moment the tracings had shown only debatable and indifferent variations, but a totally different result was obtained by the latest question. It had caused tremendous excitement within the dark spirit of this mysterious physician.

Up shot the graph of the heart line, and with it leaped the diagram of the blood pressure. Why? Doctor Maskell hesitated and pondered his answer, while the police commissioner and the district attorney waited in growing interest and astonishment.

CHAPTER 28.

WHAT are you most ashamed of in your life?" repeated Thatcher Colt. Experiment will prove that this question will bring to pause the busy thoughts of any human being, even if he is not accused of crime.

"Of nothing," declared Doctor Maskell finally. But his voice was less confident than before, and we knew from the lie-detector that he was laboring under great excitement.

"Come, Doctor," urged Thatcher Colt patiently. "We are all ashamed of something."

"No,"

"Are you ashamed of something in connection with the house on Peddler's Road?"

Again the extraordinary jingle of emotions traced by the electric pens on the moving tape showed that the commissioner had struck a sensitive vein in the doctor's emotional system.

"No," he repeated.

"Why did you keep that place on Peddler's Road?"

With every reference to the little portable cottage of blood and death the chart leaped at once into high peaks of emotional excitement and descended into valleys that might have recorded shame and despair.

"I like to have a place to hide away in."

"Alone?"

"Yes!"

Like stock-brokers, Thatcher Colt and Dougherty were watching the tapes as they were fed into their hands by the silent young expert from Chicago. The district attorney was exceedingly solemn and serious. He glanced at the commissioner as if to indicate that he was beginning to have some respect for this apparatus.

"When were you last in the house on Peddler's Road?"

"About three weeks ago."

"Anyons with you then?"

"No."

"Had Geraldine Foster ever been there?"

"No."

"Are you certain?"

"I have no knowledge that she was ever there."

"But she was murdered there."

"I mean previously."

"Did you know she was going there this one time which resulted in her death?"

The chart lines during these last few questions were quite unimpressive. The emotional excitement in the doctor seemed to pass away when Geraldine Foster was brought into the question. No dizzy climbs of trac lines appeared when the murder was mentioned. It was on some subtler, obscure point that he trembled. But who could determine the meaning of this?

"Do you believe that murder is ever justified?"

"Yes."

"How do you mean that?"

"I have philosophical ideas on the subject. I believe in euthanasia. But my notions have no bearing on this inquiry."

I do not practise a philosophy opposed to the laws under which I live."

"But doesn't your philosophy hold that murder is justified, even if it is opposed to the laws under which you live?"

"Theoretically—yes."

"If sufficiently justifiable grounds arose, would you commit murder in spite of the laws?"

"I don't know."

"Think again."

"I say, I don't know."

"Why did you quarrel with your brother George?"

"Because he did not approve of my private life."

"Did his wife also disapprove?"

"She did not know anything about it. What happened took place before the marriage of my brother."

"Does she dislike you now?"

"She does not know me. As I do not associate with my brother, I naturally do not know his wife. We have never met."

"Will you look at this?"

Because he did not approve of my private life."

"Did his wife also disapprove?"

"She did not know anything about it. What happened took place before the marriage of my brother."

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<p

"Could it have been any of your patients?"

"I don't think so."

Simultaneously the chart rose and fell with palpitations of manifest concern.

"I repeat—could it have been one of your patients?"

"No," Maskell answered deliberately. But by the machine we knew again that the doctor was not being honest with us. Thatcher Colt put his hands on the doctor's shoulders.

"Suppose," he said, "that you were in love with a woman whose name you are protecting."

The tell-tale chart told us that the doctor was inwardly in emotional agitation.

"Suppose," went on Colt relentlessly, "that you and she hid yourselves away in the house on Peddler's Road."

Now the doctor's graph was maniacal in its weird convulsions.

"Suppose that Geraldine Foster had some hold on you. And you killed her to remove an obstacle. Would that be far from the truth, Doctor Maskell?"

The voice of the commissioner was deadly.

"No," said Doctor Maskell. "No! No! I did not kill Geraldine Foster."

"Where are the dead girl's clothes?" demanded Thatcher Colt.

"I don't know. I did not kill her. I did not lift my hand against her."

"Had you any reason to?"

"No." "You know that the refuse cleaned from under Geraldine's nails contained bits of small hair left after a recent barbershop, and this afternoon I established that those hairs correspond to your own!"

There was a wriggle of lines on the chart, and the doctor gave a deep sigh that was like a lamentation.

Was not this a sign of weakening of the strong man's resistance? Believing it to be so, Dougherty sprang forward shouting:

"Why did the murderer use an axe, Doctor?"

"I don't know."

"Haven't you formed any theory as to the murder of that poor girl—hacking away her life with a double-bladed axe, filling the floors with blood, so that the very pigeons died—and laying her naked in that shallow grave?"

HERE an extraordinary thing happened. The line of the heart and the blood pressure both remained at their normal fluctuations. They showed no trace of excitement. Thatcher Colt looked puzzled. But the district attorney's voice was triumphant.

"Well, I'll tell you why an axe was used," he bellowed with sudden fury. "You knew the story about Bruce Foster. You knew his father had killed a man with an axe and swung for it, down in Maryland. And you thought you could kill the girl and throw the crime on him."

A smile came into the face of Thatcher Colt and a gleam of amusement into his eyes.

"Bravo," he cried. "Dougherty, I wouldn't have given you credit for that. To think of axe murders running in a family!"

"Is that what happened, or isn't it?" shouted Dougherty. "You tell me, Doctor Maskell, if it isn't time for you to come through."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders and made no reply. Then Thatcher Colt interceded.

"I would like the doctor to leave the room for a minute," he said. "He needs a rest anyway."

The district attorney looked astonished and confounded. Certain that he was on the point of driving the doctor into a corner, of getting a confession then and there, he stared at Thatcher Colt in red and sardonic indignation.

"Listen to me," he began, but stopped.

seeing the significant expression in Thatcher Colt's sombre eyes. At a sign from Colt the young man from the west removed the plates and tubes and covered up the lie detector machine. Two policemen came back and led the doctor off, and Leonard followed.

The moment we were alone Dougherty exploded.

"Good heavens, Colt!" he cried. "You shouldn't have done that. We've clinched this case now. Maskell is guilty as red fire hell."

But Thatcher Colt shook his head mysteriously.

"We were making progress," he conceded. "But we have still not reached our goal. We must turn to a new and more dangerous expedient. Have you ever heard of the truth drug?"

DOUGHERTY ran his thick red hands through his mop of ruddy curls; his blue eyes rolled upward, and he

"The truth drug!" he moaned. "More bunk. Are you out of your senses? We have got a case against that fellow now—one that will convince any twelve men you pick. The job is done, and the guy is just about ready to kick in. And then you?"

"Stop making speeches," said Thatcher Colt, with a glance of enjoyment over the bowl of his pipe. "Suppose Maskell is innocent?"

"Innocent as Cain! Innocent as Landru! Innocent as Jack the Ripper!"

The district attorney began marching up and down the room, talking to himself and checking off on his pudgy fingers the various points established against Doctor Maskell. Halting suddenly, he thrust forward his head and barked:

"What makes you think Maskell might be innocent?"

"This lie detector chart, for one thing."

"Why, if your chart proves anything at all, it proves his guilt!" howled Dougherty. "No, it proves merely that he lied," corrected Thatcher Colt. "And look here—at the real mystery! The reactions of Doctor Maskell to questions about the murderer itself were absolutely negative. See what we mentioned axe, blood, body, grave—everything gruesome you could think of—the chart remains perfectly normal."

"The fellow has himself in hand, that's all."

"But no—at other questions he has not himself in hand at all. Every reference to the house on Peddler's Road, for instance, makes him nervous."

"You caught him off his guard."

Thatcher Colt patiently shook his head and smiled.

"No, Dougherty. Observe that I went over the same ground not once but several times. Undoubtedly the doctor is hiding something from us—I don't think it would take a mind-reader to guess a part at least of what it is—a mysterious, unnamed lady, whose very existence the physician is prepared to deny. Suppose the doctor is innocent, but rather than involve her in the matter the gallant doctor has lied. He is telling some mere misadroit falsehoods, and has involved himself dangerously, yet he seems fatalistically determined to go to the electric chair rather than snitch."

Dougherty smirched and shook his head as if he considered the police commissioner a helpless case.

"The house was a place of rendezvous, all right—but there was no mystery about the lady. She was Geraldine Foster, and when Maskell got tired of her he chopped her up with an axe."

"But just suppose it was another woman—then what?"

"Why suppose it? Why should any man go to such preposterous lengths to shield any woman?"

Dougherty shrugged his shoulders and glanced at the watch on his wrist.

"It is eleven o'clock. I gave you my

word that I would not act until midnight. Clearly Maskell is guilty as Hell. Why not arrest him here and now?"

CHAPTER 30.

THATCHER COLT

gravely shook his head. Out of a wall-closet he brought a small black bag, like that of a medical man. This bag he placed on the table where the lie detector machine had rested, then, by the buzzer in his chair, he recalled the two policemen who presently led into us again the still firm-jawed but considerably paler Doctor Humphrey Maskell.

Thatcher Colt rose suddenly from his chair and held out his hand.

"Doctor Maskell," he exclaimed, "if you are a murderer, you are a wonder. You have shown colossal nerve to submit to this examination."

The doctor smiled. Astute as he was, he did not realize the trick that was being played upon him. Criminals and honest men, too, like to be told they are bold and clever. Vanity is one of the greatest weaknesses of crook and saint alike.

"Is your nerve still good?" asked Thatcher Colt, with a trace of scepticism in his low voice.

"What is it now?" asked the doctor, the contempt again coming into his tone. "The trial by fire and water, like the ancient savages? Or divination by birds? Or what?"

"Have you ever heard of scopolamine?" asked Thatcher Colt.

"Yes. Erroneously called the 'truth serum' in the newspapers."

The doctor folded his hands and studied Thatcher Colt keenly.

"Why should I subject myself to a charlatan's drug when I don't have to?" he snapped. "As I understand it, you have no legal right to use the machine or the drug on me! I think I have been too acquiescent—now I am about fed up."

Thatcher Colt nodded.

"Correct," he admitted. "You are not compelled to do what I ask. Neither the lie detector nor the truth drug have ever been officially adopted by the Police Department of New York, although other cities, including Los Angeles, have officially adopted them."

"The truth drug?" The doctor's voice was incredulous, full of scorn of the orthodox man of medicine. "A drug to make a man tell the truth—against interest, as the lawyers say. It must be a most remarkable concoction. Did you invent it?"

"Scopolamine," replied Thatcher Colt, "was first presented to the police by a physician and criminologist, Doctor R. E. House, of Ferris, Texas."

DOCCTOR MASKELL now wore the expression of a sceptical medical man facing an empiric; for the moment he forgot that he was a prisoner.

"What is the theory of this drug to which you want me to entrust my life?"

"The principle is very simple," returned Thatcher Colt. "You are aware that the most active and the most powerful of the five senses is the sense of hearing. This sense of hearing—with its super-sensitivity and super-activity—is the last sense to be annihilated under the influence of an anaesthetic. Also it is the first sense to be reawakened when the effect of the anaesthetic wears off. Long after we cannot see or feel, taste or smell anything on the operating table, we can still hear—and we can still talk."

"True," nodded Doctor Maskell.

"If you have ever fainted, you may recall that before you opened your eyes you heard sounds, voices of people around you, or other disturbances. There is a period of time in which you hear, but are still not

really conscious—a period when your ego has not yet asserted itself."

"Yes."

"Well, there is where scopolamin comes in. It dulls all the other senses to sleep except hearing. It is the theory of the inventor—and I may add, of myself—that during that period when you can hear, but cannot exercise your other senses, it is impossible, even for a clever man like yourself, to tell a lie."

"Humph!" said Doctor Maskell, enigmatically, with a strange look at Thatcher Colt. "This is a real challenge. You maintain that under the influence of this drug I could not exercise my will power to withhold the answer to any questions if I so wished?"

"Exactly."

"And do these super-scientists who equip the police with these marvellous police devices have no fear that the instinct of self-preservation may not interfere with your pretty little medicine?"

"A large number of cases show that it does not," replied Thatcher Colt. "I could sit here and cite cases to you, but there isn't time. The stuttering young man of Meridian, Texas, was one example. There was also the case of O'Leary, known as the walking dead man."

Doctor Maskell smiled with a trace of malice.

"Do you think that District Attorney Dougherty would be convinced if I maintained my innocence under the influence of the drug?" he asked mockingly.

Thatcher Colt calmly relighted his pipe.

"The district attorney wants the truth as much as you or I," he argued.

"I'll try anything once," declared Dougherty, his head to one side, as he closed one eye and looked at Maskell sceptically. Strange that both these men, each distrusting the other, equally distrusted the drug of truth. Suddenly Doctor Maskell came to a resolution. He stood up, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeve, and bared his large, heavily muscled arm, bristling with long, black hairs.

"Let's go," was all he said.

ALL the notes of what was said and done there, after the needle was plunged into the doctor's arm and he was stretched out on a couch in Thatcher Colt's library, now lie before me. They are the most unusual I have ever taken in any criminal case, for they show Doctor Maskell speaking without any reserve whatever. Stretched out there, he was utterly relaxed. His eyes were closed. His breathing was deep and regular. His voice was first heavy and decisive and almost ornate in its importance, but gradually it sank into a monotone, like the murmur of a sick person talking in a fevered sleep.

"Doctor, did you kill Geraldine Foster?"

"I did not."

"Did you attack her with an axe?"

"I did not."

"Did you hate Geraldine Foster?"

"No."

"Did you love her?"

"No."

"Did you have any reason to kill Geraldine Foster?"

"Yes."

We all leaned forward toward the prostrate doctor as he made that confession. The silence was intense, until Thatcher Colt's brittle voice broke it.

"What reason did you have to kill her?"

"Because she threatened someone I love."

"To whom did she threaten to betray you?"

"To another woman."

"Who is in this other woman?"

"My wife!"

We looked at each other in complete astonishment. I suppose that I, too, am a sentimentalist. But in the face of this amazing confession, I felt some kind of

compassion for the helplessness of this strong man, this giant who possessed over himself such vast self-control, but who now lay like a fevered child, telling on himself. But if Thatcher Colt shared by feeling, he did not show any indications of it. Boldly he shot the next question.

"Your wife! How long have you been married?"

"Fourteen years."

"When did you separate?"

"Ten years ago."

"You were not divorced?"

"No!"

The voice of the doctor had become very weary.

"She will not give me a divorce. That was why I went away. To Reno. But I came back when—"

"When what?"

"When I saw that Geraldine was really missing and that it looked funny about me."

"What did Geraldine threaten?"

"To expose a beautiful love—drag it through the courts—and blacken the name of one I love."

"Who is that one?"

"I won't answer—that."

"How did Geraldine Foster know about your wife?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't you ask her?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I had no opportunity."

Then Thatcher Colt came back to that old sensitive spot in the doctor's mind.

"Why are you so stubborn about where you spent the time when Cheekie and Doris were eating their ice-cream?"

"Because I will not drag her into it."

"Who?"

"I won't answer—that."

"Her name?"

"Again I say, I will not tell it."

Thatcher Colt gave Dougherty a swift glance, and the two men bent low over the powerful man who was now grumbling like a man in fever.

"Why were you with her?"

"I was not with her. I was waiting for her."

"Why?"

"Because it looked like an attempt had been made to trap us."

"Tell me."

"Mrs. Westock said that I was wanted at the house on Peddler's Road."

"Yes. Well?"

"It seemed strange to me. Because I knew the lady in the case, whom I very deeply adore and respect—do you understand that?"

His voice had become querulous, more than ever like the tones of a fevered patient. "Do you? I won't talk if you don't."

"Of course we understand that, Doctor, old boy," said Dougherty, in the soft tones of a deceiver.

"I didn't mean you," answered the doctor sleepily. "You don't matter to me. What does Mr. Colt say?"

As Dougherty retreated, scowling, Thatcher Colt said, in a voice full of eagerness and conviction:

"I fully understand that Doctor. Please proceed."

"Well, I first went to the telephone and called up the lady. As I had suspected, she was at home. Fortunately, she was alone. I explained what had happened. She said she would come and meet me—and told me of a note she had from Geraldine, demanding blackmail."

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WHERE did you meet her?"

"We arranged to meet casually at an auction in an art gallery nearby. But she did not appear. Later I learned that cir-

cumstances made it impossible for her to leave the house."

"And you spent the next hour waiting for her in the art gallery?"

"I did—more than an hour."

"During that time, did anyone see you who could testify to your presence there?"

Subsequently, when Colt had these statements checked, not one person could remember having seen Doctor Maskell in the auction-room.

"I did my best to remain inconspicuous."

"In that time you could have gone to Peddler's and committed the murder."

"I didn't do that."

"The lady will testify to these facts!"

"I will not permit her. I will not name her."

"She will come forward on her own account then?"

"Not if I can prevent it."

"You would rather die than involve her?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Why?"

"For a good reason."

"That is the sort of yarn that Chapman, the super-bandit, tried to put over. Why don't you try to be original?" Dougherty flared.

As Thatcher Colt gave the district attorney an uneasy glance, he fell into a grinning, triumphant silence.

"Don't you realise, Doctor, that if there is such a lady the police will find her?"

"I do not have any fear of that."

"Do you believe it was your wife who was laying that trap for you?"

"Perhaps."

"Could she have killed Geraldine Foster and tried to put it on you?"

"She is cunning and cruel."

"Do you know this key?"

Thatcher Colt placed in the doctor's hands the key that had been found in the coat pocket of Geraldine Foster.

"Yes. It is the key to the house on Peddler's Road."

"How did Geraldine get hold of it?"

"I don't know."

"Was the pillowcase the property of the lady you are protecting?"

"I don't know."

"You say the pillowcase?"

"Yes."

"Did you buy that pillowcase?"

"I don't know anything about pillowcases."

"What is your wife's full name and where does she live?"

There was no answer. Thatcher Colt bent over the huge form, listless and sprawling on the couch.

AAT the same moment there came a hasty rapping on the door. As Thatcher Colt seemed more concerned about the unreplying doctor, I went to the door. As I opened it Hogan burst past me with the furious force of a football player. He was panting with haste and excitement and held in front of him a bulky baglike object.

"Hogan!" cried Dougherty, "what's up?"

Instead of replying, Hogan cast his bundle on the floor. It was a pillowcase embroidered with rosebuds—a duplicate of the one found over the head of Geraldine Foster. No one spoke as Hogan dramatically removed the contents and held them up, piece by piece, for inspection.

They were the bloodstained clothes of the murdered girl.

"Where did you get these?" asked Colt crisply.

"I found them in a closet in the office of Doctor Maskell," gasped Hogan, with a grin at the prone figure on the couch.

"Now we'll talk turkey!" exploded Dougherty.

But Thatcher Colt, even then, tried to stay the determination of the district attorney.

"Doctor Maskell has fallen asleep," he protested.

"The duce with that," answered

Dougherty. "This man killed Geraldine Foster. Wake up, Maskell."

The district attorney seized the sleeping doctor and shook him roughly. Blearily, the prisoner opened his eyes and peered up at his captor, who drew a document from his pocket.

"Doctor Maskell," he said. "I arrest you under a short affidavit, charging you with the murder of Geraldine Foster. Here is the warrant!"

The doctor managed a feeble smile, closed his eyes, and fell instantly back into sleep.

At a signal from the commissioner, the two police attendants carried the unconscious prisoner out of the library. Then Thatcher Colt faced Merle Dougherty.

"Going through with this farce?" he asked.

"Farce?"

"Yes. You think this was a crime of passion. It was not. It was a cold-blooded business proposition—and I do not believe that the murderer and victim were even acquainted with each other."

"Colt, sometimes I think you are mad."

"Mad, because I do not believe Maskell is guilty?"

"He will be indicted to-morrow and burn before Thanksgiving," predicted Dougherty, rising on his toes and lifting his eyebrows.

"Attaboy!" cried Hogan, putting the clothes back into the pillowcase. As a county detective, Hogan could say this. If he had belonged to the Police Department Colt would have put him on a beat where he could chase goats in the Bronx for his impertinence.

"For heaven's sake, listen to reason, Dougherty. Maskell is as innocent of this crime as you are. And if you give me time I'll prove it and deliver the guilty person into your hands!"

Dougherty put his hands on his hips.

"Colt," he remonstrated, "you're impossible. I have been more patient with you than any man in my position should be. But now I'm through. Maskell killed Geraldine Foster and he's going to try for it."

"And what if later I prove you wrong?"

"I'll be the first to apologize."

"But suppose Doctor Maskell has been electrocuted by that time?"

The district attorney shook his head sadly.

"He'll be electrocuted a long, long time before you or anybody else proves him innocent," he retorted confidently. "You're through with this case now. Forget it. Hogan will clear up the details for me, and we'll rush the case to trial—I'll be ready in three weeks."

THATCHER COLT folded his arms, and said quietly: "Nevertheless, the Police Department will go on with the work—it does not regard this case as closed."

They were friends, but no one could have guessed it to see them regarding each other there like antagonists preparing for a struggle.

"You will keep your ideas to yourself, unless you can prove them?" asked Dougherty uneasily.

"Absolutely—until I am ready. Will you have another glass of port, Dougherty?"

"Don't care if I do," said the district attorney heartily.

And the two men, in spite of the tension of the moment before, were still able to clink glasses and drink. But I kept my eye on my chief, and I was not surprised when he let fly a handful of parting arrows.

"Dougherty," he said, "before you can convince me of the guilt of Doctor Maskell there are four questions you will have to answer."

"And they are?"

"Why was Geraldine Foster killed with an axe? Would it not have been simpler

to shoot her, poison her—instead of all that bloodletting?"

"Why was she stripped nude, after the murder?"

"Who was the pillowcase over her head?"

Dougherty laughed as he shook hands with Thatcher Colt.

"Come to the trial," he shouted, "and you'll hear the answer to all your questions."

The midnight arrest of Doctor Humphrey Maskell, made in the home of the police commissioner, naturally set the papers frenzied with excitement. New York could talk of nothing else.

Unmoved by George Maskell's open denunciation of the methods of the district attorney, Dougherty went straight ahead with his purpose. Early the next morning he appeared before the Grand Jury, bringing with him a parade of witnesses. On our way to lunch, Thatcher Colt and I passed by the closed door of the Grand Jury room and my chief nudged me and said in a low voice:

"Observe the two old men lounging at opposite sides of the door?"

CHAPTER 22.

I LOOKED and instantly recognised one of the elderly watchers as Edmund L. Foster, the father of the murdered girl. But who was the other—the short, infinitely neat and feeble old gentleman with the gloved slim hands, the walking-stick and the gardenia in his button-hole?

"That is Alexander Maskell, the millionaire architect," exclaimed my chief. "Thus the father of the victim and the father of the accused face each other at the Grand Jury's door. Nice touch for the tabloids to-morrow."

But the expression on the face of Thatcher Colt was not amused. It seldom was when he passed the Grand Jury room. As we hastened to our favorite lunch room he talked vigorously of his disagreement with the district attorney and his case against Maskell.

"But think of the evidence—" I ventured.

"The Grand Jury will eat it up. That is what is the trouble with our Grand Jury system. Even if Maskell gets out of this, the indictment will ruin him. The whole system is wrong, it is expensive and inefficient. The Grand Jury acts upon a superficial knowledge of facts, and very little knowledge of the law. And so, I am ashamed to say in this particular case, does my old friend, Merle Dougherty. He is making an ass of himself, and a martyr out of Maskell."

Just as Colt had predicted, within a few hours the Grand Jury had handed down the following indictment:

The People of the State of New York Against
Humphrey Maskell, M.D.

"The Grand Jury of the County of New York, by this indictment, accuse Humphrey Maskell of the crime of murder in the first degree, committed as follows:

"The said Humphrey Maskell, of the Borough of Manhattan, in the City of New York, in the County of New York aforesaid, on the twenty-fourth day of December last, at the borough and county aforesaid, in and upon one Geraldine Foster, with force of arms, commonly called an axe of double blade, wilfully and feloniously, with malice aforethought, and effect the death of her, the said Geraldine Foster, he did, then and there, with the said axe mortally wound her, the said Geraldine Foster, and inflict upon the body and person of her, the said Geraldine Foster, to wit: upon or through the head and brains, the stomach, the lungs, liver, face and jaw, wounds and injuries, from which wounds

and injuries, she, the said Geraldine Foster, died on the day aforesaid, at the town and county aforesaid, and that the death of her, the said Geraldine Foster, was caused and produced by the aforesaid wounds and injuries inflicted as aforesaid, and that the aforesaid wounds and injuries were inflicted as aforesaid by the said Humphrey Maskell, with force and arms, wilfully, and of malice aforethought, and with the deliberate and premeditated design of him, the said Humphrey Maskell, to effect the death of her, the said Geraldine Foster, and in manner and form aforesaid, and by means aforesaid he, the said Humphrey Maskell, did say and kill her, the said Geraldine Foster, against the form of the statute in such case made and provided and against the peace of the People of the State of New York, and their dignity."

"MERLE DOUGHERTY,
District Attorney."

Promptly, in accordance with the law, the prisoner was taken to the Homicide Court, presided over that morning by Municipal Magistrate Pearson.

During his brief examination before Magistrate Pearson, with his brother and sister-in-law standing by his side, I saw the doctor's gaze roving across the crowd in the court room, as if searching in vain for some well-beloved face. For whom was he looking? I wondered. Was it for a woman whose name he had refused to give, even when under the influence of the truth drug? Or was there no such person—except the slain Geraldine? I had no idea, then, how close we were to the answer.

THE secret activities in the office of Thatcher Colt, during the busy and exciting days that followed, are probably without parallel in the history of police procedure.

So far as the public was concerned, Colt had solved the murder of Geraldine Foster. Yet secretly, the police commissioner of New York City now set to work, bending all the energies of his department to undermine the very case he had presented to the district attorney, to destroy what he believed to be the false case he had built up, and to find instead the really guilty person.

Meanwhile the police and the district attorney, the Grand Jury, and everyone connected with the case were being complimented by the newspapers. Everybody seemed to expect the conviction of Doctor Maskell—by the man in the street he had already been condemned to the electric chair.

The prisoner made very few statements, but once gave an interview that was widely discussed.

"I am proud," said he, "of the way my family is rallying to my support. My father told me here this morning, with this steel door between us, that I was the apple of his eye. Funny, but Mr. Thatcher Colt could not break me with all the ingenuity of his third degree—but I did find tears in my eyes when my father said that to me. And brother George has undertaken my defense."

That was news, and, as we expected, the papers played it up to the fullest advantage. There were pictures of the two brothers, taken with their arms over the shoulders of each other in the cell at the Tomb.

The night that picture appeared Thatcher Colt and I worked late in his office. Toward midnight he shoved aside his papers and said:

"The Foster case, in spite of the fact that Dougherty believed Maskell will probably be electrocuted, as it stands, is anybody's puzzle. A number of people could have done it. But when I eliminate some

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

of the clues to-morrow, the range of choice will have narrowed down greatly. Then we shall see. After that there are some other essential clues which we are still lacking—some kickshaws that seem to have no value—nameless, fantastic trifles which yet contain the vital and damning evidence that we really want."

CHAPTER 33.

FOR a moment Colt drew thoughtfully on his pipe.

"But Dougherty has muddled the waters and made them turbid," he complained. "There is still the mystery about why that crime was committed with an axe. There is still the question of who that mysterious woman was at the doctor's door."

"Do you believe in her?" I asked.

"I do. I know Dr. Maskell has been lying, but not about that. Ah, Tony, what mysteries are here. When was the girl's body buried? I wish I knew that. Why did they bother to bury it at all? I have found a witness, a passing motorist, who remembers seeing lights on the hill on the night of January 3—that probably was the night the strange burial was performed."

He glanced around him with the lightning eye of some predatory bird.

"We have two means of attack," he continued. "One is to eliminate the suspect."

"Let me name them," I said.

"There is first the doctor himself."

"Yes."

"And after him Bruce, and then Armstrong—who still can't account for his movements—and even the father had a motive, as you once pointed out—"

"Who else?" asked Thatcher Colt, with a tantalising smile.

I scratched my head vainly.

"Ah, Tony" said my chief, "you have left out some of the most important suspects. But no matter, whether you named them or not, they are all innocent."

"All?"

"Every last one of them—as innocent as if Geraldine Foster were living this minute."

"How can you know that?" I insisted, for it did seem to me now that there was arrogance in the manner of Thatcher Colt.

"How?" he repeated, with a chuckle. "Well, Tony, I will tell you how."

Irritably he paused to light his pipe, and then, lifting his eyes, he stared at me sombrely through the plumes of violet vapor.

"Because," he disclosed, "I have been certain from the first that not only was another woman involved, but that Geraldine Foster was killed by a woman!"

As if he fully sensed the cold chill that ran through me when he divulged his terrible suspicion, Thatcher Colt gazed at me with melancholy eyes.

"The clue," he said, "lies in this."

From a drawer in his desk he removed and spread before him the embroidered pillowcase which we had found over the head of Geraldine Foster.

"I believe a woman did this crime," repeated Thatcher Colt. "You and I and the guilty creature herself are the only persons living who know that, Tony. And I have to find that woman by means of the pillowcase."

"Didn't I gather there was no laundry mark?"

Thatcher Colt nodded.

"It had never been to a laundry—it was new, but I shall find the owner without the laundry mark."

I LOOKED at him incredulously. That seemed an utterly impossible feat.

"Come with me," he said, and, leading the way, he marched into a small room, where there were about thirty detectives assembled. On a table lay a large pair of

shears. As the detectives saluted, Thatcher Colt spread out the pillowcase which he had carried in with him, cut it into thirty segments, and gave one piece to each man.

Then in a brief speech to the stolid detectives, he recalled to them another famous case in which a pillowcase had led to the final solution of an apparently baffling murder mystery. In some detail he told them of the work done by Inspector Faurot in the slaying of Anna Aumuller, whose torso was found floating in the river. Her head was never found, but her murderer died for his crime, tracked solely by a pillowcase.

"If our criminals plagiarise from the past," remarked Thatcher Colt, "why not our detectives?"

In both the Anna Aumuller case and the Geraldine Foster mystery, the pillowcase was unusual and expensive. The slip was of fine texture and should have come from a shop that dealt in the finest quality of linens. Yet the pillowcase, for all its fine quality, was a gaudy affair with rosebuds embroidered on it.

Thatcher Colt then told his thirty detectives what he wished them to do. He was talking to men distinguished not for their imagination, their education, or their intelligence. Instead, they were known, like bulldogs, for getting their teeth into something and refusing to let go. This job to which he assigned them was a hewing-of-wood task, a drawing-of-water duty, but such work is vital, and it is of supreme consequence to the police detection of crime, as the results in this case showed. Not one of the detectives was told that they were working on the Geraldine Foster case. Each of them was assigned by Thatcher Colt to a section of the city in which were located the lots and sample-rooms of manufacturers and agents known to deal in bedding and bed linen. Off they went, each with his own sample.

ALL day long, day in and day out, for the next three days, these detectives travelled from building to building, visiting every office, questioning every maker and distributor of pillowslips, exhibiting the samples in an organised effort to track this unnamed pillowcase to its source. I will admit that it seemed like a sheer waste of man power, nor could I guess even its purpose. What could be proved, even if they did locate the wholesaler from which it came? But Thatcher Colt has a profound regard for facts. He feels that the more facts you know about anything, the nearer you are likely to come to the truth about it. On this principle, he continued his men on this most depressing chase, depressing because visit after visit yielded not the slightest result. Each night the thirty men reported to Thatcher Colt and Police Headquarters in deep dejection.

But my chief refused to be discouraged.

"If we don't find some jobber in New York who recognises this pillowcase," he declared, "we'll visit every mill in the country before I will quit."

Each manufacturer or agent whom shown a sample shook his head and declared that it was not in his line. In this, which the others found so discouraging, Thatcher Colt found comfort.

"When they are able to state so positively, and at once, that it is not theirs, that makes our work all the easier," he declared. "It would really look hopeless if they said they were not sure."

At the beginning, Colt was an ignoramus about pillowcases, but before he got through he knew a great deal about them. His tenacity, in view of repeated failures, seems all the more remarkable to me as I look back on it.

It was Detective-Sergeant Gernsback, a stolid, reliable fellow, who finally came proudly to the commissioner's office with

tidings. Gernsback had taken his piece into the office of a manufacturer's agent who promptly identified it as part of his own line.

"Ah, yes," he had told the detective. "I remember it very well. I have good cause to. It cost me a lot of money."

He had then explained to Gernsback that these expensive pillowcases, of which the piece shown to him was undoubtedly a sample, had been sold by his house to a number of small stores scattered throughout New York City. The pillowcases had been made up in the nature of an experiment. Despite their excellent quality, their gaudiness had made them almost unsaleable. The people who could afford that quality wouldn't stand for that style, and the people who liked the style, invariably could not afford the quality. Thus the manufacturers were left with almost the entire output unsold on their hands. For years they had been carried in stock, because of hopes which never materialised, and finally, to prevent a total loss, had been offered at a great sacrifice to a lot of little junky stores throughout Manhattan.

CHAPTER 34.

HAS he got the sales slips?" asked Thatcher Colt.

Well, as to that, Detective Gernsback couldn't say. The commissioner hadn't ordered him to find out anything about sales slips. What he had asked him to do was to find the origin of the pillow cases and that, Detective Gernsback, who seemed to think his good fortune was an evidence of superior cunning and competence, had triumphantly accomplished. Sales slips were no part of his thoughts, and by voice and rolling eyes he gave the commissioner to understand that.

"Come on, Tony," said Thatcher Colt, "let's go down there and see what we can find."

Mr. Pearlman, the Manhattan agent for the Winglestaff Co., was greatly flattered when Thatcher Colt entered his office, and his three stenographers stared up open-mouthed from their machines at the immaculate police commissioner.

With suave kindness, Thatcher explained what we were there for. Did Mr. Pearlman keep records of all his sales? Mr. Pearlman hemmed and hawed and said well, yes, and no, and he couldn't be sure without looking. These particular pillowcases had been sold for cash and the duplicate delivery slips might have been destroyed. However, if we didn't mind waiting, he would investigate.

Presently he returned with the duplicate delivery slips in his hand.

Seven stores had bought those cases, I quickly made stenographic notes of the names and addresses, and cutting short the effusive conversation of Mr. Pearlman, who would have a great story to tell his undoubtedly large family at the dinner table that night, we hurried off, Thatcher Colt, Gernsback and I, to make the round of the shops.

After drawing one blank, we found ourselves at the store of one Joseph Schmitz, a dealer in household furnishings, in Fourteenth Street, and to Thatcher Colt's delight he learned at once that Mr. Schmitz was a man of accounts and entries, a careful merchant who had exhaustive records of all his transactions.

"Did you buy any pillow-cases like this one?" asked Thatcher Colt, thrusting the piece which Gernsback had used under his eyes.

Indeed he had. Mr. Schmitz fervently declared that he considered those pillowcases the most beautiful he had ever handled in his thirty-five years as a merchant in the neighborhood.

"Did you ever sell any of them?" asked Thatcher Colt.

Mr. Schmitz sullenly shook his head.

"Only one pair," he replied. "The people

of to-day are altogether lacking in an artistic appreciation of beautiful things."

But did he know to whom he had sold them?

"I remember the sale perfectly," said the merchant to Thatcher Colt. "It was a lady with a little girl—pretty little girl—who bought that pair of pillow-cases, after she saw them in the window. Where is that sales check?"

WITH folded arms and an expression of the deepest melancholy, Thatcher Colt waited. He did not seem in the slightest degree disconcerted when the merchant, having found the paper he sought, put his glasses on the tip of his nose and calmly read from one of his sales slips:

"The name was Mrs. Felise Morgan, of 186 Washington Square, North."

The pillow-slip which was found over the head of the buried Geraldine Foster had been purchased by the mother of little Doris Morgan.

At once I became a prey to the most hideous and fantastic suspicions.

Why should Felise Morgan want to kill Geraldine? Unless it was because she was in love with Dr. Maskell and was jealous or afraid. The mother of little Doris must be the woman whose name the physician had kept so loyally.

I glanced at Thatcher Colt, beside whom I sat in the department car. He was watching me with an amused and almost paternal smile.

"It's hard to figure out, isn't it?" he said banteringly. "But one thing now is perfectly clear."

"What is that?"

"Dr. Maskell is in love with Felise Morgan."

"You think that a woman as lovely—"

"I put nothing beyond the possibilities. God knows that women have killed women before, and they have not scrupled to use an axe, if it suited their purposes."

"Is that why, do you think, Dr. Maskell is so secretive about it?"

"Did you notice the love beaming in his eye when he looked at Doris, the day we rode around town in the car?"

"I did observe that."

"For that child he would do anything. Maskell would rather take all the blame even if innocent than ruin the life of that little girl. He may even think Felise is guilty. He possibly remembers Ruth Snyder and her child."

"Do you actually think Mrs. Morgan is guilty?"

Thatcher Colt shook his head in plain perplexity.

"That is what I have come here to find out," he replied.

We were at the north side of Washington Square, once more in front of the house in which Doctor Maskell had his offices, and on the second floor of which lived Doris Morgan and her beautiful mother.

As we started up the stairs, a man passed us coming out. He was a thick-set, heavy-shouldered man, wrapped in a large fur overcoat, and he hurried down the street with a swaggering, self-conscious gait. As he passed us he gave us one disdainful glance. The next moment someone else ran down the steps, chattering in a low voice to himself. It was Checkles, the doctor's hunch-backed chauffeur, and he was plainly bent on following the first man.

"Just seeing where he goes—I suspect him," cried Checkles to Thatcher Colt, as he leaped to the sidewalk and hopped away. "Who on earth is the man Checkles is following?" I asked.

"That is Gilbert Morgan—the father of Doris and the husband of Felise."

I was tingling with suspense as we

approached the door of the Morgan apartment, the same door before which we had stood the night we had first visited Betty's apartment. After ringing, we had barely time to catch our breath before the door was opened by a tall, long-armed woman with severe features and thin black hair brushed tightly over her head. She looked at us with eyes that seemed to burn their way past all our barriers of caution. She recognised Colt at once. He had been here before.

"Mrs. Morgan will see you in a moment," she said. "Please come in."

She led us down a wide hall, charmingly laid out and decorated, into a small cabinet-like place that opened off the grand drawing-room of the suite. Here we were left, to study the charming water-colors on the wall, especially one aquarelle of a painted sail, which, as I learned later, had been done by Felise—she was an amateur painter.

I looked at Thatcher Colt and was about to speak when a scraping footstep made me turn. To my astonishment, I saw an old woman creeping into the room. For all her extreme age and feeble condition she was looking from my face to Thatcher Colt with eager and intelligent curiosity.

"Don't tell her I came in here, will you?" the old woman croaked, in a deep whisper.

We both promised, wondering. She came nearer to Thatcher Colt, choosing him by that unfailing instinct for authority that belongs to the very old and the very young. With her palsied fingers on his wrist she said:

"Make Felise tell you the truth. She stays here because of me. I am not worth it. Tell her to follow her heart. I can take care of myself."

"Who are you?" asked Thatcher Colt.

"Her mother-in-law."

The old woman retreated to the door, and then, looking over her left shoulder at the commissioner, she added:

"You tell her that and make her do it, and you may prevent another murder!"

With this cryptic utterance, she started out of the room.

CHAPTER 35.

THE tall, dark-eyed, hard-featured woman who had admitted us returned hurriedly and seemed to whisk the old woman bodily from our sight. As I turned and looked my astonishment at Thatcher Colt, he put his finger to his mouth, and walked across to another water-color, admiring it in low tones.

It was only a few minutes later that Felise Morgan entered the room.

The police commissioner rose and bowed profoundly.

"Mrs. Morgan," he said, "I came here on a most unpleasant duty."

"So the police have found out about Humphrey and me at last," she said with a sigh. Sinking into a small, wooden chair, she added: "I intended going to you. I could have saved you the trouble of tracking me. I was resolved to do so, no matter what the cost."

A smile, implying some kind of unspoken satisfaction, flitted across the mouth of Thatcher Colt.

"Hasn't the doctor forbidden you to speak?" he inquired.

"Who told you that?"

Thatcher Colt held up a protesting hand.

"Don't be under any misapprehensions," he said. "Doctor Maskell does not know I am here. He has no idea even that his relation to you is discovered. Only by keeping that fact quiet have I any hope of saving him."

"Saving him?" echoed Felise Morgan, slowly rising. "Why, are you the man who wants to kill him?"

Thatcher Colt looked at her frankly.

"I am the man who gathered all the evidence on which the indictment was

brought," he corrected. "But I have never believed him guilty. The district attorney took the matter out of my hands and has gone ahead on his own course. Since the indictment, I have been seeking you. I want to arrest the right person."

SHE closed her eyes, and I could see that she was making a strong effort not to give way to her feelings.

"Why did you not go to Doctor Maskell about this?" she asked.

"He wouldn't trust me. Besides, I would give my hand away. Have we much time to talk?"

"I am afraid not. My husband—"

"Very well, then, I shall be quick. Did you or did you not receive a letter from Geraldine Foster shortly before she died?"

The pallor that suddenly swept across the beautiful face was a distressing thing to see. Stark terror came bounding to her eyes, looking out like a maddened and imprisoned animal. Thatcher Colt did not wait for her to answer.

"It demanded blackmail!"

"Yes."

"Have you the letter?"

"No—I destroyed it."

"Did you tell the doctor?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He was very, very angry."

"And ever since then, Mrs. Morgan, you have been afraid. And when her body was found, you believed—"

"No! No! I didn't believe it. I don't believe it now. Doctor Maskell was not capable of such a crime."

Thatcher Colt nodded.

"I believe you," he said. "Now, on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, did the doctor telephone you?"

"Yes. He said he had a message, apparently from me, to meet me at the house on Pedder's Road. He telephoned to confirm it. I told him about the letter. We both saw at once there was something wrong, and I promised to meet him at once at an art gallery—Wilkinson's—nearby. But I was prevented from leaving the house."

"Prevented—by what?"

"By my husband," she answered, looking at the commissioner with level gaze.

"You never did see Doctor Maskell in the Wilkinson Galleries, then—all that afternoon?"

"No."

"Didn't you get in touch with him at all?"

"No."

"Didn't you fear he would worry?"

"No. It often happens that I am prevented from leaving the house. The doctor understands about that."

Thatcher Colt stood up and took a hurried turn around the room. I noticed that this hurried walk carried him past two doors of the room in which we sat, and that he observed them closely. Then he came closer to Felise Morgan and bending over her, asked in a low voice:

"You are sincerely in love with Maskell?"

"I am."

"Would you divorce your husband and marry the doctor if you could?"

"Gladly."

"Why haven't you done it, then?"

With a gasp, Felise Morgan stood up.

"You don't know all, then?"

"No, indeed, I do not."

"The doctor went to Reno—"

"I knew that."

"We had both planned to go. He was to make arrangements. I was to follow with my little girl and also—"

"I know," said Thatcher Colt, "that your husband has been a drug-felon for years. I know the difficulties on both sides that

FELISE paused.

"I am the man who gathered all the evidence on which the indictment was

you and Maskell have faced. I can understand your secret meeting place on Peddler's Road. But why have you waited so long?"

"It takes time to make up the mind in cases like this."

"Right! Now tell me—whom else did you mean to take with you?"

"His mother," she murmured. "A poor old woman with no one—"

She got no further but halted, all her body trembling. We heard the sound of a key turning in the lock, and heavy footfalls after the slam of the door. Down the hallway strode the man that Thatcher Colt had pointed out to me in the street, the one Cheekles had followed. Through his pudgy, little black eyes he looked at us malevolently.

"Felise, who are these men?" he asked in unctuous tones.

She hesitated, but before she could speak, Thatcher Colt had interceded.

"I am Thatcher Colt, the police commissioner of the City of New York," he suavely explained.

Was it fear that leaped in a scarlet dash across the face of the fat little man with the bald head? Or was it suspicion?

"The police commissioner?" he repeated, moistening his lips. "To what?"

"I shall tell you," interrupted Colt with a debonair smile. "It is a very difficult matter. The police have received complaints against this apartment. Of screams, high quarrels—"

"Preposterous!" grated the husband of Felise Morgan.

"I felt so," agreed Thatcher Colt. "I knew perfectly well no man in your position would not make scenes, or create disturbances. However, I could not ignore the matter. And I did not want to offend an important man like yourself. So I came in person. Mrs. Morgan has already assured me it must be a malicious practical joke. Good-day, Mrs. Morgan. Good-day, sir."

And we left the apartment, without another word being spoken. It was not until we were again in the commissioner's car, on our way back to headquarters, that Thatcher Colt spoke:

"How did such a fine woman like that ever marry such a creature?"

And then, after a moment's pause, he added:

"Why should Humphrey Maskell want to kill Geraldine Foster? If he wanted to kill anybody there was a ready-made victim for him right at hand in the person of his beloved's husband."

CHAPTER 36.

I THINK the Geraldine Foster case really began to be solved that night. More, I think the first glimmer of the final solution came to Thatcher Colt as, an hour after dinner, we left police headquarters, and walked down the vaulted passage-way, the echo of our footsteps resounding down the range of pillared arches. I knew that Thatcher Colt's mind was still busy arranging a conspectus of the various puzzling features in the case, as we entered the department car, and Neil McMahon received a brief instruction where to take us.

"So far as the public is concerned," said Colt, suddenly breaking silence, "Dougherty has a more convincing case than ever. He can smell Dr. Maskell burning in the electric chair."

And after a moment he added, with a chuckle:

"Yet I took the trouble to ask Dr. Maskell for the name of his barber! And he did not even thank me!"

By this time we had reached the outlying frontiers of Greenwich Village. At the place where Fourth Street crosses Seventh Avenue, in the drunken criss-cross

of the village highways, we left the car and proceeded on foot. The commissioner led half-way down the block to a thick round pole, painted with red and white stripes, and surmounted by the blue globe of an electric light—the signpost of a basement barber's shop. We descended and found the shop deserted of customers. The barber, a diminutive Italian with black curly, volcanic eyes and an impudent black moustache, was reading an account of Doctor Maskell's arrest in the New York "Evening Graphic."

Calmly, Thatcher Colt sat down in the chair, and asked for a hair trim and shave while I slouched in a chair and fingered a copy of "Graphic."

"Good evening!" said the barber, adjusting a cloth around the neck of the police commissioner. "It is a very nice night."

This point Thatcher Colt conceded with affable good nature. Encouraged by his friendly customer, Marinelli, the barber, like so many of his tribe, became talkative, and launched into a bitter denunciation of the new traffic system, never dreaming that its author lay just beneath his razor. The police commissioner, by grunts and other sounds, continued to agree with him through the latter. But at the first opportunity Colt managed to defend his office by pointing to the efficiency of the department in clearing up the Foster murder.

"Ah," said the barber, "but that is too very sad."

"Bad? How so?"

"That Doctor Maskell. He is one of my best customers. He came here often. He is one fine man. But he is cursed by charm. He is too damn attractive to the girls."

Thatcher Colt nodded under the lifted blade.

"It is a great way to be cursed sometimes," he jested.

"No. It was the doctor's ruin. Poor doctor. The women followed him."

"Followed him?"

"Yes, yes. Even into my shop they followed him."

I bent low over the magazine I pretended to read.

"So the women followed the doctor into this very place!" exclaimed the police commissioner.

"One did. She just wanted to be near him—she admitted it."

Who could this woman have been? The same mysterious creature the doctor had found at his office door? The one who had telephoned him through Mrs. Weston and summoned him to the house on Peddler's Road?

"What excuse did she have for coming in to your shop—was she here for a manicure?" asked Colt.

"Yes, but that was a bluff—she liked the doctor."

"Pretty girl?" asked the commissioner carelessly.

"Not so young—very pretty—not so bad," chortled the volatile barber. "Blonde hair, nice shape, sweet voice. Just a married woman—I saw the ring—just a married woman with a yearning, devouring, yearning—ah! ah! ah! terrible passion for a strong, good-looking man. She said she did not even know his name. But she confessed her feeling to me."

"And you took pity on her?"

"Yes—I gave her a lock of his hair, after he went out."

THE commissioner laughed. No one could have guessed from his easy attitude that now the hunter had sniffed a scent—I lit a cigarette to hide my own deep excitement.

"Does she come here often?"

The barber shook his head.

"No, she never came back. Why? You are not that silly lady's husband?"

He drew back. With the natural dram-

atic instinct of his race he was ready to make a tragedy out of any conversation he got into.

"No," said Thatcher Colt. "But I am a friend of Doctor Maskell. I am one of the few men in the city to-day who believes him innocent."

Thatcher Colt, who remained silent while the final touches were given us his face and hair, had one question held in reserve. He put it casually, as he rose from the chair.

"Would you know that woman if you saw her again?" he asked.

The barber looked at the commissioner's face and for the first time really recognised him.

"Mother of God!" he whispered. "The commissioner!"

"Could you identify that woman, Marinelli?"

"Yes—yes."

"And you can keep your mouth shut?"

"Ah—I am a man of few words, Mr. Commissioner!"

We emerged into the darkness of the street.

"Now," said Thatcher Colt, a few minutes later, when we were again in the car and driving uptown, "it is becoming more and more apparent that the killer had no real grudge against Geraldine Foster. That poor girl was merely a pawn to be sacrificed in a larger game, in which millions were involved. All the evidence planted against the doctor is leading to that conclusion. Imagine collecting the doctor's haircuttings, just to fake the refuse under the dead girl's fingernails."

We came to a halt in front of a walk-up apartment on upper Broadway, not far from the scene of the crime. Thatcher Colt calmly mounted four flights of steps and rapped on the door. A woman, in her nightgown, just about to go to bed, and with a baby feeding at her left breast, opened the door and stared at us with dull resentment.

"Mrs. Piansen?"

"Yeh."

"Has your little boy gone to bed?"

"What's he been doin'?"

"Nothing. I want to talk with him. I want to reward him in fact."

"Oh, yeh? And who are you?"

"I'm from the police" said Thatcher Colt, in his friendliest voice. "I talked with your young man for a few minutes the other day, and I took his name and address, and now I want to talk with him again."

The woman kicked the door with her foot, but Colt was too quick for her, and his foot was thrust out in time to stop it from closing.

"Now, Mrs. Piansen, you are not in any trouble. It happens that your little boy plays near Peddler's Road, and I am hoping he can help me in a very important case."

"Oh, gee, mom, lemme talk to him!" and there came under the mother's elbow the same sallow-faced, buck-toothed urchin who ran from me that cold day when Betty Canfield and I first came upon the house on Peddler's Road.

"Hello, Warren," said the commissioner, who never forgets a name once he has heard it. "You remember me?"

"Sure."

TURNING to his mother he pleaded:

"Aw, let him come in, mom. They're cops, but they don't care nothing about the applejack in our kitchen. They're just Tammany Hall guys."

We did our best to keep a straight face, as Mrs. Piansen said:

"Any reward that would go to my child comes to his mother what needs it to keep soul and body together—and not to

his father who drinks up every cent that he lays his hands on."

"Exactly," agreed Thatcher Colt, and presently we were admitted into the shabby little living-room.

"Now, Warren," he said, "before I went inside the house that other day, you told me a wild story about a ghost without any clothes in the murder house."

"Yes, sir."

"What made you say that?"

"I saw it."

"You saw the naked ghost?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"Inside the house."

"Where were you?"

"I was inside the house, too."

"When was that?"

"Christmas Eve."

"What were you doing up there?"

The boy turned first red and then white and hung his head.

"You don't remember," said Mrs. Planzen, who was distrustful of police honor.

"It's all right," the commissioner told him. "I am not going to harm you."

"I broke in the house," confessed the boy. "But I didn't mean to steal anything. I was just playing robber's cave."

"Anybody with you?"

"No, sir."

"Did you break the window?"

"No, sir. That was broke a long time ago."

"Did anybody find you in there?" "No, sir—not right off. It was awful quiet. I was pretty cold. I stayed in the kitchen for awhile trying to get up the nerve to light the gas stove. Then I heard a noise and I got awful scared, and I was ashamed of that, and finally just to prove to myself that I wasn't scared at all I sneaked up the back stairs. It was getting dark and I could hardly see my way, and I walked on my toes. When I got upstairs I was still more scared—I don't know why, but I was sure there was somebody up there—I was afraid to go upstairs or down, either—so I jumped to the window in the hall and climbed out on the window sill. I let myself down by my hands when I saw it coming down the hall."

CHAPTER 37.

S

AW what?"

"The ghost."

"What was it like?"

"It didn't have any clothes on, and it was all covered with blood."

"Warren, was it a man or a woman?"

"It was a lady," answered the boy, beginning to whimper.

"A fine lady," said his mother, "even if she was murdered."

"What did you do then?"

"I ran home."

"Did you tell your mother?"

"Not a word," said Mrs. Planzen bitterly. And the ill-favored look she gave Warren boded ill for the presidential namesake's peace after our departure.

"Is that all you know about the case?" persisted Thatcher Colt. "Did you see anything else up there?"

"No, sir. I went back the next day, but I didn't see anything. I was afraid to go in any more. But I liked to hang around—that is why you found me the day you came up there."

When we emerged from the house, Thatcher Colt was very thoughtful. At the corner, he stopped and chatted with the patrolman stationed there—a youthful policeman, almost inarticulate on finding himself face to face with the commissioner.

"Is there a locksmith near here?" Thatcher Colt asked him.

"Yes—right there," the patrolman replied.

pointing to a basement shop across the street. A light was still burning in its tiny window.

The locksmith was a thin, weazened old man with dark glasses.

"Ever see that before?" asked Thatcher Colt, throwing down the old-fashioned key with the blue ribbon.

"I made it."

"For whom?"

"A lady. I don't know her name."

"Describe her."

The description given by the locksmith differed slightly from the one furnished by the barber, in coloring, size and general impression. But the method of obtaining the key, as the man narrated it, seemed greatly to interest the Commissioner. The woman had come to his shop and taken the locksmith up the hill and to the house on Pedder's Road. The door was standing open. It was fitted with an old-fashioned lock and the woman said the key was lost. Could be make her another? As Colt pointed out, she must have first burglarized the house through the broken kitchen window. The mechanic removed the lock, took it back to the shop, found an old key which he fitted, came back and refitted the lock into the front door, all in the space of a few hours.

"Thanks," said Thatcher Colt, making a memorandum of the name and address. "You will hear from me later."

A AGAIN we drove downtown and this time we stopped in front of the Esplanade apartments on Morningside Heights. A strange thrill stirred in my veins as I mounted the stone steps. This was once the dwelling place of a girl whose death we still sought to solve, but also it was, until recently, the home of another girl who had come to dominate my thoughts. But Betty had moved from here now and was living on Tenth Street.

Promptly Thatcher Colt sought out our old acquaintance, the janitor. Still sagging, as if he were sitting on an invisible stool, and still in his ragged clothing, the janitor received us sullenly.

"Who shows apartment 4-D to prospective tenants?" was the commissioner's question.

We were referred to the elevator operator. He explained that a sign had been hung out stating that an apartment was for sub-let. But the Christmas season was bad for new rentals, and there had been only one person interested.

"Do you remember who it was?" asked Thatcher Colt.

The elevator operator remembered perfectly.

"It was a lady," he said, "with blue eyes and blonde hair."

Blue eyes and blonde hair! To whom was this leading us?

"Can you remember the woman more accurately?"

"Well, she was about as tall as your friend there."

I am about five feet nine inches tall.

"Was she pretty?"

"I didn't get a good look at her face," said the operator. "She kept her coat muffled up about her face both times she was here."

"Oh, she was here twice?"

"Yes. The first time she came about two or three weeks before Christmas. The girls were not at home, but I showed her around."

"Did you leave her alone in the apartment?"

"Well—

"You are not supposed to, but you did. Is that right?"

"Yes."

Thatcher Colt turned to me with an amused smile.

"You see," he said, "that was the time

the lady had the opportunity to steal the pen and some of the paper."

"Nothing was ever reported missing," protested the boy, but Thatcher Colt waved that aside.

"When did she come again?"

"About two o'clock in the afternoon of Christmas Eve. She said she thought she would take the apartment, but she wanted another chance to look at it."

"The apartment being vacant was a stroke of luck for the lady we are after," muttered the commissioner. "This time she brought back the torn piece of the note she had forged. You see, Tony, we have to reckon with the fact that this woman was clever enough to be a forger. Probably she obtained a sample of Geraldine's writing as Geraldine's mysterious correspondent, wanting genealogical information. And she planted those torn papers on the second visit. Then she went down to Doctor Maskell's suite—and I wonder what happened there!"

I LEFT Thatcher Colt at his home and went to my own bachelor quarters for some needed sleep. The next day Thatcher Colt occupied himself with affairs that were an enigma to me.

Early in the morning he sent for Clesleek, his favorite among the chemists attached to the department, and had a long consultation with him. But I knew nothing of the business of that interview until midnight. I did notice, however, that when Clesleek left the commissioner's office he carried with him a sealed envelope, that in his hand was a small red object, trimmed with gold, and that he promised to see the perfumers.

But I had no time to speculate. There were stacks of neglected department work on my desk. The Foster case had taken much of my time, while I served as aide-de-camp to the commissioner. Yet now it was hard for me to concentrate. All my interest lay in the new developments in the murder mystery. Nor did it lessen my curiosity when Thatcher Colt paused by my desk later in the afternoon, and rested a hand confidentially on my shoulder.

"I am beginning to see daylight at last, Tony," he divulged. "There is only one thing left to bother me."

He patted his hands together and walked out of the room, his sombre brown eyes fixed in a stare like that of a medium in a trance. Sometimes, when Thatcher Colt was thus moody and silent, it seemed to me that he drew upon some intangible power of inspiration or illumination to light up the dark corners of vexing crimes. But he stoutly scoffs the possibility of such phenomena. Logic and observation explain it all, he declares.

Nevertheless, I do not believe that logic explains all that Thatcher Colt discovered as he grappled with that invisible antagonist who had apparently sought in the murder of Geraldine Foster to perpetrate the perfect crime—and had very nearly succeeded.

I was deep in my work when suddenly Thatcher Colt returned and again touched me on the shoulder.

"Tony," he said, "stop your work."

I looked up, and he smiled whimsically.

"I have the honor to report," he said, "that I have finally solved the Geraldine Foster murder case."

CHAPTER 38.

A STRANGE meeting was held that night at the house on West Seventieth Street.

So extraordinary was the gathering that, had they known, the reporters would have descended en masse on the house of the commissioner, frantic at the whispered re-

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ports of new developments in the Foster case. No one would tell what was afoot, nor did they learn that all the witnesses had been hurriedly summoned and were now corralled in one of the chambers on the second floor of the commissioner's house. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Foster and their adopted son, Bruce, together with Betty Cannfield, Harry Armstrong, Mrs. Haberhorn, and several others who would not have been recognized by the reporters at all—especially a boy with buck teeth—a volatile and protesting Italian barber, and a locksmith. The doors of the house were guarded by patrolmen.

But an infinitely stranger gathering was held in the library of the police commissioner.

In front of the desk sat George Maskell, grim and precise, his finger-tips together, his chin lost in his huge upstanding collar. Across from him sat his wife, Natalie, looking pale and august and beautiful. Between them, grim and thoughtful, slouched the prisoner, Doctor Humphrey Maselli.

Facing this embattled trio stood District Attorney Merle Dougherty, his pudgy hands clasped behind his back, his red curly rumped his blue eyes glittering. Dougherty refused to sit down, but stalked angrily back and forth as if he found it difficult to contain his indignation at these bizarre and unnecessary proceedings. His marching raised a wind that fluttered the leaves of my notebook, as I sat waiting to make a record of all that was said and done.

Tranquill and mysterious, looking sombrely upon them all, Thatcher Colt suddenly appeared at the little private door.

"Good evening," said the Commissioner, standing by his desk. Before anyone could reply, Dougherty declared himself.

"I want to say," he cried, "that I regard this entire proceeding as entirely irregular. Why are we here?"

ALS Thatcher Colt busied himself with his pipe, he replied. "To rehearse step by step the murder of Geraldine Foster—and to accuse the actual criminal—whom I now have safely under lock and key."

Dougherty's face flushed an even deeper red.

"Then we are wasting time. The actual criminal is under arrest," he snarled. "If Doctor Maskell is not, as I understand it, prepared to make a confession—"

"Confess to what?" interrupted Natalie Maskell, with spirit. "We have made it very plain that our client confesses to nothing."

Dougherty glared at the "she-lawyer" as he once called her, with a belligerent air.

"Sit down, Dougherty," counselled Thatcher Colt in a placating tone, "and let me explain."

With his left arm slung up over the back of the chair and his blue eyes fixed like a sentinel on the pale and impasive face of the prisoner, Dougherty blinked and sat down.

"Shoot!" he exploded, inelegantly. "I know who killed Geraldine Foster," began Thatcher Colt, promptly. His quiet voice was free from all excitement. "I know how Geraldine was killed, and why. I am prepared to prove every statement I make as I lead you after the killer from the start to the finish of this bloody business."

He now turned his attention directly to Dougherty.

"I will first tell you about Doctor Maskell," he said. "The doctor is the victim of an unfortunate marriage. He has never tried to free himself from this vixenish and parasitic woman—until he fell in love with Felice Morgan. Her marriage, too, was unfortunate—but she stayed on, out of pity and loyalty to her mother-in-law. It is true that this man and this woman shined in the eyes of a conventional world. But that was the only offence Doctor

Maskell committed—except that he left for Reno, meaning to make preliminary arrangements and return for Felice, her little girl and her mother-in-law. He intended defraying all expenses, procuring a double divorce, to be followed by a marriage. That was the reason this crime was committed."

ALL of us drew our chairs a little closer to them. The three Maskells looked at Thatcher Colt with expressions of puzzlement and eager interest, and anxious unanimity of emotion. Only Dougherty sulked.

"The killer of Geraldine Foster," resumed Colt, "did not know her. Slayer and victim were unacquainted. They were total strangers. They had no reason to love or hate each other."

The rim of four faces turned towards Thatcher Colt became as images of puzzled wonder. What kind of mad theory was the police commissioner about to suggest?

"The motive was one free of all animosity. Hate did not enter into the crime. Neither did love, jealousy, or fear. None of the grand emotions played a part. There was never a case that was less of a crime of passion than this. The murder of Geraldine Foster was a cold-blooded, mathematical proposition."

"A cold-blooded axe-murder," sneered Dougherty. "That's a good one."

But Thatcher Colt went calmly on: "From the outset there were three major questions in this murder. They were, as I stated, in the beginning:

"Why did the murderer use an axe?

"Why was the corpse denuded of all its clothing, except for a pillowcase over the head?

"Who was the mysterious woman who met Doctor Maskell at his office door after the murder was done?"

Having recited these three riddles, Thatcher Colt threw back his head and permitted a plume of lavender tobacco smoke to spiral upward from his lips, like the nebula of a new world in the process of being born.

"Those questions I had set myself to answer," he continued. "They were vital because they were so utterly idiosyncratic. They stamped the crime at once as peculiar and unique—making this deed different from all other dark deeds with which I am familiar. Through them I felt certain I could grope my way to all other necessary facts."

"And did you?" asked George Maskell keenly.

"I did. I will begin with the earliest planning of the crime and see to what it leads us. We will call our criminal simply 'X.' We must be prepared to assume that 'X' is a person with a lust for money, a mania quite as common as any other mental disorder, but not as well recognised as in the past, when we had honest misers, and portrayed them in melodrama. Remember that 'X' is money-crazy, for, gentlemen, the murder of Geraldine Foster was done for money, and nothing else."

I COULD feel a cold chill crawling like a living creature through my veins. The single statement of Thatcher Colt was horrible beyond credence.

"How do you know that?" asked Natalie Maskell. "It is an interesting but hardly plausible theory."

"It is the logic of the whole evidence. I put it first, but I found it last."

"I would like to hear the facts first," purred Dougherty with covert sarcasm.

"Nevertheless, you will assume with me that our unknown character, 'X,' was money-crazy. Some time within the last two years 'X' suddenly conceived a brilliant scheme. It had a touch of genius, which is to say, of madness. By the death of Geraldine Foster, 'X' foreseen gain. The

temptation must have been—no, plainly it was—irresistible.

"I do not know how long it took to hatch this cunning and bloodthirsty notion. But I am sure that even the most consummate schemer would be unable to lay it out in all its perfect detail without months, perhaps years, of thought. For it was put together with the patient perfection of Chinese puzzle boxes. Finally, it all fitted. The scheme was complete. It was ready for execution."

"So far, all sheer assumption!" remarked Dougherty.

"For the accomplishment of this crime, it became necessary for 'X' to obtain a sample of the handwriting of Geraldine Foster. This was elaborately managed. Out of the west came a letter for Geraldine Foster—a single genealogical inquiry from one Mr. Ephraim Foster. Apparently some old fanatic on the subject of the Foster family tree was trying to trace its branches and to him Geraldine was a new twig. In his very first letter he assured her that she was descended from a line of kings. Fascinated by the thought that she had Royal blood in her veins, Geraldine replied to the letter. Several exchanges followed—and then Geraldine heard from the genealogist no more. All her letters were returned.

"Now it happens that I was able to find the original letter to Geraldine Foster from Ephraim Foster. Geraldine had turned it over to her parents, as they were curious about it, too. With this clue in my hand, I sent a wire to the chief of police in the little town of Willoughby, Kansas, from which the letter came. Through the local police, I had the post-office box traced. Thus I learned, with considerable amazement, that the box was rented in the Willoughby post office by a transient visitor to a nearby town—one who came there about five months ago, stayed a few weeks, and then departed, suddenly and mysteriously, never to be heard from again and leaving no forwarding address. That was in August of last year."

"But from the postmaster I was at least able to obtain a description of the character whom we now know as 'X' and also as Ephraim Foster—a description which may have been vague, but which was nevertheless, astounding.

"For the postmaster at Willoughby, Kansas, declared that the so-called Ephraim Foster was a woman.

"You look surprised. Will you feel more astonished if I tell you I was not surprised? That I had expected to find that the genealogist who wrote Geraldine wore skirts?

"When you know all the story, you will know that from my first examination of the house on Peddler's Road, I suspected that the murderer did not dress as a man. And already a suspicion of who this clever 'X' might be leaped into my mind—for I was told that the one person to whom I might ascribe a motive—a woman—was out of New York during all August.

CHAPTER 39.

MY suspicions were not deeply founded at this early stage of the game. Now I can tell you with definite assurance that by this elaborate and fantastic genealogical device, 'X' had obtained copious samples of the writing of Geraldine Foster. For what purpose? Obviously in preparation for a forgery. I do not have to tell any of you here with the possible exception of Doctor Maskell—that forgery is by no means the rare and delicate accomplishment generally supposed. Expert forgery need mean no more than the power to draw accurately. I know many artists who can imitate perfectly any signature at the first trial. I have since proved that the person whom I had begun to suspect was 'X' studied drawing, many

years ago. I have been shown samples of 'X's work.

"Between August and December 24, 'X' had ample time to copy the handwriting of Geraldine Foster.

"Meanwhile, luck favored the plotter. I do not know to what sly resources 'X' would have fallen if chance had not smiled upon those dark plans. Geraldine Foster was about to be married. Therefore she was leaving the apartment on Morningside Heights and Betty Canfield was seeking smaller quarters for herself. The girls worked during the day and 'X' called to look at the apartment during the day.

"For what purpose? On the first occasion 'X' stole stationery and a pen—but overlooked one important detail. All purple inks are not the same. That aroused my first suspicion in the case. The note which demanded blackmail money from Dr. Maskell was a forged note. It was brought back to the apartment on Morningside Heights by 'X' who, left alone in the living-room, tore it across and thrust the pieces into the desk drawer, certain that later on they would be found. If they had not been found, 'X' would have planted the fragments of a second note. Nothing was to be left to chance. But it happened that the scheme worked perfectly the first time. Again it was lucky that Betty Canfield saw Geraldine half-finish a note and then destroy it—which threw us all off the track, until our detectives found the fragments of both notes. It was also on the second visit that the key to the house on Peddler's Road was left in Geraldine's coat.

"We know that this was not the only note by 'X'. Another was completed, and instead of being torn up was sent directly to Felice Morgan, the mother of Dora. The purpose of this was manifest. It was to create even in the mind of Dr. Maskell's nearest and dearest a doubt of his innocence, and to show to the police the ostensible motive for the deed. Further, the note also showed us where to look for the body—it gave us our first intimation of the house on Peddler's Road—serving two deadly purposes."

NATALIE MASKELL smiled in admiration.

"It is marvellous how you have worked this out, Mr. Colt," she said. "I am beginning to be afraid that you have anticipated the very defence we have been preparing, and which absolutely clears my brother-in-law."

"But your husband does not seem so confident," sneered Dougherty. The district attorney was still entirely unimpressed by Thatcher Colt's reconstruction of the case. And in this instance Dougherty had spoken shrewdly. Old George Maskell, the lion of the court rooms of New York, looked depressed. His eyes were like the windows of an empty house. Yet he answered the remark of Dougherty directly and forcefully.

"I'm listening to all that is said," he replied. "I will reply at the proper time."

"Also," interrupted Natalie, "you have not explained why Humphrey was selected as the victim of this mysterious 'X'. Why all these devilish preparations?"

Thatcher Colt smiled mysteriously.

"That will presently appear," he said. "Doctor Maskell was the only possible victim in this case. 'X' had also been busy finding out about the private affairs of the doctor during the autumn. Everything that he would wish to keep hidden had been found out by this prying 'X'. He had been followed to the house on Peddler's Road, and his secret love affair was known.

"I learned that 'X' had burglarized the house on Peddler's Road, got inside and studied the lay-out of this little house. More than that, 'X' had sent for a locksmith and had a private key made for the front door. The locksmith, by the way, is now

under this same roof with us. 'X' could come and go in the house at whim, so long as the doctor and his friend were not there.

"Therefore, 'X' had contrived free access to the stage on which the coming drama of blood was to be played. And, while lurking in that house, 'X's all-seeing eye had fallen upon Doctor Maskell's axe.

"Even then the preparations for this astounding crime were not complete. 'X' must add a final touch of horror to seal the doctor's doom. By now, you must begin to see that Geraldine Foster was only an incident in the scheme. The doctor was to be the real victim. His was the death that was to be encompassed, and the State would do the killing. 'X' would commit the murder of the girl. No one would see. Then 'X' must preserve the dead body against decay until it would be possible further to entangle Doctor Maskell. That might be days—even a week—but when the body was found, it must have the appearance of being freshly killed. Tannic acid would do that. The idea was stolen from an old murder in New Jersey with which I am as well as 'X' was familiar. The plan was clearly defined—kill, put the body in the tub, soak it in the preservative, bury the body, and then contrive by some device to involve the doctor with a difficulty in proving his movements. But he must not get into the house, otherwise he would discover what had happened, perhaps notify the police himself, and thus rob off some of the sheen of suspicion which 'X' was so carefully polishing in all the contrived circumstances. Here was a real problem, unique in crime, I believe, yet 'X' met it with consummate skill.

ACCORDINGLY, the murder was committed on Christmas Eve in the afternoon exactly as scheduled. I will give you the details of this in just a minute. But let me leap ahead for a moment. A few days after Christmas, Doctor Maskell leaves town suddenly, mysteriously, without an explanation. Why? 'X' knew perfectly well—the secret trip to Reno preparatory to getting a divorce. It was this romance which hastened the crime. All of these plans, coincidental as they may seem at first glance really show why the crime was committed at just this time. 'X' seized the opportunity because it was necessary. If Felice and the doctor were married, the reason for the crime itself would cease to be.

"'X' knew that the doctor would return on January 4. In the meantime no one would be visiting the house on Peddler's Road. Therefore, all that time the body of Geraldine Foster lay washing in the tub of tannic acid. But on the night of January 3, someone in the neighborhood is willing to testify they saw a light in the house. That was the night 'X' returned there and buried the body, single-handed.

"Therefore the medical examiner was right when he said the body had been in the grave for thirty-six hours. But the pigeons had given me a clue, which the autopsy substantiated. The girl had been in the grave thirty-six hours, but she was killed on December 24. It had been the design of 'X' to make it seem that Geraldine had been killed on January 3, when Doctor Maskell could not account for his movements. Here great cleverness came into play.

"'X' figured that the doctor could be lured to some place where he had no means of proving that he was, then the police would believe that he was lying, and the full result would be accomplished. Accordingly, on January 4, he received a telephone call. He was told that it was Geraldine Foster talking—he believed it—and he was further told that if he would come to her at once, he could save her from great trouble. She seemed ready to commit suicide. The doctor was an impulsive man

and went to keep the assignation. She said that he was to meet her at the Pelham entrance to Bronx Park. He went there and waited two hours and saw no one. But such was his isolated position that no one who knew him saw him there.

"That made the doctor's story look flaky to me, and the district attorney wisely laid stress on it just as 'X' intended he should.

"But the tannic acid ruse had not worked. It never does. The medical examiners, when they make the autopsy, are certain sooner or later to discover the fraud. And then the smells in the stomach of Geraldine Foster were conclusive. It might have looked as if all this magnificent plot of 'X' had failed, or at least the prepared case against the doctor greatly weakened, simply because the police almost instantly found at the exact time of the murder.

"But here that strange element of chance which had played against the real killer now changed sides and helped in the plot. We knew that Geraldine Foster had been killed on Christmas Eve. But that did not help the doctor, for his Christmas Eve alibi was just as defective as the one of January 4. The killer had first meant to lure him there directly, in which case no tannic acid would have been necessary. After Mrs. Westock delivered the message, the doctor called Mrs. Morgan—because he was suspicious. They arranged to meet, but the husband returned unexpectedly and Mrs. Morgan could not leave her apartment. Doctor Maskell, in an auction room, had no alibi, and he would not betray the lady when we questioned him about it. We had to find her through the pillow-case which had been deliberately put over the head of the victim, because the killer remembered the Anna Aumiller case, and knew exactly what the police would do with that."

"A gruesome enough scheme," remarked George Maskell, with a glace at the police commissioner.

"'X' decided to leave nothing to chance. If anything went wrong with the tannic acid it must be shown that Doctor Maskell had tried to fix an alibi for himself, and that he bought the chemical. Accordingly, at the proper time, a telephone call was made to the Wissner pharmacy. The druggist was told that Doctor Maskell wanted three large bottles of tannic acid, and they must be delivered before two o'clock in the afternoon. This was done, and two of those bottles missing from the doctor's office were found in the brush near the house on Peddler's Road. Moreover, a witness was found who saw Geraldine Foster leaving the office carrying these two bottles—her own embalming fluid."

"How horrible and fantastic—almost unbelievable, Mr. Commissioner," said Natalie Maskell.

CHAPTER 40.

ATT a little after 3 o'clock that afternoon, 'X' arrived at the office of Doctor Maskell. I do not know what passed between those two, but it is not hard to guess. A woman came to Geraldine Foster with a pretended message, a summons from Doctor Maskell. She accompanied that woman, bringing the bottles which the doctor had requested—and thus was lured to her place of execution. It must have been something urgent to impress the mind of Geraldine Foster—so much so that she agreed to go with this stranger carrying those bottles with her. In a private car they drove uptown. So much we know. Now we have to draw again upon our telepathic or deductive powers. 'X' and Geraldine entered the house. No sooner was the door closed than the woman bade Geraldine sit down and wait. The woman went upstairs, taking the bottles. There she emptied them into the tub and turned the spigot on. But

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no identifiable thumb prints or finger prints show on the highly-polished spigot. The woman had clearly put on gloves.

"Now, this mysterious woman did an appalling thing—and for a highly practical reason. She took off every stitch of clothing and came downstairs naked, axe in hand.

"Perhaps you have guessed why the murderer elected to do her awful deed while she herself was naked. There was a lot of blood dying through the dark air of that little house. Her clothes must not be spattered. So she was nude, and afterwards she stood up in the shower and washed herself."

"Good God!" breathed Dougherty, crossing himself.

"At the time exactly fixed by the battered wrist-watch, 'X,' the bloodthirsty woman, without warning, fell upon poor Geraldine Foster with the axe. The girl was literally hacked to death—probably not until after many blows, was her skull crushed in. Her screams were unheard. There was a furious struggle. The room showed that plainly enough when at last we got there. But the dead was done. Geraldine was killed.

"Lifting the still warm and bloody body, the naked murderer carried it upstairs and laid it on the bathroom floor. Crossing then to the upstairs bedroom because she heard a noise, 'X' encountered an apparition. A boy was looking in at her from the half window. The room was dark. Identification was hardly possible. Nevertheless, someone had seen. Instantly the clever mind of this mad creature worked out the solution. The boy turned and fled, but the woman fell to work. The body would be stripped anyhow, for the soaking in the tub. But before burial 'X' would have dressed it again, had it not been for this accident. Instead, the body was buried nude, and if that boy ever testified, he would believe that it was Geraldine he saw and not the murderer.

THAT

was the reason. Geraldine Foster was found nude, and her blood-soaked clothes found in the dark corner of the closet in Doctor Maskell's suite. The murderer put them there. She drove back to Washington Square and opened that office with Geraldine's key. She carried the clothes inside and planted them where they would eventually be found, and hung the coat and purse conspicuously on a hook. Then she came out of the office, locked the door and was about to leave when suddenly—and here I guess—she remembered having left something inside. She had to wait until the doctor came before she came in—and she ran a fearful risk of recognition. The doctor, however, did not recognise her—it was dark and there was another reason, too.

"But, my friends, the woman will be recognised. I found traces which led me to her by devious but certain steps. The first clue was a hair from a woman's head. I have it here."

From his desk drawer Thatcher Colt drew out two envelopes, both marked with the word "Hair." We watched with fascinated interest. The tale he told us had stirred us all deeply. Dougherty was the first to bend over the desk, his face washed free of all cheapness, of jealousy, almost of all doubt, indeed, as he leaned on his elbows to see what Thatcher Colt had now to show. Natalie Maskell and her husband were keen and alert. Even Doctor Maskell stirred from his deep lethargy, leaned forward and watched.

"This first envelope," said Colt, holding it up, "contains a hair I took from the hair-net of Geraldine Foster the night I first visited her apartment. I kept it because I might need it if her body were found and identification proved difficult.

This other hair I found on the floor, where it had fallen from the head of the murderer, probably during the struggle."

Opening the second envelope, Colt drew out a long almost invisible strand of hair. It was of a medium blonde.

"I may tell you," added the commissioner, "that the murderer has since had her hair dyed. If you look among all the possible suspects, you will not find the counterpart of this hair. But now I will show you a third exhibit."

The silence was almost deafening in its effect as Thatcher Colt drew out a third envelope. Then from a lower, deeper drawer, he took out a long, thin glass tube on a low pedestal, a hydrostatic tube such as is used by chemists. It was filled with a colorless liquid.

"Recently," explained Colt. "I managed by stealth to obtain several hairs from the head of the woman I suspect of killing Geraldine Foster. I took a leaf from her own book—I went to her own beauty parlor and bribed a girl there—just as she had gone to Doctor Maskell's barber, and obtained a cutting for an equally deadly purpose. Here is one of her hairs—a dark and lovely auburn. But observe when I drop it into the chemical that the dye falls away."

We watched that demonstration in utter silence. The tiny strand of hair fell almost unseen into the chemical, and then the liquid became discolored. After a moment Thatcher Colt drew out the hair and dropped it across his sleeve and beside it he laid the one found on the scene of the crime.

They were a perfect match.

"Good God!" cried Dougherty again. "Who is this woman, Colt?"

THE police commissioner shrugged his shoulders.

"Even such an identification as this might not convince a jury," he temporised, "but fortunately I found another. In the bathroom of the murder-house was a face cloth. It had scarlet stains on it. They might have been taken for blood stains, but they were not. They were the stains of a lipstick. At some cost to the department, I had those stains analysed—a delicate and lengthy task—and I compared them with the dried pieces of lipstick taken from the lips of Geraldine Foster—they had been fixed there in a crust by the tannic acid. I found that the lipstick used by Geraldine Foster was a Coty product, but the one used by the murderer was from Coty."

George Maskell nodded his head tragically.

"And you have found the Coty lipstick on the woman you suspect?" he asked in a strange voice.

"I have," said Thatcher Colt. "I observed her stick one day when she dropped it in this very room."

Natalie Maskell, rising, was pale as snow and smiling strangely.

"Do you accuse me of murdering Geraldine Foster?" she cried.

"I do," said Thatcher Colt. "And you did it with an axe because no one would connect a woman with such a weapon!"

George Maskell struggled pathetically to his feet, an old and beaten man, and tried to take his stand beside his wife. Dougherty, too, stood up, staring unbelievingly into the face of this calm woman, this banshee, scorning the rest of us, even in this hour of terrible disclosure. Doctor Maskell stared up at her in horror, but she had eyes only for Thatcher Colt.

"I have sat here and listened, divining to what you were leading," she mocked. "But I have yet to hear the motive."

"Your father-in-law has not long to live. He will bequeath millions of dollars to each of his two sons. But if one son dies, the other gets all. You wanted all. You are

mad—money-mad," said Thatcher Colt, in solemn and accusing tones.

She laughed balefully.

"You are very clever, Mr. Colt," she cried, "but you must admit it was a pretty plan."

"To have the State kill the man you wanted to get rid of? It is a clever, but not a new device."

"Indeed? But you have not won, yet, Mr. Colt."

And Natalie Maskell sat down and began to laugh, most horribly, shaking her shoulders and quivering. Divining her terrible meaning, Thatcher Colt rushed to the medicine cabinet in his dressing-room, while Humphrey Maskell sprang to the side of the woman who would have destroyed him. But she was already beyond the need of a doctor—and not one of us had noticed when she swallowed the poison tablet, half-way through Colt's explanation.

BY the time Thatcher Colt had returned, the murderer of Geraldine Foster lay, beautiful and unconscious, on the floor. An hour later she was dead. To the astonishment of all New York, on the following day Doctor Humphrey Maskell was suddenly released from the Tombs. The indictment against him was quashed; the case settled, and Dougherty made a handsome statement in which he completely exonerated the laughing physician of Washington Square.

"Then, who did kill Geraldine Foster?" howled the newspapers. "What is going on behind the scenes of the district attorney's and the police commissioner's offices?"

They never knew. The facts were rigidly withheld. They are given here now because the principals who would have suffered needlessly from the publication of the facts are beyond all harm. George Maskell, a broken man, has at last been laid in his grave, solaced until the last by the knowledge that the terrible crime of the woman he had trusted was never revealed.

As he went to her funeral, I could see by the look he fixed on the coffin that he realised the truth. If Natalie Maskell had succeeded in her terrible design, it would have been only a little while before her own husband would have been the next victim. Then all the money would have been hers. As it was, she was the first to be buried.

Doctor Humphrey Maskell and the beautiful woman he loved are thousands of leagues from Washington Square to-day, married and happy, having obtained divorce in South America. With them are the old mother-in-law that Felice would not desert, and little Dora, not so little any more. The husband of Felice and the wife of Maskell, who had stood between them and happiness, live on, without the power to molest them.

But all this lay in the future that night. When all the others had gone and Thatcher Colt and I remained alone in the library of the police commissioner, I congratulated my chief, and he smiled a little sadly.

"Tony," he confessed, "I feel lonesome to-night. Everybody has gone home except you and me—and a little girl waiting downstairs—Betty."

"Really?"

"Will you two join me in a little supper—or would you rather be by yourselves?"

We ate our supper, Betty and I, as the guests of Thatcher Colt in his little house on 70th St. and Betty would let me have only two glasses of that priceless port. She said that from then on she intended to manage me. And I've always found her a girl of her word.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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